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H. G. Hosmer

HARRIET HOSMER  
LETTERS AND MEMORIES

*EDITED BY*  
CORNELIA CARR

*ILLUSTRATED*



NEW YORK  
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY  
1912

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*TO THE PATER*

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## FOREWORD

AT a first glance it would seem an easy task to arrange the following papers in such manner as to show the way that led an earnest and courageous young artist to honor and success; but it has not proved so. Among several hundred letters only three have been found that bear the date of the year in which they were written. The writer used the thinnest of paper and the palest of ink, both of which are conducive to error in transcribing. These facts, and a fading memory, which may well be at fault in looking back over the correspondence of half a century, must plead for consideration where the letters are not placed in correct sequence.

For those unacquainted with Harriet Hosmer's early life, a brief mention of it will suffice, leaving the outline of her busy and happy career to be gleaned from her own words. To no one else did she write so freely and consecutively of her work and her life abroad, as to her early friend, Mr. Wayman Crow, to whom the majority of the letters were addressed. A few others, to and from friends, have been added, by way of giving a little more fully the story of a life that never seemed so vivid after she lost the sym-

pathy, almost the inspiration, of him whom she called "The Pater." If in these letters to him she quotes words of praise and cheer which were given to her, it is with the desire of justifying his belief in her power of achievement, and not from any motive of vanity. Her letters were so interwoven with intimate comment and loving words, that it has been difficult to eliminate all of these and still retain what came fresh from her heart. Her conversation was so full of badinage and rhyme, that they seemed naturally to form a part of her writings. At the risk of their appearing unimportant, the merry joke and the familiar doggerel which are characteristic, have been left unpruned. These lighted up the more serious side of her nature and made her the joyous, fascinating being that she was, a fit companion to her own Puck!

One word more. If undue prominence is given to Old World hosts, hostesses, and homes, it is because much of her time was passed among them, not only in enjoying the cordial hospitality of the owners, but in studying their matchless treasures of art. In less frequent visits to her native land, she was occupied by her work; and then, too, "ancestral halls" and "picturesque castles" were non-existent in the New World. Later, she quitted Italy with its changing life and scenes, and while lamenting the old Rome, she left the new city to its new birth. It had lost its hold

upon her heart. Forsaking marble and workmen, she spent the later years of her life, partly in England, partly in America, among those whom she loved and who were devoted to her. She was never idle. Her busy brain was unceasingly at work on favorite designs, and she was happy in plans for future activity. The work dreamed of by her would easily have filled another lifetime. But the end came unexpectedly to her, and to all. After a brief illness, with mind undimmed, on the 21st of February, 1908, she passed into the Higher Life.

C. C.

CAMBRIDGE, January 1912.



## CHAPTER I

1830-1852

HARRIET GOODHUE HOSMER, the youngest child of Hiram and Sarah (Grant) Hosmer, was born on the 9th of October, 1830, in Watertown, Massachusetts. From her father, a distinguished physician, she inherited her great mental activity and her independence of character, while from her mother she derived the more artistic elements of her nature. The death of the latter, when Harriet was four years of age, left her and a sister, two years her senior, to the anxious care of their father. Desirous of guarding them against the subtle disease which had robbed him of his wife and two sons, Dr. Hosmer adopted, with his daughters, a method of physical training at that time unusual in the education of girls. "There is a lifetime," he said, "for the cultivation of the mind, but the body develops in a few years, and during that period nothing should be permitted to interfere with its free and healthy growth."

Even this wise course proved to be of no avail with the elder girl. Her death six years later, greatly increased the father's anxiety concerning his remaining child. Accordingly, he encouraged her to live an out-of-door life. He gave her a spirited horse, a dog, and a gun, and at the foot of his garden, by which ran the Charles River, she had her boat-house and bath-house and indulged in the delights of rowing,

swimming, and in winter of skating. This free and happy life not only brought its reward in the glowing health, the sturdy frame, and muscular development of the girl, but it fostered in a heart where lay dormant so great a love of the beautiful in art, an equal love for the beautiful in Nature. For miles around there was no wildwood path which she had not explored; Charles River boasted no shady cove in which her boat had not rested, and no neighboring hillside was left unclimbed in her search for mosses and wild flowers.

As time wore on and Dr. Hosmer saw that she was strong enough to bear the confinement of study, he placed her at school in Boston. She was loth, however, to give up her out-door delights, and after several years of intermittent study, he decided, as she was entering upon her sixteenth year, to place her where she would have, in addition to the broadest intellectual culture, a due amount of healthful freedom combined with motherly care. This was found in the home-school of Mrs. Charles Sedgwick of Lenox, Massachusetts, then a primitive village amid the Berkshire Hills where the Sabbath began at sundown on Saturday and ended at sunset on Sunday, while now it is one of the most frequented of summer resorts. It was in this refined and delightful interior that Harriet developed into womanhood according to her individual bent, without any effort on the part of her teacher to coerce her natural tendencies.

It also was a home in which she enjoyed unusual opportunities for companionship and culture. The families of Sedgwick and Dwight (to the latter of which Mrs. Sedgwick belonged) were among the oldest



and intellectually most prominent in New England, and in this sheltered home Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick had preserved, and in themselves embodied, all that was best of New-England life and thought. With them lived Mr. Sedgwick's sister, Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick, at that time America's foremost authoress. This charming household, during the many years of its existence, never failed to attract distinguished men and women, both from home and from abroad. Among such visitors were Fredrika Bremer, Frances Anne Kemble, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Francis J. Child, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and others equally valued. Being thus early brought into familiar intercourse with some of the creative minds of the day, and amid the inspiring scenery of the Berkshires, the young girl was soon led to feel the stimulus for serious work. During the next few years, while she remained under Mrs. Sedgwick's judicious supervision, much of her leisure time was given to drawing, though she had not then determined upon a profession.

Another factor which entered largely into her success in after life was the acquaintance which at this time she formed with Mr. Wayman Crow, of St. Louis, Missouri, the father of her chosen classmate. This liberal-minded gentleman, from the first, gave her needed sympathy and encouragement, and during his whole life was a helpful, stimulating, and generous friend.

During the happy Lenox days, Harriet was truly the life of the house. Already the mingling of the grave and the gay in her temperament made her wonderfully attractive to minds of varied tone and of

divers ages. Her improvisations, comic lectures, charades, and impromptu theatricals, even her daring escapades, were enjoyed by all, including the guests of the family. Among the latter none delighted more than Mrs. Fanny Kemble in these simple frolics. She made her home in Lenox during these years and she was often wont to say, "Come, Hatty, do give us some fun to-night." Whereupon, nothing daunted by having a famous actress in her audience, and that one a Kemble, the young girl would give some foolish, perhaps, but bright and laughable thing, that changed the quiet evening of a mountain village into one of merriment. Upon one of these occasions she introduced into the entertainment a bit of doggerel, a mixture of French and English, which quite convulsed her small audience, especially as in reading the so-called "poem" her pronunciation of the French was even more ingenious than the ideas or text. The whole was a medley of mood and tense, gender, number, and person. Nothing mattered except the jingle. It will suffice to give several verses of it, adding a few words of her very original pronunciation to faintly indicate the rest. It was entitled:

"LINES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY AN ANGLO-FRENCHMAN AND ADDRESSED TO HIS  
LADY LOVE

"Regardez-tu, Regardez-tu \*  
L'amour sublime que j'ai pour vous.  
Tu seulement, tu Madame,  
Excites dans moi la tendre flamme.

\* Pronounced "Riggerdy-too," "Riggerdy-too," which became a familiar quotation with Mrs. Kemble and also with the schoolgirls.

Vous seulement, pouvez en moi  
 Faire le cœur sauter de joie,  
 Vous, ah vous, mon Arabelle  
 (Si le dire n'est criminelle)  
 Par ces yeux'si clairs, si forts,  
 Mettre mes poumons dans transport.  
 Voilà pourquoi! je vous aime  
 De toute la vigueur de moi-même.

“Regardez-tu, Regardez-tu  
 L'amour sublime que j'ai pour vous.  
 Oh Arabelle! je ne puis pas dire  
 L'amour pour vous, si fort, si fier.  
 Je ne puis pas, plus que si la langue  
 Etait *sans*, au lieu qu' *avec* le sang.  
 Mes dents caquettent quand je parle à toi,  
 Mais pour ma vie je ne sais pour quoi,  
 Et mes jambes se frissonnent de concert,  
 Quand je vais vous demander de votre pere.  
 Voilà pourquoi! je vous aime  
 De toute la vigueur de moi-même.

“Regardez-tu, Regardez-tu  
 L'amour sublime que j'ai pour vous.  
 Si chaq'un était un fromage vert,  
 Pressé dans la meilleure manière,  
 Et tu, mon Arabelle si beau,  
 N'étais rien que le dehors peau,  
 Et, s'ils me questionnaient quel je préférerais  
 La response, ‘Le dehors s'il vous plait,’  
 Voilà pourquoi! je vous aime  
 De toute la vigueur de moi-même.”

This note bears testimony to that merry life:

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK TO HARRIET HOSMER.

54 E. 16TH ST., NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1849.

*My dear Hatty:*

. . . I have met with nothing in this city so brilliant  
 or half so pleasant as some of our evenings at “The

Hive." \* . . . My love to the long-room circle and particularly to your dear chum . . . Now, dear Miss Spindle, remember the old and honest adage, "A fair exchange is no robbery," and send me the promised return to the signature of

Your very affectionate friend,

C. M. SEDGWICK.

For several years Mrs. Kemble occupied a villa about a mile from the village of Lenox, "The Perch," which she had taken in order to be near her friends, the Sedgwicks. Here she warmly welcomed the schoolgirls, some of whom were friends of her own two daughters. And it seems but fair to say that there was never any gifted woman more generous and ready to contribute her share to the entertainment of others than she was. In proof of this, as Saturday afternoon was a half-holiday in her friend's school, it was her custom to appear in the recitation room, Shakespeare in hand, and proceed to read to the assembled household, in her own matchless way, the half of a play. Never was any audience so entranced as those "slips of girls," or any homage more intense than that which her adoring young listeners tendered her. At the end of a reading, she always invited them to come to "The Perch" in the evening and hear the concluding acts of the play, an invitation joyously accepted. If the play were a tragedy, at its conclusion Mrs. Kemble would seat herself at the piano, saying, "Now, girls, a dance." Or if a comedy had been read, the music and dance followed to sober them down for the stroll home, through the scented pine

\* Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's place.

woods. This was a rare and happy life for any young person, but especially for one of Harriet's taste and appreciation. The friendship thus begun between this gifted woman and the artist lasted through long years, to the end.

The following quaint letter, one of the few that have been preserved, from the artist's father, came to her while in Lenox, and indicates his lofty teaching:

WATERTOWN, Feb. 27, 1849.

*My dear daughter:*

The allegory so much desired followeth. "An old man sat before his winter fire, which flickered like his life, to keep the last night of the year, with thought and with memory. His had been an ill-spent life, his character had been moulded by the fierceness of his passions and the obstinacy of his circumstances. He had never secured a position beyond their malignant influences, and his soul had always fluctuated between vice and virtue, the prey of every impulse. As he sat and mused, the wasted years passed before him in procession, and the whole domain of his life lay stretched out like a desert swept by the hot simoom, strewed with good intentions and favoring moments, like rich caravans which never reach their journey's end. On the verge of this desolation lay the green time of his youth, like the first flush of morning, and the old man's seared heart was touched with the memory of its promise and the bitter contrast of its non-fulfilment. Vividly came to him again, those hopes and impulses indulged in so long ago, gradually one after another wrecked and scattered. He felt the ancient time, when virtue was yet a possibility and the lordly structure of a character filled the vista of his wishes; then the dreadful thought that his character had been ruined and his life made a failure forced from



him the exclamation, 'Return, oh, return, years of promise—return, golden opportunities for virtue—give me back my youth that I may yet be good and just.' And he had his wish; for it was the New Year's dream of a young man, and he awoke in his hopelessness and all the possibilities of life lay fair and enticing before him, and he could yet make the untried future blossom like the rose. Let us reverence our youth. Let us stand in awe before our opportunities, for there have been lives worse than the horrors of the most painful dream."

My daughter, read the above with attention, remember it, and make it serve you as a guide and a beacon in establishing a *character*, a good character, without which life is certainly a failure. This is written before the arrival of an answer to my last, sent with the books you wished. . . .

Your father,

H. HOSMER.

In 1849 Harriet quitted Lenox for her home in Watertown and began to prepare for her life's work by taking lessons in modelling. In this she was hampered by ignorance of human anatomy and the inability to obtain, from any college in New England, a course of instruction in it, for it must be remembered that sixty years ago the facilities in America for even beginning the study of Art were but meagre. However, in the autumn of 1850 she went to visit her friends in St. Louis, and it was there, that, through the influence of Mr. Wayman Crow, the head of the medical department of the state university, Dr. J. N. McDowell, was induced to throw open the doors of that institution to her, and to give her the opportunity of acquiring the knowledge requisite for the prosecution

of her art. This was, at that time, an innovation, and recognizing this fact, Professor McDowell, with intuitive delicacy, offered to give her, each morning, in his library, an abstract of the lecture prepared for his students, with the opportunity of examining each specimen used in exemplifying the lesson of the day. This offer the young enthusiast eagerly accepted, and faithfully, through the winter months, in all sorts of weather, she plodded daily, on foot, several miles to the college, which was then on the outskirts of the city, after having passed the previous afternoon and evening in preparation for the day's lecture. When the term ended, she graduated with the class and received her diploma.

After the conclusion of this college course, she determined, before returning to her Eastern home, to explore a little the South and the "Far West," as that region was then called. Accordingly, accompanied by her classmate, she started down the river to New Orleans. They took passage on the "*Pacific*," one of the large steamboats plying between St. Louis and that port. But the "Father of Waters," the mighty Mississippi, was not to be counted upon. Owing to its swift current and its soft bed of sand and clay, it changed its course at will, moving suddenly from side to side, sometimes overlapping its legitimate borders and leaving sand-bars and banks to-day where yesterday deep water had been. Even old and experienced pilots were not able always to guide their water-craft surely and speedily on the way. It was here that Samuel M. Clemens began his career as a pilot, and found his more familiar title of

“Mark Twain”; for in “throwing the lead” to measure the varying depths and seek safe channels, the negro navigators were accustomed to sing out in their peculiar chant, “Mark Twain” (twelve feet), or any other number called for by the scant waters.

When the travellers had been a day or so on board, the boat began, after the usual fashion, “to ground” every few hours and rest indefinitely upon one of the above-mentioned sand-bars. Satisfied with a week of such experience, the less persistent companion gave up the trip, and returned to St. Louis on a passing boat, while her more determined friend pursued her onward way. The accompanying letter gives a further account of the journey down the stream, a portion of which was then well called “the graveyard of boats.” Before writing this letter, she had been obliged to transfer from the “*Pacific*” to a small boat going only to Cairo, where a larger one was taken for the remainder of the journey:

TO MISS C.

ON BOARD THE “WHIRLWIND,” Feb. 8, 1851.

Dear C:

We came on board this boat last Wednesday, two days after you left us. We expect to reach Cairo this afternoon. We are now at Cape Girardeau, the largest place I have seen on the river, and the most God-forsaken. We passed the “*Aleck Scott*,” “*Di Vernon*” and the “*Lawrence*” all aground at St. Genevieve, so console yourself for the week we lost, by thinking there were others in the same plight. We were aground not five minutes after we started, but we got off during the night. We have been so several times since, but as there is a barge alongside to take



off the freight in such cases, the delay is not great. We are all well and happy enough, though tired to death with being on any kind of a boat so long. I shall not go to Galveston, for I want to get home and to studying; have finished my myology book and am going through it again. Query, will New Orleans pay for the trouble? . . .

Your H.

This letter reveals two of the characteristics which formed the basis of the artist's later success: patience and persistence. It also shows the uncertainties of river travel in the West during those early days. She eventually reached New Orleans, after stopping at Memphis and other wayside points of interest. Here she delighted in the quaint old French town, and, after a short stay, returned to St. Louis, more determined than ever to see the Upper Mississippi, famed for its grand and picturesque scenery. After a few days she started again, on one of the so-called "floating palaces," and without detention went as far as St. Paul, the Falls of St. Anthony, and the site of the present city of Minneapolis, which was then non-existent. The high bluffs overlooking the river fascinated her. One of the tallest of them she ascended, and thereafter it was named "Mount Hosmer," in her honor. The limitless prairies beyond them, the Indian encampments along shore, where she met some of their "braves," and smoked with them "the Pipe of Peace," all these unfamiliar sights charmed and impressed her.

Upon her return to St. Louis, after an absence from Watertown of nine months, she went home prepared to continue, more intelligently, her studies in model-

ling. Her first work was one of grateful acknowledgment to her distinguished professor, Dr. McDowell. From an imperfect cast made of him by another pupil (Clevenger) she modelled a portrait medallion, which she put into marble and sent to him. It was also at this time that she made a copy of Canova's bust of Napoleon, reducing it from heroic to life size. This she modelled, cast, cut in marble unaided, and presented to her father.

Before turning from this period of the artist's life, a letter, though of much later date, seems in place. The Rev. Mr. Houghton, who in 1895 was living on the side of Mount Hosmer, had some years before written this account of it:

LANSING, IOWA, 1888.

Near this place is the highest bluff in the valley of the great Mississippi. It has an elevation of five hundred feet and is named Mount Hosmer, from an old-time association with Harriet Hosmer, the world-renowned sculptor. The affair was a romantic one and imbued with the individuality of the artist. Just after completing her course of anatomy under Professor McDowell in St. Louis, she traversed the Mississippi almost from its source to its mouth. Miss Hosmer was then a gay, romping, athletic schoolgirl. All that existed of our beautiful little town of Lansing was the pine wood of which it is built, then in process of growth in the virgin forest. During her ascent of the river, as the steamboat was nearing the tall, precipitous height, several young men of the party boasted that they could soon reach the top, and said that if ladies were not so awkward in climbing, they would propose a match. Miss Hosmer proffered a wager that she could reach the summit more quickly



MOUNT HOSMER



than any of them, whereupon the captain "tied up" the boat and they went on shore. The race was made, and Miss Hosmer was the victor. But the strange part of the affair is this: the woman who is now known throughout the world was then known only to those whom *she* knew. The place was a wilderness, and it was years afterwards, and she in a foreign country, that her beautiful handiwork began to command praise and admiration. Will not Mount Hosmer be a lasting (and fitting) monument to her name and fame?

From her home Miss Hosmer writes:

TO MISS C.

*Dear C:* WATERTOWN, July, (1851).

A sense of stern necessity urged me to rise this morning at half past three o'clock and break my back over the Dr.'s medallion,\* which, like Christmas, comes on slowly . . . I have been reading Pindar, and am over head and ears in love with him and his Olympics. Such beautiful pictures as he draws! It is like walking through a gallery of paintings. And I have been learning much of the "In Memoriam" and have lost my wits over it. I think the "sad Hesper" one of the most exquisite poems, containing some of the most beautiful ideas in the English language. I have been having, too, some delightful trots; according to Uhland, I can have a ride with you, and often do. Do you remember his

"Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee  
Take, I give it willingly,  
For invisible to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me."

I went to see Mrs. L. M. Child (the writer) the other night, and on the visit there hangs a tale. My

\* Professor McDowell's.



father went in the chaise, and I on horseback; coming home I lagged behind to see the moon and stars and to have a good *think*. Well, it got to be quite dim, not dark, it was light enough to see everything distinctly, when I came up to a fence with a very long rail resting against the upper bar and close to the entrance of the field where the bars were taken down. My attention was directed particularly to the rail, for it was so long and slender. While I was looking at it, it raised itself from the fence and moved around to the outside of the post, a distance of several yards, and then stood upright. Now I do not tell this as a joke, but as a solemn fact, in which light I most religiously view it. It was no person, nothing but what you would suppose a rail of goodly length and not four inches in diameter to be. Make what you can out of it. I have thought of it seriously.\*

Your H.

TO MISS C.

Dear C :

WATERTOWN, Nov. 1851.

You can't imagine how delightful are the musical rehearsals in Boston every Friday afternoon—once a week, at least, I am raised to a higher humanity. There is something in fine music that makes one feel nobler and certainly happier. Fridays are my Sabbaths, really my days of rest, for I go first to the Athenæum† and fill my eyes and mind with beauty, then to Tremont Temple‡ and fill my ears and soul with beauty of another kind, so am I not then literally “drunk with beauty”?

And now I am moved to say a word in favor of sculpture being a far higher art than painting. There

\* Miss Hosmer had always more or less of psychic power, and later was deeply interested in the work of the Society for Psychological Research in England.

† At that time Boston's only Art Gallery.

‡ The only Music Hall.

is something in the purity of the marble, in the perfect calmness, if one may say so, of a beautiful statue, which cannot be found in painting. I mean if you have the same figure copied in marble and also on the canvas. People talk of the want of expression in marble, when it is capable of a thousand times more than canvas. If color is wanting, you have form, and there is dignity with its rigidity. One thing is certain, that it requires a longer practice and truer study, to be able to appreciate sculpture as well as one may painting. I grant that the painter must be as scientific as the sculptor, and in general must possess a greater variety of knowledge, and what he produces is more easily understood by the mass, because what they see on canvas is most frequently to be observed in nature. In high sculpture it is not so. A great thought must be embodied in a great manner, and such greatness is not to find its counterpart in everyday things. That is the reason why Michael Angelo is so little understood, and will account for a remark which I heard a lady make, a short time since, that "she wondered they had those two awful looking things in the Athenæum, of 'Day' and 'Night'; why don't they take them away and put up something decent?" Oh, shades of the departed! . . .

Your H.

The beginning of the year 1852 was given to the execution of the artist's first ideal work, "Hesper, the Evening Star," now in the possession of her friend, Dr. Julian Mead of Watertown. Speaking of this bust, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, said: "This beautiful production has the face of a lovely maiden gently falling asleep to the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully intertwined with capsules of

the poppy. A polished star gleams on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance and the heavily-drooping eyelids. The mechanical execution of the bust is worthy of its lovely and life-like expression. The swell of cheek and breast is like pure, young, healthy flesh, and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut, that it seems like a thing that breathes."

It was at this time that Harriet made the acquaintance of Charlotte Cushman, the distinguished actress, who, though living in Rome, had returned to her native city to fulfil a professional engagement. With her ready appreciation of art in all its forms, she encouraged the earnest young sculptor in her work, and urged her to carry out her long cherished plan of going to Rome to study under the direction of a competent master. Her representations gave weight to the young girl's wishes, and induced Dr. Hosmer to consent to his daughter's going abroad, that she might obtain the much-craved instruction.

TO MISS C.

*Dear C:*

WATERTOWN, January, 1852.

I am really going to Italy in the autumn! Miss Cushman and Miss Hayes will be there. The only thought that troubles me is, that I fear before another twelve months have passed, Italy, if not the whole of Europe, will be plunged in war. It is hardly possible that such universal dissatisfaction among all classes, as prevails now, can be repressed, or the growing disturbances swept away, without a revolu-



tion. The country seems ripe for a revolt now, and with all my disinclination to apprehend consequences that will prevent our going abroad, I must own that the prospect is far from consoling; nothing would surprise me but a continuance of peace.

Miss Cushman and Miss Hayes (her friend and companion) have left Boston, and I can't tell you how lonely I feel. I saw a great deal of them during the three weeks that they were in the city, and went constantly to the theatre, which grows upon one wonderfully. I saw Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Romeo, Claude Melnotte, La Tisbé, Meg Merrilies, Hamlet, and in a comedy. You have no idea how splendid Hamlet was. I used to think Lady Macbeth the finest thing that could be done, but Queen Katharine shook my foundation and Hamlet overturned it! It was grand. If I had never had an opportunity before of knowing anything about a theatre, I have had now. I went to rehearsals with Miss Cushman, behind the scenes every night, into the Scene room, the Property room, the Green room, and even into her dressing room, and hugely enjoyed it all. Isn't it strange how we meet people in this world and become attached to them in so short a time? Now I feel as if I had lost my best friend. . . .

Your H.

After this Harriet's time was devoted to preparations for going abroad, and she writes:

TO WAYMAN CROW.

WATERTOWN, Aug., 1852.  
*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Four weeks from next Wednesday we are to sail . . . I have just been reading a book from which I have gained a clearer idea of the actual state of

Rome, than from any with which I have met, I mean with regard to its churches, temples, ruins, streets, and everything therein, and am prepared to be neither amazed at their grandeur, nor disappointed in their realities. I verily believe I can see St. Peter's before me and even the Apollo!

Miss Hayes writes us melancholy accounts of the state of affairs in Rome. She says a hubbub is expected there "in less than a month." But the beauty of the whole consists in the authority she quotes, which is that of Mazzini himself. Blind with enthusiasm as he is, and so eager for the moment of revolution to arrive, I am only surprised that he did not fix the time of onset in a fortnight or a week. He bases his whole opinion on the withdrawal of the French troops, forgetting those 30,000 Austrians who are ready to take their place.

I am earnestly looking forward to a rest on board ship—to tell the truth, I am fagged out and never again will allow myself to be so yoked to my work. In Italy it will not be necessary, for there I can have workmen. Hesper is now exhibiting.

I have a letter to Ary Scheffer in Paris. Also to several Italian artists.

This is the last line I shall pen to you on this side of the Atlantic. You have already enjoyed what is before me, your heart and mind have been filled with beauty and a sense of infinity by the glories of nature and art, but I feel that I am on the eve of a new life, that the earth will look larger, the sky brighter, and the world in general more grand . . . you do not know how thoroughly dissatisfied I am with my present mode of life. I ought to be accomplishing thrice as much as now, and feel that I am soul-bound and thought-bound in this land of dollars and cents. I take it there is inspiration in the very atmosphere of Italy, and that there, one intuitively becomes artistic

in thought. Could the government of this country and its glorious privileges be united with the splendors of art in Italy, that union would produce terrestrial perfection . . . My motto is going to be, "Live well, do well, and all will *be* well."

Yours, H.

This touching letter from her old professor came to the artist before she sailed, to acknowledge her gift of the medallion:

Dear Hatty: ST. LOUIS, October, 1852.

I have called this evening on our mutual friend J. to refresh myself with a sight of a living human body, having run off from the dead ones hoping to *re-count* with her, many of the pleasant hours I spent with you in the college and where there is a great vacuity since you left. The bench you sat upon has never been filled since you were there. I often turn to the spot and think I can see the little Quaker girl in the brown sacque and close-fitting bonnet, and an eye that beamed with pleasure at the exhibition of Nature and Nature's work. J. is sitting beside me, holding one end of the portfolio while I write, and laughing at me for being so old and so sentimental. Dear Hat, I like, not love you, for my poor old heart, that has so often been chilled by the winters of adversity, cannot now love, but could I love any one, it would be the child who has so remembered me as to send me an undeserved monument\* of esteem, as you have done.

And now let me say to you, that the time may come when you may feel that others should be grateful; if so, let your eyes turn on that lean and hungry-looking friend who, as days increase, will have his

\* The marble portrait of Dr. McDowell.

regard for you increase. We do not know the value of friends until we have lost them. It were best sometimes never to have known them, but, Hattie, I shall never consider you lost to me, unless you shall prove that you have forgotten me. You no doubt have thought me unfeeling, that I have not written, but I shall see you and tell you all; until then, believe my feelings for you are, as ever, pure as Nature and as enduring. Hattie, I have covered the marble you sent me, in white crêpe, not to mourn for the loss of a friend, but for the absence of the one who wrought it and to preserve it as pure as the one who gave it to me. Long may you live, my child, long may you be comforted in this cold world by friends; and believe me ever yours,

J. N. McDOWELL.

## CHAPTER II

1852-1854

IN the autumn Harriet and her father sailed for England, taking with them Dr. McDowell's certificate of her proficiency in anatomy, and two daguerreotypes of Hesper, which was, thus far, her only original work. They made but a short stop in England, where she had the great pleasure of seeing again Mrs. Kemble, who had then returned to live in England, following her separation from Pierce Butler of Philadelphia. They reached Rome in November.

Immediately upon their arrival they sought out John Gibson,\* England's foremost sculptor, and though it was not his custom to take pupils, after an interview with the young girl and an examination of the pictures of Hesper, he was so impressed with her ability and earnestness that he consented to receive her into his studio, saying, "Whatever I can teach her, she shall learn." Faithful was he to his word, proving no less a kind friend than a wise master. Her father accompanied her to Gibson's studio, which was in the Via Fontanella and consisted of a series of rooms, in one of which Canova had worked. This was assigned to the young girl. To reach it, after passing through a gallery filled with Gibson's own works and crossing a garden bright with flowers and

\* Pupil of Canova and of Thorwaldsen.



ferns, one ascended a flight of steps to a small work-room lighted by an arched window. Here she was left to her life-work, by her father, his only stipulation being that she should continue, as far as possible, her out-of-door exercise; and here she remained for seven years. Of her happiness at this period, a portion of a letter to her friend gives record:

“The dearest wish of my heart is gratified, in that I am acknowledged by Gibson as a pupil. He has been resident in Rome for thirty-four years, and leads the van. I am greatly in luck. He has just finished the model for his statue of the Queen\* and as his modelling room is now vacant, he permits me to use it, so that I am, as it were, in his own studio. I have also a small room for work, which was formerly occupied by Canova, and perhaps inspiration may be drawn from its walls.”

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Dec. 1, 1852.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Can you believe that this is indeed Rome, and more than all that I am in it? I wrote you from Liverpool, and after that delayed sending you any word till I could say I was in this delightful place which I now consider my home. I will say nothing of Italy or of what you already know, but tell you at once of the arrangements I have made for the present in the way of art. Of course you know that Mr. Gibson, the English sculptor, is the acknowledged head of artists here. He is my master, and I love him more every day. I work under his very eye, and nothing could be better for me in every way. He

\* Queen Victoria.

gives me engravings, books, casts, everything he thinks necessary for my studies, and in so kindly, so fatherly a manner that I am convinced Heaven smiled most benignantly upon me when it sent me to him.

I saw Mr. Terry last night. There was quite an assembly of artists, Mr. Gibson, Crawford, Mosier, Spence, and others . . . I was a little disappointed in Rome when I first came, but now I feel how beautiful and grand the city is, and already look upon it with loving eyes. We are a jolly party in ourselves, Miss Cushman, Miss Hayes, Miss Smith (an English lady), Grace Greenwood, Dr. Hosmer, and myself. I am away all day, but try to make up for that at other hours, and doubly enjoy myself. We see Mrs. Sartoris\* frequently, and already I love her dearly. She is very like Mrs. Kemble, who, by the way, is to be here in January. She (Mrs. Kemble) went with us in London to the British Museum and various other places.

Remember me to the beloved old professor,† whose instructions I value more highly every day, as I see how invaluable they are.

Yours, H.

Being thus fortunately placed, Harriet began her work by devoting herself to the study of ancient art, and by copying some of its masterpieces. The Venus of Milo, the Cupid of Praxiteles, and the Tasso of the British Museum were among the first of her enchanted labors. Next she essayed an ideal bust of Daphne, one copy of which she sent to Mr. Crow and one was ordered by Mrs. Samuel Appleton of Boston. To this bust succeeded its companion

\* Adelaide, sister of Fanny Kemble.

† Dr. McDowell.

piece, the lovely and touching Medusa, the only one of the Gorgons subject to death, and reputed to be very beautiful. In this the hair retreating in waves from the forehead changes into serpents. It has been described as "faultless in form, while intense in its expression of grief and agony at the transformation, although it leaves her beautiful, still." This, too, was ordered by Mrs. Appleton. Of these two works her master said, "They do her great honor." In them she proved her ability to portray the roundness of flesh, of which Gibson further said, that he "had never seen it surpassed and seldom equalled." One copy of the Medusa was ordered by Lady Marian Alford, and another by the Duchess of St. Albans, both of England.

The next year Mr. Gibson wrote to Dr. Hosmer: "Your daughter's industry continues unabated, and she makes progress in her profession, for her last model is her best. It is really a fine work and would do credit to many a sculptor in Rome. We have here now, the greatest sculptor of the age, Rauch of Berlin,\* seventy-seven years of age. He came to my studio and staid a considerable time. Your daughter was absent, but I showed him all she had done, including a small sketch-model for a statue life size. Rauch was much struck and pleased with her works, and expressed his opinion that she would become a clever sculptor. He inquired her age, and wrote her

\* Christian Rauch, the intimate friend of Alexander von Humboldt. Among his noted works are the statue of Frederick the Great in Berlin, those of the Queen at Charlottenburg, and at Potsdam; also the statues of von Blücher and von Bülow, with their bassi-relievi, in the great square of Berlin, and the four winged Victories belonging to the King of Bavaria.





MEDUSA



name in his pocket-book. So now you have the opinion of the greatest living sculptor concerning your daughter's merit."

Miss Hosmer now received her first large order. It was from Mr. Crow for a Statue and she writes to him:

ROME, April 10, 1853.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Had it not been for my God-like faith in human nature and for my very natural supposition that others were as busy as myself, I should have begun to fear that you had forgotten H. H. And now, how can I thank you for your letter? I must thank you for many things therein expressed or understood, for your kindness and your interest in me, for the confidence you have shown in my future, and for your leading me so quickly out of the apronstrings of art, and in reality for "setting me up" as an artist.

When an artist has received the first order, and such an order, he considers himself (or herself) placed, at least, on one artistic leg. As Mr. Gibson remarked, there are very few who can say the first benefit conferred on them was of such a princely nature. But now, my dear sir, I want to tell you that it will be some time before I can make anything which I should feel that I could send you as compensation, either in justice to yourself or as worthy of myself. Therefore for the present I shall derive no other good from your generosity than that which will arise from the possession of this "artistic leg," of which I speak, but which, I assure you, is a great thing. When I told Mr. Gibson the news, he said, "*Brava, Brava*, more splendid encouragement nobody ever received"; which is indeed true. And when I told Mrs. Kemble, she wouldn't believe it. I have received many congratulations on the strength of it, and every day feel

more and more that I must strive to deserve the confidence you feel in me, and that by faithful study and devoted labor I must justify the interest expressed by my many friends.

Although, as I said, it will be some time before I shall be able to make a satisfactory statue, yet the first one I do make, of which Mr. Gibson approves, is yours. But though you will not at present see a statue, you will soon see a bust of my handiwork, for I am now engaged on one which was destined for you, from the beginning; that is, from the time Mr. Gibson told me I must put it into marble. I send it to you purely as a love gift, as a love offering to the whole family, and as a very slight return for the many kindnesses I received when I was with you. Her name is Daphne, and she is represented as just sinking away into the laurel leaves. It will not be with you before the winter, as I want to keep it in the studio a little while after it is finished. It is a great pleasure to me, as I work, to think where it is going, and that it will be before the eyes of those whom I love, and that they will have my first work sent from Italy.

Mrs. Kemble is here, or rather was, she has left here now, with her sister, Mrs. Sartoris, for Sorrento where they are to spend the summer and I am going there also. Still better, they are both to be in Rome next winter.

Yours, H.

TO MISS C.

ROME, April 22, 1853.

*Dear C:*

I have not the least idea that I shall see America for five years at the inside. I have determined that, unless recalled by accident, I will stay until I shall have accomplished certain things, be that time, three, five,

or ten years. My father will make me a visit in about three years, I suspect, or when he wants very much to see me, and then it will be my turn to visit him. As by that time you might forget how I look, I have caused to be taken a Daguerre of myself in daily costume, also one for the Pater. They are, like Gilpin's hat and wig, "upon the way."

You ask me what I am doing, and in reply I can say I am as busy as a hornet. First, I am working on your Daphne, and then making some designs for bassi-relievi. I reign like a queen in my little room in Mr. Gibson's studio, and I love my master dearly. He is as kind to me as it is possible for you to imagine, and he is, after Rauch, the first sculptor of the age.

Don't ask me if I was ever happy before, don't ask me if I am happy now, but ask me if my constant state of mind is felicitous, beatific, and I will reply "Yes." It never entered into my head that anybody could be so content on this earth, as I am here. I wouldn't live anywhere else but in Rome, if you would give me the Gates of Paradise and all the Apostles thrown in. I can learn more and do more here, in one year, than I could in America in ten. America is a grand and glorious country in some respects, but this is a better place for an artist.

I am looking forward to our summer in Sorrento, for they say it is the loveliest spot on earth. . . .

Your H.

Later, Mrs. Kemble to Mr. Crow:\*

ROME, Oct. 8, 1853.

*My dear Mr. Crow:*

I am once more in Rome, whither I returned after spending the summer in the neighborhood of Naples. Harriet Hosmer was our near neighbor during the

\* An old friend of hers.

whole summer, and I hope and expect to see much of her while I remain in Rome. As you may suppose, I am deeply interested in Hatty's career, and rejoice extremely in your most liberal encouragement of your young countrywoman's genius. I think she will distinguish herself greatly, for she not only is gifted with an unusual artistic capacity, but she has energy, perseverance, and industry; attributes often wanting where genius exists, and extremely seldom possessed or exercised in any effectual manner by women. She is an object of great interest to me, and, as a friend of my daughter Sarah, very dear to me. Hatty's peculiarities will stand in the way of her success with people of society and the world, and I wish for her own sake that some of them were less decided and singular,\* but it is perhaps unreasonable to expect a person to be singular in their gifts and graces alone, and not to be equally unlike people in other matters.

Your native, and my half-adopted country, America, distinguishes itself in the artists it sends to Europe. We have here a Mr. Page, a painter from Massachusetts, whose portraits are among the best modern pictures I have ever seen. . . .

Yours sincerely,  
FANNY KEMBLE.

In the beginning of the next year Miss Hosmer learned that her father had met with serious reverses of fortune, and thus wrote to Mr. Crow:

ROME, Jan. 9, 1854.

I received three days since your kind letter, my dear Mr. Crow, and wish that I might be able to respond to it in exactly the spirit it deserves. Words

\* Referring to Miss Hosmer's utter disregard of fashion and conventionalities.



are but poor vehicles of expression, and the heart is often more full and warm than it can tell. When I wrote you, refusing to avail myself at once of your proffered kindness, I had little ground for anticipating any storms of fortune, as hitherto my heaven of prosperity has seemed cloudless; but it is well for us to experience a few kicks and cuffs in this world, else we might too readily believe ourselves the loved of Heaven, when in fact I suppose we are great sinners. My father has made known to you his ill fortune, and had he made it known to me at an earlier period, I certainly should have sooner adopted the course I mean to pursue, viz: that of supporting myself. It now becomes my duty, as it is my pleasure, to relieve him of all expenses incurred by myself. On your goodness, then, my more than friend, I am forced to rely, and to accept the offer you have so generously made me. With such a start in the world, I think, nay, I am sure, I can make my own way, and perhaps the time may come when I can prove more sensibly than by words, that I am not unmindful of the obligations which I owe you. I am getting to know a little more of the world than I did once, and if I have gained this knowledge by costly experience, there is one comfort in thinking that it will never have to be paid for again.

As to my horse, I would gladly dispose of it, if I could. But the confinement of the studio during the greater part of the day makes it absolutely necessary for me to take some active exercise after my work is over. If Rome were Florence, one could walk, but you have seen enough of it to know what walks it offers, and the pure, fresh air is only to be found beyond the walls.

Now, dear Mr. Crow, in regard to your statue, by the time you receive this, I shall have begun the model. Next winter I shall hope to produce some-

thing to meet your approbation. I will indeed "take my time" about it, for I am ambitious of doing it well. Daphne will be with you before very long. Now if you hear of anybody who wants an equestrian statue ninety feet high, or a monument in memory of some dozen departed heroes, please remember that man-like I am ready for orders. However, to be moderate and in earnest, I mean that if anybody wants any small, decent-sized thing, I should be delighted to furnish it. . . . Almost all artists have, and have had, a kind patron, and I am sure I may dub you mine. . . .

Affectionately yours,

H. G. HOSMER.

A little later Miss Hosmer received, through Mr. Crow, from a friend of his (Mr. V.), a commission for a statue, to be placed in the hall of the Mercantile Library in St. Louis, and she says:

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Mar. 2, 1854.

With this I send an answer to Mr. V's most kind letter. I am grateful to him for his goodness and twice grateful to the prime mover, yourself. Indeed, I don't know how I shall ever express to you what I feel for all your fatherly care of me, but this is most certain, that if I ever make anything of an artist, it will be owing to you, for without your most liberal assistance I should be unable to pursue my studies in Rome. I have a good friend here, too, in Mr. Gibson, who seems to interest himself in my progress, and wishes, to use his own words, "to teach me all he knows himself." I am more and more delighted with the path I have chosen, and daily am more firmly resolved to realize the hopes of my friends. I



am as busy as I can be, but there is so much to be learned, that I seem to travel over the ground slowly, however, as the Italians say, *Patienza!*

I am afraid I did something very unbusinesslike when I drew upon you without notifying you previously.

The sum, contrary to the course hitherto pursued, is to last me for one year; if it does not, I will lay my head with the foxes who have nests and the birds of the air who have holes, or vice versa. I am about to part with my "gallant gray," for several reasons, one of which is that he has very nearly broken my skull by quickly elevating me over his own. . . .

Ever gratefully,

H. G. H.

This year Miss Hosmer's friend (Miss C.) married and for a time went to live among the Western prairies; she writes:

TO MRS. CARR.

ROME, Apr. 22, 1854.

Dear C:

. . . Do you remember what you said to me about becoming so fond of Italy that I should never want to go home to live? Oh! thy prophetic soul, it is even so! Here am I as merry as a cricket and as happy as a clam, finding the nights nothing and the days shorter. Never have eighteen months gone by so swiftly and happily, since I was born. I suppose it is, as Mr. Gibson says, because I have been always occupied; but there is something in the air of Italy, setting aside other things, which would make one feel at home in Purgatory itself. In America I never had that sense of quiet, settled content such as I now have from sunrise to sunset. . . .

There is the most charming circle of people here that you can imagine. Among them Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris. Knowing these two, you will be able to judge how much they must contribute to anybody's happiness. They are like two mothers to me, and their house seems home all over. Then the Brownings are here, both so delightful, Mrs. Browning a perfect darling, and every Sunday and Wednesday evening there is a friendly party, as she calls it, at Mrs. Sartoris', consisting of Mrs. Kemble and the Brownings, two young artists\* and your humble servant. Mrs. Sartoris sings and Mrs. Kemble sometimes reads, and all in all, it is the perfection of everything that is charming. The Thackerays, too, have been here, and they are such dear girls. Every now and then there is an excursion projected for the Campagna, consisting of these same persons, and we go out for the day picnicking; thus I mingle amusement with study, and frolic with labor. Can you see how days could pass more rationally or agreeably?

I wish you could walk into my cosey little room in the studio, where all my days are spent, with the exception of the picnics. Just now I am modelling a portrait bust of a famous New York beauty, and after that shall begin a little figure, half-size, to be made into a full length statue next winter, which is to form part of your family one of these days. All thanks now and forever to the good Pater, for having given me such a professional lift and laid the foundation of my good fortune. Now that I am supporting myself I feel so frightfully womanly that I cannot describe my venerable sensations, nor could you "realize" them, any more than dear Miss Elizabeth Peabody did the tree at Lenox, when she walked into it, and upon being asked about it, said, "Yes, I saw it, but I did not realize it." Do you remember?

\* One of them was Frederick Leighton.

There is a deal to be learned, before one is able to see through the millstone of the world. . . .

I want you so much to receive my first child (Daphne). I dare say you are tired of hearing about her and never seeing her, but the fact is, her little face was not quite clear, wanted a draught of Sarsaparilla to purify it, and so, as I desired of all people in the world that you and yours should have a fortunate fac-simile of her, I ordered another one to be cut, and as it is not a trifling job of a week or so, I have been prevented from despatching her until now; but the workmen assure me it will be finished shortly, when, presto! it shall go to be kissed, and I hope, loved, by you all. At the same time I shall send another daughter\* to Boston, which you must make a point of visiting this summer.

Your H.

Of these Campagna parties Mrs. Browning speaks in one of her letters,† and of Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris, saying:

“Certainly they have given us some exquisite hours on the Campagna, upon picnic excursions with certain of their friends, Ampère, who is witty and agreeable, Lyons, etc. Their talk was almost too brilliant for the sentiment of the scenery. I should mention, too, Miss Hosmer (but she is better than a talker), the young American sculptress, who is a great pet of mine and of Robert’s, and who emancipates the eccentric life of a perfectly ‘emancipated female’ from all shadow of blame, by the purity of hers. She lives here all alone (at twenty-two), works from six o’clock in the morning till night, as a great

\* The Medusa.

† *Letters of Mrs. Browning*, by Fred G. Kenyon, Vol. II, page 166.

artist must, and this with an absence of pretension, and simplicity of manners, which accord rather with the childish dimples in her rosy cheeks, than with her broad forehead and high aims."

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, June 17, 1854.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Two days ago I received your good letter with one from Mr. V. I suspect you inspired the latter, but time will prove all things. Meanwhile I can truly say, I wish I were more worthy of all the kindness bestowed upon me. Certainly one must have great patience in matters of art, it is so very difficult, and excellence in it is only the result of long time. One must have perfect command over the clay to make it express what one desires, and the fingers work but slowly, however energetic the brain may be. Oh, if one knew but one-half the difficulties an artist has to surmount, the amount of different kinds of study necessary, before he can see the path even beginning to open before him, the public would be less ready to censure him for his shortcomings or slow advancement. The only remedy I know is patience with perseverance, and these are always sure, with a real honest love for art, to produce something.

How delightful, if you would put into execution that plan of coming to Italy! I should take the privilege of an old Roman, not to say an old friend, and show up everything, in which I should try to make the galleries, churches, and ruins play a subordinate part, and my gratitude for all your tender mercies the principal feature therein. . . .

They are advancing now with the war.\* It seems as far from us as from you, and when the feat of

\* In the Crimea.

taking Sebastopol is really performed, I don't know what they will talk about. I suppose there is no danger of America taking any part; there was a report that she did intend it, but would take the wrong side!

Yours, H.

TO THE SAME.

ROME, Aug., 1854.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I have your letter of June 13th. I have been fancying you all in Lenox, and see that I was not wrong.

By this time Bessie S. is Mrs. R. You see, everybody is being married but myself. I am the only faithful worshipper of Celibacy, and her service becomes more fascinating the longer I remain in it. Even if so inclined, an artist has no business to marry. For a man, it may be well enough, but for a woman, on whom matrimonial duties and cares weigh more heavily, it is a moral wrong, I think, for she must either neglect her profession or her family, becoming neither a good wife and mother nor a good artist. My ambition is to become the latter, so I wage eternal feud with the consolidating knot.

My father, I hear, is very well. As you know, his affairs are in anything but a flourishing condition and apropos, you may be a little surprised to find me still in Rome. A few months ago, I should have been surprised myself, but in this world we must accustom ourselves to odd things. Not long before I was to start North with Mr. Gibson, I received a letter from my good father, which convinced me I ought not to undertake a journey which would under any circumstances be expensive, even with the best management, and which I knew I could not take without sooner or later making additional demands upon him. A little later I wrote to you, for I could not bear



that you, dear Mr. Crow, should think that I had been making a light use of your liberality. The fact is, that few know what one needs to enable one to study in the best and the speediest way. All that I have spent is, to a sculptor, "stock in trade." It is that pecuniary bread cast upon the waters which will return, I hope, not after "many days." I only wish that all had half so clear a notion of the necessity of time and study as you have. No one knows what it is until one puts one's foot, or rather hand, into it. Well, the result of the whole is that I have made up my mind to ask my dear father for nothing more, partly because I think I really ought not, and partly because I believe he himself thinks I ought, by this time, to be getting my own bread and butter. I have sold my horse and am staying in Rome and working. You ask me if I have commissions. I have made several copies of the busts I have modelled, but hitherto have not been so desirous of making original things as of studying composition and modelling. I have been here less than three years, during which time I have not been idle, and have received the approbation of my master. Now I am ready to execute original works and shall be glad of any commissions for such. I shall have more to show in my studio this winter. Your figure, for instance, and a small figure I am modelling now.

Your —— (I do not tell you what it is, but it is neither the Lost Pleiad nor Galatea) is progressing and a more exquisite piece of marble is not to be found. I might try a hundred times and not find anything so beautiful. I want much to send it to you, that you may see what I have been doing. You have only a little bust of mine and I can do better now. I have divers designs which I am anxious to work out, and have a very hopeful heart, so daresay I shall, sooner or later. I am now all occupied with

composing something for Mr. V.,—who shall have his own way in everything whoever he may prove to be.

Now, dearest friend, is not this a long story? I have no more secrets from you than if I were your own daughter, in fact, I always look upon you as a father. I am very well after my twenty-five boils, thank you, and am learning to make walking take the place of riding. One of these days I will have another pony maybe, for I admit to myself no question of failure. I shall begin now to press on, and mean to be neither desponding nor lazy. Write to me, won't you? This letter is particularly for you, you know. Hold me as ever in some sort your affectionate daughter,

HATTY.

After a short journey and respite from the heat of Rome Miss Hosmer writes:

ROME, Oct. 12, 1854.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

On returning last night I found your letter waiting for me. Indeed, I frankly confess that I don't know what to say, except that it seems a God's providence and that it has relieved my mind of a burden. The fact is that at the time of my "bankruptcy" I was in debt. I had two or three bills coming due for marble, and at the same time had to pay for work already going on. It is very true that when one has a name, sculpture is a mine of wealth, but it is equally true that, name or no name, one must spend a good deal of money before one can hope to make one. Now, as I said in my last letter, I have spent money with too little thought, but no one has an idea of how expensive an affair it is, at first. You, dear Mr. Crow, know that one must have a good capital to begin



business at all, much more to begin with advantage. It is exactly the same thing in sculpture. A painter has no expense of the kind; he buys his canvas and his paints, which cost little and he is made; but from the time a sculptor begins, he finds that without funds he is at a standstill. Some seem to think that statues can be made like rail-fences. I do not agree with them. It is work, work, work, and if they would try their hands at it, they would become aware of the length of time one must study, before one can hope to do anything. Sometimes I cannot help thinking that too much is expected of me in so short a time as I have been here. Why, it is not three years yet, and what is that for learning so difficult an art in, an art which requires years and years to master? And when we consider that the first year I was kept copying the antique, it leaves rather a short time for me to have made my fortune in, as I am afraid I was expected to do. My master is the one to know if I have made progress, and he is satisfied with me, and is not one easily satisfied either.

Now, dear Mr. Crow, I dare say you will say, "What is the girl driving at?" Why, simply this, that you have understood my case well enough to lay me under an obligation, so great that if I were to realize your fondest hopes of me, I could never repay you. One thing is past denial, that however successful I may become in my profession, it is to you that I owe all. The great thing in every profession, and most certainly so in art, is to get a good "start," as we Yankees say, and then all is right. But without this good start, I want to know what a young artist is to do? One may model till one is blind, and if one gets no commissions for one's works, what is the use of it, for a work can never be really finished till it is in marble. I need not complain. When I look around and see other artists who have been here for

years and still are waiting for a "start" and then think what a friend I have in you, *sensa complimenti*, I wonder why I have been so much more blessed than my neighbors. Every successful artist in Rome, who is living, or who has ever lived, owes his success to *his* Mr. Crow. The Duke of Devonshire was Mr. Gibson's. Mr. Hope was Thorwaldsen's. And I never read the life of any artist who did not date the rising of his lucky star from the hand of some beneficent friend or patron. You know the world pretty well, and therefore know that people in general wait for some one to lead the way, and then they are ready to follow, but the one to lead that way is not sent to every poor soul who wants it. It is very inspiring, too, to know that there is somebody who has great faith in you. You seem to work up to that faith and you do the very best you can, not to disappoint the one who hopes so much from you. I don't want to be "puffed up with my own conceit," as the Bible hath it, but at the same time I am determined that you shall not be wholly disappointed in me. I don't mean that you shall say, five or ten years hence, "Well, I expected that girl would do something, but she never has." If I have the use of my legs and arms, I will show you that I haven't arms in vain. I am not very easily cast down, but have great faith, too, as well as yourself, and I have received a lesson, which I shall not forget, and which will do me a vast deal of good.

I have been off for a little holiday and have come back as stout as a Milo for my winter's work, which is to begin without loss of time. Now Mr. V's turn comes. So he is not a myth!\* Well, then you are his inspirer, and if I should have an order from the Poles, I should be persuaded that somehow or other

\* For a long time Miss Hosmer would not be persuaded that this commission did not really come from Mr. Crow.

you had a hand in it. Between ourselves, I am going to make him a statue of Beatrice Cenci, and shall beg that on its way home, when that time comes, I may send it to the London Exhibition. As to your marble daughter, she is getting along quite bravely, marble without a single mark anywhere. It will be all finished before the winter is over, but I shall like to keep it while the strangers are here, and then it will go to you. I have a particular fancy that you shall have the first thing I do.

Well, now I have been "the good girl" you told me to be, and have drawn for half the amount you have so kindly sent me. I think with that I shall be safe, for as soon as the little figure which I modelled this summer is finished, as it is already ordered,\* I shall get along. I did miss my horse for a while, but I am quite used to doing without it now, and have become a famous walker. Well, you will think I have written a rambling sort of letter, but I have spoken right out what I think just as it came into my head and heart. After I have done something which I shall really be pleased to show you, I may run home and see all my good friends, among whom there is no one who has done so much for me as your own dear self. This is a sort of particular letter to you, you know. . . .

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. C:*

ROME, Oct. 15, 1854.

I returned to Rome four days since, and am convinced that if I could come out of Paradise to this place, I should think it perfect. Don't hold me a reprobate when I tell you that the longer I stay, the more frightful seems the idea of ever going away, and

\*The Puck.

the more impossible seems to be that of being happy elsewhere. My father says that of all places in the world, Watertown is the place for him, and I say that of all places in the world, Rome is the one for me. Nothing this side of Eternity will induce me to go to America to live for the next twenty-five years.

I fancy by this time you must have received Daphne. And I hope you liked it, as far as a bust goes. After all, busts are not so satisfactory to make, as statues, for one is so limited in the power of expressing one's thoughts. . . . They are making a great noise in Rome now about a miracle working *da se*, in a picture of the Crucifixion. The eyes are seen to open and shut, at least by the faithful, and the church is filled from morning till night, by people ready to be considered of the holy, by persuading themselves they see the miracle. The Pope went to-day, and I believe he is to have the whole thing removed to a more sanctified place. Meantime the square around it is converted into a marketplace, where are to be found all kinds of wares, from woollen shirts to rocking-horses, the more worldly part of the community taking advantage of a truly blessed opportunity.

Mrs. Kemble, alas! is not to be here this winter. Mrs. Sartoris is, however, and she is such an angel, really, without exaggeration, a divinity. Her voice is divine, and she herself is more divine than her voice. You will smile at my enthusiasm, but if you knew her more, you would agree with me perfectly. There is only one woman like her, that I know, in point of goodness, and that is Mrs. Sedgwick.

Next week the *forestieri* will begin to arrive. There is no time so cosy in Rome as when you come back early and find no strangers here. I wish you could walk into my corner of Mr. Gibson's apartment (I won't say my studio) and see what I am about. I



have divers things ready to send away, but the fact is, I want to keep them this winter to show what I have been doing. Next year I shall perhaps be elevated to the dignity of a studio of my own.

Yours, H.

TO MRS. CARR.

Dear C:

ROME, Oct. 30, 1854.

. . . I am taken to task for being an alien to my country, but do you know when one has lived in Rome for some time there is no place afterwards. It is a moral, physical and intellectual impossibility to live elsewhere. Everything is so utterly different here that it would seem like going into another sphere, to go back to America. Everything looks homey and the dear Italian tongue sounds as natural as English and everything is beautiful, I glory in the Campagna, the art is divine, and I dearly love the soft climate. I should perish in the cold winters at home, besides, I shall be positively tied here after this. I hope to have a studio and workmen of my own, and how could I be absent, for "*quando il gatto e fuori*," etc? Ah, there is nothing like it! I admire America, but (and I hear your reproaches) my heart's best love is for Italy. I wonder if Daphne has yet reached you? I hope you will like her and look upon her as a 'near relation. I am making a statue now that is to become yours one of these days. It makes me so happy to think that you will all have the very first things I send from Rome,—my first bust and first statue.\* I know they are going into

\* Ænone.

"This statue portrays Ænone in deep and speechless grief at the death of Paris. The face is of classic beauty, the drapery strikingly natural, and the position of the body bending over a shepherd's crook on one hand, while the other hangs listlessly by her side, is expressive in the highest degree of the grief which the artist has sought to embody."—*London Art Journal*.



CENONE





kind, good hands, and I feel tenderly for them. You can't guess how busy I am from morning till night, nor how an artist must study and work to produce anything worthy of the name of art. Here have I been pegging away for more than two years, and I have learned just enough to feel that I know nothing; but *pazienza, col tempo tutto—forse*.

Your H.

## CHAPTER III

1854-1857

THE winters were passing now in ardent work relieved by the society of many friends and of interesting visitors. The summers were varied by little jaunts away from Rome to escape its great heat. After one of these and a short stay in Florence, Miss Hosmer received the following letters from Mr. and Mrs. Browning:

ROBERT BROWNING TO MISS HOSMER.

FLORENCE, 16th November, 1854.

Writing to you, dearest Hattie, is almost like breaking a spell and driving you away, or at least putting in evidence for the first time that you are really gone, out of sight, out of hearing, out of reach. You won't, then, come in any more of a morning, or afternoon, in the old way? I can tell you, and you will believe it, I think, that often and often Ba\* and I have seen you, on the queer chair at the little end of the table, on the sofa, and in all old places of yours. You are dear and good to speak to us, as you do, and to feel, as you say, for us. Come back to us, at any distance of time, and you'll see whether we love you less, *more* it won't do to promise. Meantime both of us wish you well, with our whole heart.

Now then, the quarrel which lovers always indulge in:—What business had you to suppose we wanted

\* Mrs. Browning.

those cups and spoons to remember you by? There I found them on my return that last morning; would not a flower or two have done as well? Should we not have kept it equally for your sake? We will keep these and think of you, however, and so will Penini who told me, out of his own head, this very morning (on hearing me say I was about to write) to thank you for his writing box, which he greatly delights in. He is very well, imaginative and noisy, and is gone this moment to give Isa\* the benefit of his qualities. She wrote to you the other day. I know nothing would surprise and delight you more than the evident and partial improvement in her state. She can walk only too well, in fact. Is not Zanetti† a man now? All this comes of his one visit and prescription. She is still up in the cold, at the villa, and keeps there until the end of the month, when she descends into the town, but she will have told you all that.

Now about yourself. The news of your finding just the domicile you wanted, reached us thro' Isa, What a good chance! You must tell us, when you write next, how you really are at your dear Rome. . . .

No writing about art in this letter, which just knocks at your door for news. I am quite happy to think of you and that noble Page‡ together. Stick to him like a leech, for it is real life blood you will get out of him, real thoughts and facts, nothing like sham or conventionalism. I carry in my mind all I can of his doctrine about the true proportions of the human figure, and test it by whatever strikes me as beautiful, or the reverse. How I wish I could see your little room and what's in it. Do help me to see in some measure. Does the fillet you mention depend

\* Miss Isa Blagden, who had had a serious illness.

† Their doctor.

‡ The portrait painter.

from the hand? or lie on the ground, perhaps? Do you draw from Teresa or any new model? Are you turning over in your mind the two Circe groups? How goes on the bust of Mrs. Cass?

I called on Powers the other morning, he has wholly changed the drapery of his statue; he found, he says, that the drapery from the breast to the waist would have a bad effect in its straight line, and now there is to be a sort of mediæval bodice of velvet, and underclothing for the thighs, with buttons, if not other ornaments, and, frankly, I don't understand it at all, for Milton's "Melancholy" (if this is meant for her) is said to be "like a nun" and I should have styled this a chatelaine in ecstasy, or contemplation. I write this only to you, and for you, for one should not pronounce definitely upon a work still in progress, and Powers has talent enough to redeem or explain everything yet, but I do doubt and fear the efficacy of every alteration he has made since the first gauze drapery he threw around it. He saw my disappointment and said, rightly enough, I must wait for the completion of the work—only, then where will be the use of criticism? . . . I saw, the same morning, S——'s statue. He has worked hard at it and has done it a deal of good, though I still think the type abominable, pinched in, here and there. The face is ugly as ever, but the body looks truthful now, and the attitude, which seems too pronounced, will do better in bronze, I think, than plaster: bronze is such inadequate stuff for the expression of flesh, compared with marble. . . .

Will you, by the bye, offer my true respects to Mr. Gibson, whom I had hoped to see here, and whose genius I am less than ever in danger of forgetting? In standing off a little from it (his genius) one sees its height better. You must tell me how his great work prospers, and if the Pandora is sketched yet.

And how does your portrait \* get on, and is there anything else about Page that you can tell me? How does my picture look now? And, Hattie, how does your horse do, I must not forget that.

I mean to write to dear Mrs. Story and be written to, so only our kindest love to her! We see next to nobody, but make up a rare fire and get on a little with our work, more than when you were here, by a good deal, yet we had rather be idle and have you. Best remembrances to Leighton. I wish his picture all success from my heart.

What of the Greek now, pupil of mine? and what do you read or intend to read? Poetry, mind; and the sketching once a day, and inventing something, don't you remember? Oh! you will succeed, I know! Here's a letter now; won't you answer it soon, and wish that letter writing may soon be succeeded by face to face talking? Good-bye and God bless you, dearest Hattie. I shall leave the rest of the sheet to Ba, who will speak for herself.

Yours ever,

ROBERT BROWNING.

#### MRS. BROWNING TO MISS HOSMER.

I quite shiver as I begin to write to you, dearest Hattie,—and I daresay it is a sense of my demerits, as well as of the cold. It has been so cold here, Hattie! warmer to-day, though—and we have been so wicked and ungrateful, not to have written all this time, to thank you for the mystical egg boilers, whose spirit of Amé and love must burn together! How much too kind you were, to think so of us. Penini † was in ecstasy, and I wonder the hinges of his writing box

\* By Page. This is now in Cambridge, Mass.

† Her son.



haven't dropped off, at this millionth time of opening and shutting. "Leally," says he, "I must say, this is a velly pretty present of dear Hattie's." That was a soliloquy I happened to overhear. He has written various works since you left us, and the heroine of the last romance was "Emily Susan," at your service!

And we, do you fancy that we don't miss you? It's dreadful to have no chance company at breakfast, and you must not count on the two egg boilers, as sufficient to console us for the want of the third coffee cup.

Isa\* gives up Leghorn, I am glad to say, and we are to have her in Florence for the winter. Never does she cease lamenting the loss of you. Two female friends, suddenly dropped from the clouds, bring no heavenly balm for the wound. Ah well when spring comes we shall have Hattie and the roses, and you will be as gladly welcomed by us all, in Paris, or London, where there is everybody, as here in Florence where there is nobody. May God keep you. Give our love to dear Mrs. Story and to dear Mr. Page.

Your ever affectionate,

E. B. B.

Of her second winter in Rome, Miss Hosmer wrote, in later years:

"It was rendered memorable by my introduction to the Brownings, and as time went on and acquaintance ripened into friendship and intimacy, how often did I climb the cold, cheerless, stone stairway which led to their modest apartment on the third floor of 42 Bocca di Leone. Nothing cold or cheerless, however, when their door was gained. There was ever the warm and affectionate welcome, and there was also 'Flush-my-dog' ready to wag the poor remnant

\* Miss Blagden.



of a tail, for in those days, Flush was suffering from Anno Domini and bore but faint traces of his former beauty. The appearance of Mrs. Browning at that time is well preserved in most of the portraits which are familiar to us, whether in engraving or photography. The same abundant curls framing a face, plain in feature, but redeemed by wonderful dark eyes, large and loving and luminous as stars. The nose slightly disposed to upturn; the mouth, well, perhaps in this feature we discover the key to some of Mrs. Browning's less delicate verse, large, full-lipped, yet harboring always a sweet compensating smile. Her voice, slow and with the somewhat labored enunciation peculiar to delicate health. The manner ever gracious, with a touch of shyness at times. Small in stature and in form so fragile that the gentlest zephyr might have borne her away.

But not so suggestive of his appearance in earlier years are the portraits of Robert Browning as we now know them. True, years have passed, and photography now reveals to us a face of great intellectual power, but also the face of the comfortable man of the world, tinged, perhaps, with a certain sense of success, but in the days of which I write, he dwelt apart from the every-day world; he stood, I think, on a higher plane, fulfilling in every sense the ideal we have formed of a poet. The broad forehead, the black and slightly waving hair, the keen and clear gray eyes, the fresh complexion of faintest olive hue, and very slight, as yet, the delicate frame. There were the genial, cheery voice, the unfailing, joyous spirits of youth, the unique conversational gifts, witty, grave and gay by turns, with, over all, a manner as charming as any verse he ever penned. Accustomed as we now are to the halo which surrounds their names, it is difficult to associate their present popularity and fame with the *poco curante* mood in which they were then

regarded. They lived a life of seclusion, unappreciated, unobserved. It is not too much to say, that outside a purely literary coterie, and their modest circle of personal friends, few had heard their names. But what cared those great spirits for the outer world? They lived in a world of their own, happiest when alone therein. Browning, quite large enough to be amused by a shaft aimed at himself, used to relate with great glee, that when on one occasion he entered a certain bank in Leghorn and was received by its great financier with a keen glance over his spectacles and an inquiry as to who he was, 'I am Mr. Browning,' said the poet, 'Mr. Robert Browning.' 'Oh,' replied the financier, 'you are Mr. Robert Browning, are you? That says nothing to me, I never heard the name.' And others who were a little more enlightened were not enough so to be sure of their nationality. More than once was I asked by English people in those old times, about 'your countrymen the Brownings,' and when I have expressed surprise at their ignorance of their proud possession, 'Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Browning is English, but Mrs. Browning is American?' Certain it is that Mrs. Browning was known and appreciated in our country before she received large recognition in her own, and it was not until after her death and Mr. Browning became personally known in England, that his own countrymen learned his value and his name became a household word. In those old Roman days the halo had not dawned."

During this winter Mrs. Kemble wrote to Miss Hosmer:

16 SAVILLE ROW, LONDON, Saturday, Dec. 9, 1854.  
*My very dear little Capellina:*

How often I wish I could see your funny and pleasant and beloved little physiognomy for five minutes!

Thank you, my dear, for your kind letter and for the news it contained about Sally.\* I had had the sum and substance of all you have written me from Mrs. Sedgwick before, but it is matter that will bear repeating, and your kindness in writing it all to me touched me very much. I have had within the past few days a letter from V. V., giving a long account of her in Philadelphia. It confirms all that you tell me and certainly gives me some ground to hope that my future may be brighter than the past.

But, my sweet little Hatty, why have you said not one word to me of yourself? Of your new lodging, how many rooms you have, and the *étage*, how it is furnished, what aspect you have, what sort of studio? Above all, my dear child, have you told me nothing of what interests ever so little or much; your work, your plans, your ideas; what you are doing and what you are thinking of doing, what new shapes of beauty and of grace are haunting you, whether you have *fixed* any of your fair sisterhood of stars in clay or marble, or whether your heavens, with all those pretty creatures floating in them, are still only *planetary*? Dear Hatty, don't you know how much I care for your work, and how glad I should have been to have heard from you something of what you were doing? And have you been riding? Have you been out greeting our well-beloved haunts, those beautiful slopes and valleys where *you* ought to see the wood nymphs bodily? I have wished very much to hear from you, my dear, but I seldom blame anybody for not writing to me, except the members of my own family, and they, I think, positively ought to write. I have gone so far as to wonder once or twice that you have not written, but I knew you had been pleasantly occupied all the summer at Florence, and that when you went back to Rome you would have

\* Her daughter, Sarah Butler.

your hands quite too full of clay to think of taking hold of a pen. My precious Roman casts are here, consecrating my smoky London lodging with reminiscences of Rome and you. They have marble slabs to stand on and grand looking glasses behind them, but though they are judicious and say little about it, I have no doubt they are divinely disgusted with their present gloomy residence.

Dear Hatty, you know what sorrow I have been in, all alone here. It is so far past now, that already the sense of strangeness has worn off and I have got accustomed to my new grief.\* I am thankful to hear of Edward Sartoris' † recovery. He is so seldom ill that all one's confidence in habitual health and strength is shaken if anything ails him. My poor Adelaide must have had a miserable time, what with all the afflicting news she has been receiving from me and with Edward's illness. You are very right, my dearest little Capellina, to see as much as you can of her; you will seldom see a more amiable, or a more charming person, and she, I am sure, would like to have your warm heart and clever, bright intellect and cheery young spirit near her.

God bless you, my dear, give my dearest love to Adelaide, my respects to Mr. Gibson, and believe me, ever as ever,

Your very affectionate old friend,

FANNY KEMBLE.

After another winter of work the artist writes:

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Feb. 6, 1855.

There really seems to be a chance of peace.‡ What a fine thing it will be! The English, though, don't

\*The death of her father, Charles Kemble.

† Her brother-in-law.

‡ An allusion to the Crimean War.



appear to be very anxious for it, and I don't see how we can blame them for wanting to regain their war-like name. They certainly have not come off with flying colors, but I dare say the lesson may do them good, that they are not quite omnipotent. I oughtn't to say anything, though, against the nation, for I like them most heartily and have the greatest possible respect for them all. Certainly if we are influenced by private motives, as I suppose we always are, more or less, I ought to affectionate them prodigiously, for I have more friends among them, than among my own countrymen, and above all, one of them is my master.

By the bye, has my father sent you my master's report of me? I told him he must, and then from it you can tell what sort of a girl I am, for as I seem to be your particular *protégée* I want you to be posted. I am very busy on the "Cenci." It is for Mr. V., and remembering the place he intends her to occupy, I am sparing no pains or patience, to make her in some degree worthy of it. Mr. Gibson seems to think it is getting on well, and I only wish you, dear Mr. Crow, could walk in and see it in its present condition. When are you coming? Rome, after all, isn't such a tremendous journey from America. In twenty-one days you could be here! I will study "Murray" till I know every word in it, for your benefit, and then will devote them all to your service.

I enclose a note to Dr. McDowell, which you will do me a favor by delivering. I often think I should like to tell him I haven't forgotten his kindness to me. He did me an invaluable service in the Anatomy Department. . . .

Yours, H.

One or two letters, almost too intimate for publication, seem needed here, to reveal the warm feminine

side of the artist's nature. Although then, as ever, her strongest heart-love was given to art, they show how keenly she longed for, and eagerly accepted, the ties of family life and love, which had been denied to her own youth, when death took from her home all except her father. Then she was left to a loneliness, perhaps not recognized by either, with all his efforts to render her life happy, despite his own absorbing profession. In reading these early letters, one can but smile at the mature and wisely maternal, yet spinsteresque, advice addressed to the already beloved god-child,\* scarce two months old. This happy relationship proved, through all the twenty-five years during which that young life was lent to earth, a most tender and generous one. The watchful and ever increasing love seemed to soften and beautify a life that might else have grown lonely and self-centred if left entirely to work, and might have gathered something of the hardness of the marbles amid which she lived.

TO HARRIET HOSMER CARR.

ROME, March, 1855.

*My darling little god-daughter:*

Two days ago I received the announcement of your arrival in this world, which you must make beautiful by your smiles. How dearly I should love to see you with your soft, dimpled cheeks and your little lips that are getting to be just round enough to kiss, though always sweet enough to love. I shall love you all over, very much for yourself, and twice over, for the sake of your dear mother, who was my best

\* Harriet Hosmer Carr, the grandchild of Mr. Crow.



friend when we were girls together, and who is my best friend and sister, now that we have begun the world in earnest.

What a big girl you will be before I see you; I daresay running about and calling me "Hatty" or "Aunt Hatty." I wish I could send you a christening dress and a silver cup, but if you can wait till I come home, I will bring you something that will make you remember me better than cups and gowns.

As you grow up, my darling, you must look at all the pretty pictures and figures you can find, and then when you get to be old like your auntie, you will become an artist, perhaps. How would you like to come to Rome and work in my studio and make little boys and girls as beautiful as you are yourself? But still better than being a great artist it will be, to be great as a human being. That is to have your heart filled with beautiful and kindly thoughts for all around you, as well as to have your brain filled with beautiful images, though you know you can never have the latter without the former, for your marble children would be only the sculptured shadows of your soul, and if your soul is not pure and great, how can you expect your children to be so?

But first of all, begin by being loving and obedient to the good God who made you, and next, to your dear parents, and then if, when you grow up to be a great girl, you should go to dear Mrs. Sedgwick to study about the "chain of connection" \* and sharpen your mind on "Mental Arithmetic," † don't follow in the footsteps of your naughty god-mamma, because if you do, you will have a great deal to repent of afterwards!

Now you perceive, my darling, I have already begun to lecture you, and you will believe me a very stern god-mother, but if you could see me, I don't

\* Combe's.

† Colburn's.

think I should frighten you, but I should hold you on my knee and play with you, or tell you stories. Now you must take a whole shower of kisses, my little one, from

Your most loving

GOD-MAMMA.

TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

(The same date)

Having written to your daughter and my god-daughter, I send this note enclosed to her care, being rather jealous that her mundane labors should begin in my service. Truly I am triumphant in thinking of my name being immortalized! I can't know exactly how you feel, but I have my ideas on the subject, formed on my regard for my own silent progeny: ideas, however, which nobody will deny are, in their case, hammered out. . . . I have already settled her profession and see her, in my mind's eye, installed with a chisel, or a lump of clay, her little mob-cap on her head, and calling her Aunt Hatty "*Maestra*." I fondly expect she will make equestrian statues of all the coming great men of the nation! Kiss her countless for me. . . .

Your H.

During this and the following winters, though working diligently in her studio through all the daylight hours, the artist did not deny herself the pleasure and relaxation of society and friends, among whom she was always warmly welcomed and also much sought. After her late afternoon gallop over the Campagna, her evenings were spent at dinners, and followed by receptions and musicales, mostly in the English colony. This was composed, in those days, of a certain few who returned to Rome year after year, to

escape the fogs of London and to enjoy the sunshine and art of Italy among kindred spirits, thus forming a friendly coterie of gifted and brilliant members. With them were to be found also many interesting travellers from over seas. Among the number her letters make mention of the Thackerays and Trollopes, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Marian Alford, Lady Charlotte Locker, the Walpoles, Cardwells, Hawthorne, Lord Houghton, Sir William Boxall, the Layards, Gladstones, Longfellows, Bryants, etc., besides many resident artists, as the Storys, Miss Cushman, Crawford, and others noted in music, letters, and art. Those who then visited the "Eternal City" went, not as many a tourist of the present time, to "see Rome in a day," and to motor breathlessly from sight to sight, from ruin to ruin, but to make a home, for the time being, and live their own lives among the glories of ancient art. It is true there were some birds of passage, the "*forestieri*," but they came into the artist's life mostly through the studio door, as patrons, collectors, or admirers.

Miss Hosmer's summers were passed in refreshing journeys with her master or other congenial companions in Italy, Switzerland, and beyond, or else in visits to many English friends, who admired, loved, and petted her, and who made her forget that her native land and kindred were too distant for short visits in those days of few steamships and slow crossings.

In by-gone days, when there was all time and when "time was made for slaves," it seems to have been the custom to ignore such casual things as days,

months, and years, and so the gatherer of these notes, disregarding those impertinent markers of time, must sometimes do the same.

Here are two characteristic notes from Mr. Gibson to Miss Hosmer without date:

Thursday.

*Dearest:*

Mr. Layard is going away, called to take his leave of you, will come to-morrow at two o'clock, so you must be there.

Your slave,

JOHN GIBSON.

*My little Hat:*

I have sent to Spence to say that I am not well and cannot dine with him. I am sorry that I shall not be able to come this evening to Miss Cushman's. To-morrow morning I hope to be at the studio early.

Your slave,

Then came this letter:

MR. BROWNING TO MISS HOSMER.

PARIS, RUE DU COLISÉE, 3, Jan. 8, '56.

Had I taken pen and written to you, dearest Hatty, once for every ten times I meant to do so (overnight), and had you answered one of every ten that I so wrote and I know you would have done better than that, I should have plenty to read and comfort myself with; whereas now there is only the hope that we soon will have something, when you know how happy it will make us two here in the cold, to hear about you. When we got to London, cares and calls and weariness all day, and letter writing to-morrow! When we left London for this place, (a horrible lodging), taken

for us against our will and protestation, by an enthusiastic friend—an apartment with no bottom (for carriages were under it), no top (for the roof tiles were over it), no back (for there was an end to the house with the end of our room), and a front facing the due east, we staid two months' misery out, and then carried our dead and wounded to this pleasant house, which, not quite the Vatican in itself, seems a great catch beside the other abomination. You may suppose there was no charity in telling you this till we could add that we were alive and out.

Now I tell you and moreover that we both of us long with all our hearts to hear as much news of your darling self as you can and will put into a letter. Of course all this while we have heard of you constantly or else we would have known the reason why. Isa Blagden always lets us go shares in her tidings of you for which Miss Hayes was mainly to thank, and Miss F. loves and talks about you incessantly; they have been here these two months. Isa arrived two days ago; got into the exact sort of upstairs place she should have avoided, and is abundantly uncomfortable, which is the more provoking that she seems to have brought with her a tolerable stock of health and strength, which will be spent to very little purpose. However, we must try and help to brighten matters for her.

Mrs. Sartoris is here, such a dear creature, as you well know. I ought to see her about every other day, if my laziness did not stand in the way; and whenever I go, I swear I'll never miss another time, but do miss times and times, alas! I'll go to-morrow and tell her I've written, unless, as is likely, she calls this afternoon. She sings and talks and looks and *is* just as of old, and *so* good that is! Your pet of a daguerreotype lies on her table, and I know who gets hold of it and keeps it as long as he sits there!



Leighton is a better fellow than ever, very lovable, really. He's painting a very fine and original picture, life-size, of Orpheus playing Eurydice out of hell, full of power and expression. He has a capital Pan enjoying himself in a dell, from a superb Italian model here, (the perfection of a man,) and a Venus, very clever too; and designs for perhaps a dozen delicious pagan figures; a sudden taste that has possessed him.

I don't think any new friend of mine would please you like Rosa Bonheur, who is a glorious little creature, with a touch of Hatty about her that makes one start. Oh, Hatty, why were you not here, in London first, and you should have heard Alfred Tennyson read "Maud" to us, and Mrs. Sartoris sing to Ruskin, and Carlyle talk, our three best remembrances. And here at Paris there are pictures to see, but I know all about the impossibility, and it is silly to speak of it.

Well, won't you tell us what you have done and are doing? how dear Page is, and what he paints now, and if he prospers in health and spirits? and of Gibson, and of Rome generally? Do you know we mean to try hard to go to Rome next winter, to repair the harm done at the bottomless pit of the house aforesaid? And Mrs. Sartoris was sure to go, too, till the night before last, when she pleased to feel sure she should *not* go, Sartoris meaning to settle in Paris—for the next quarter of an hour he means it, I should explain. How good to find ourselves all together again! But then, the slips 'twixt the cups and the lips. Anyhow, here is a word to you that wants a word in return. God bless you, dearest Hatty. Penini is well, better by far than in London. Ba\* shall put in a word. I have left room for no

\* Mrs. Browning.



more. For me, count as nothing said, of all that I have to say, except that I am affectionately yours ever,

ROBERT BROWNING.

TO MRS. CARR.

ROME, Mar. 11, 1856.

*Dear C:*

I meant to have inundated you with a flood of prose, if not of song, but have not been able to manage it; every minute seems to bring with it something that imperiously demands attention, and I have stayed at home this afternoon instead of riding, to scratch even this miserable line, but no more explanations.

So you are wading through Gibbon and Niebuhr, while L—— is wading through the bogs on the prairies. I can scarcely fancy you leading that quiet sort of life, almost a hermit's, but I won't say anything to disenchant you completely with it. We will make up for it when you get to Rome, which I see written in the book of Fate.

I scarcely see the S's, for they have been busy sight-seeing, and my days roll away either in the studio or, afterwards, on horseback, and in the evening it is as much as I can do to go where I am invited. What if you were in an upright posture, on your feet, eight hours of the day! For my part, I am beginning to doubt if my skeleton is not gradually losing the power of that peculiar action in a certain portion of the human system which results in sitting down, for I often stand from breakfast till evening, whereas no power on earth could induce me to sit for half an hour! It is quite frightful to see how time runs on and how short are the days to work in. As you are not in town, I can only send my kind regards to the

grouse and the bison. I wish I had some of the former. The latter I will leave for the pleasure of killing when I come.

Your H.

TO THE SAME.

Dear C:

ROME, the end of April, 1856.

Of course you think me a creature of the very blackest dye, but I reproach myself with being still more ebony than you could ever dream of. The truth is, I have been waiting to enclose you a photo of what I have been doing. The *forestieri* are beginning to scatter, which means that summer is coming. I intend going into France this year, into or near the Forest of Fontainebleau. One is really put to it to know what to do with one's self. You feel as if you would like to give yourself into the hands of a *Commissionnaire*, be boxed up and put out of the way in a warehouse till claimed by the rightful owner.

I wrote two days after receiving your last important bulletin relative to my chick Hatty.\* I should have had my "never get over it," if Miss Cushman had left the country without seeing her, and I am dying to hear what she reports of her. You know I feel perfectly responsible for everything she does and says, for somehow a great deal of my dibbletry has become incorporated in her blessed little frame, and from my own experience I could venture to predict everything she will do for the next ten years. You know my history pretty well, so guard against my snags, unless you hold, as I do, that when there is a certain quantity of steam to be let off, it is charity and policy to afford it a vent. I go on the principle of letting young ones do pretty much as they like. I am sure it

\* Her godchild, then two years old.

is better for them in the end, and I know it is much pleasanter; that was the system on which I was brought up, and the result is,—what you see! Get me out her picture as soon as you can. I don't mind the loss of the feet. I shouldn't mind even the loss of the legs. I want the impertinent, darling little face and the curly wig. . . .

Do you really think that a shred of vanity can exist in me, after viewing those last productions which you sent me of lithographic art? Shade of my grandmother! (who was, I believe, a very good-looking woman). The first I thought not flattering, but this! I should say it was enough to make even you forswear my society, not to mention sisterhood. I keep it, religiously, on the same principle that the Emperor had the melancholy fact whispered in his ear, only with a slight modification, "Remember thou art but a fright!"

Your H.

MR. AND MRS. BROWNING TO MISS HOSMER.

PARIS, 3 RUE DU COLISÉE, March 27, '56.

*Dearest Hattie:*

Here is going to be another great break and long silence between us three, if we two don't take care. I should like to write to-day, and I will. We got your duck of a note duly about six weeks ago, then news of you from Isa, then a little more news from the same, and now it is time for a cupful of water from the spring-head. We were vexed about that Isa, that she could not contrive somehow, manage in some way, that capital little Roman scheme that you proposed; but her heart was all of a tremble about Spanish plans and Florentine projects. Do try her again, for the commotion has subsided in many re-

spects; she at last gives way to our mild scoldings and renounces that foolish and indeed dangerous journey to Madrid. For which we promised her a knee that will work without pulleys from the bed-top, and other delights that she was bringing on herself. She now means to go straight to Florence, and there set up a villa, and then what better can she do than go to Rome in the winter, as we hope to do. If your schemes have worked themselves any clearer, therefore, try them on her. She is quite her old self now, able to see and be seen.

Now what shall I tell you of Mrs. Sartoris? This week's state of her mind is pretty likely to differ altogether from next week's, as I conjecture from past experience. First, then, she means that he won't go to Rome, but will settle here; take a house and furnish it; that will lead eventually to his getting tired of furniture and house, and beginning his travels again. What they do, Leighton will do; but we others have had enough of civilization, and want the Campagna. Not but what the weather has been, and is, while I write, very nearly Italian; mild at worst and sunny and surprising very often.

Pray, Hattie, what shall you do in the summer that is coming so fast? Any chance of your going to Paris or London this year, as we hoped about last year? We shall stay till the end of June, then be in London till autumn, and then one fine November morning somebody will jump up the little stairs three at a time, do a deal of damage to some plaster casts on the way, and then, having first put on his gloves, request permission to touch the tips of your fingers. Meanwhile there's a good deal to do, however.

I told you Ba had felt the cold sadly in those abominable rooms that we got shut on us for our sins. Since moving to this place all that was wrong,

seems set right again, and she has worked like a spirit at her poem.\* I have read the first six books, all transcribed and corrected in two months. Lord! I don't dare say, in cold words, what I cannot help thinking of them; while warm words are not proper, you know. At all events, the poem is quite new and unlike anything she has hitherto done; two more books are growing to completion, by daily work to the amount of something like thirty or forty lines. When all's done, it's to print in London, print in America simultaneously, put out of the nest and set flying and earning its own livelihood, and then, off to something else, somewhere else. That's the way with us noble poets whether in words or lines, poetry or plaster, isn't it? I'll tell you true about myself, that your people have been very kind and indulgent to my own things, and that there is great success for the bookseller, if I may believe reports which bookseller has my best wishes, having behaved capitally.

I can hear nothing certain about Page's pictures, as to their completion and destination. You know he meant to send the Venus and another work to London, did he not? Are they gone? Nothing sent in after the first Monday in April will be admitted. I have given the proper orders about sending the portrait and can only trust that they will put it in a good place. My wife wrote a letter to an influential personage (hem!), whose name, etc., it is not necessary to particularize (hem, hem!)—not, of course, demeaning herself crookedly, but honestly calling attention to what might miss its due attention in the throng of the thousands and the result is particularly satisfactory. We are told the Academy always strains a point to do homage to the work of a stranger, but Mr. Page's work can have nothing to fear. All we

\* "Aurora Leigh."



can do (and so little) is done, and I hope and believe that the portrait \* will do the rest for itself.

There will be a portrait of Dickens exhibited by Ary Scheffer. Leighton's picture is done, and expedited; and he waits the results with anxiety enough, so do we all. There is great merit in it, the expressions are true, the composition simple, the background good, and the whole one consistent anachronism; a purely modern picture, without a touch of the antique-real, or antique-conventional. The modern violin is no more a surprise than the modern faces and figures. But I breathe into your ear that I doubt whether folks won't cry out for more than this truth of expression, and ask for the poetry of this grand old subject: God Pluto, Goddess Proserpine, Half-God Orpheus, and half-woman Eurydice. . . . He certainly has not finished the details as completely as I expected; there is evidence of great study in portions, no doubt; the knee of Orpheus could hardly be better modelled, and his arm (right arm) is covered with the drapery to heart's content; but the careless part seems to me in the figure of the Proserpine (right arm good, though) and her drapery (from the waist down), not effective in color or foldings. Observe, all the faces are capitally true, and if you will take the four heads in a line, and arms too, if you please, for the picture, you get a striking one.

Leighton has been drawing deliciously; he may make admirable pictures out of some ten or fifteen that lie there—and he is finishing a couple of half life-size, charming paintings. The one I told you of, a fine fellow treating himself to figs, while he has grapes and gourds about his feet, down in a dell, with blue Italian scenery over his head; a finished study from the miracle of a model he has got, but properly idealized. The other is the Venus, which,

\* Of Robert Browning.



save that one bit is exaggerated in the action, I think, will come out well too, in the end. There's a Diver or Fisher, pulled down by a Siren, which is exquisite in the sketch—so, now let's all wish him what's best for him.

I am much interested by accounts I get from Rome from time to time of Mr. Gibson's Pandora. Tell us all about it, you Hatty: and tell us exactly how your own statue progresses,—and what else you have done or think to do. What is this we were amused with about theatricals? I'll engage you played famously. Don't I envy Lyons now? He is here till Lord Clarendon can find time to start him off, and then he'll be in the very Rome. He called here two days ago, and spent an evening last week with Mrs. Sartoris and Leighton. Was not that like an old thing come about again?

Next tell me a matter: do you happen to know, or to have seen, a young lady, with a mother to her, called "Ironmonger," an Australian bent on studying painting in Rome, who made a memorable transit thro' this place at the end of last year; memorable, I mean, for her enthusiasm and wild ways? She had a letter for Mr. Gibson, she said,—how has it all turned out?

Now I shall leave off and make Ba do the rest, I generally push her into a mere corner, and you don't thank me for that. I ought to have put more interest in this quantity of writing, that's certain; but writing's a bad business at the best. Will you please to answer this at once, not leaving out one particularity about yourself—in short, be so good as to shabby-abbyize for our profit and delight. Your early Easter season, that's over, will leave you leisure, won't it? We are in a crowd here, diplomatic and great people are like blackberries, and next week you shall see what you

shall see; but not one word more, lest I break irresistibly in upon Ba and the lace wrappings, and you go mad that you can't see them. Good-by, dearest Hatty, with the loving embrace of

Yours

ROBERT BROWNING.

MRS. BROWNING TO MISS HOSMER.

What can I say after Robert? He will have emptied Paris of all the news you will care to hear, dearest Hatty. Let me say at least that we want, both of us, to have news from you; write, dear, make us glad. Here's my plan for you after Robert's. Come to the north this summer and spend it with us in England—and then let us all travel south and to Rome in the autumn—then, too, we shall be able to plot and secure Isa. You know I am against all schemes for settling her in Rome, because any continuance in that place would be bad for her I feel obstinately sure, but she might go for a winter, and would perhaps, if we all together took to pulling and hauling her, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, yo 'ho! Lend a hand Hatty! And now that I am a sailor I feel inclined to a fit of swearing against Robert's paper—did ever man in his senses and with any degree of conjugal consideration select such paper? D—— testable!

With Clichy on one side, the Diligences on the other, and a sprinkling of brigands up and down, we have persuaded Isa against Madrid finally. Now it is your turn, try for Rome.

Give my love to Mr. Page when you see him. We have launched his picture on the London Academy, and I do trust a good wind will take it. I long for the Venus, is it finished? And if so why does he not

send it? Shan't we see works on works of your own, dear Hatty, when we come to Rome to catch you? Really we are planning for Rome next winter. *Do you* think of London meantime for the love of us.

Penini is reading French and talking it and not forgetting his Italian. He is as great a darling as ever, in my mind.

Your ever affectionate

E. B. B.

Our best regards to Mr. Gibson.

The following letter is one of the few descriptive of the artist:

MISS HAYES TO MRS. CARR.

ROME, April, 1856.

Hatty is such a bad correspondent, in personal matters, dear friend of hers, that I am sure you will thank me for a few lines telling you how she looks and is. To begin, she has added an inch or so to her height, of which, between ourselves, she is very proud; and more than an inch considerably in circumference, though she has developed a charming little waist and figure. Her short hair, which you will find considerably darker in color, suits her admirably, and she is, in dress, neatness itself, her party wardrobe elegant and tasteful. So much for externals. Better than all, she is the same frank, unaffected darling as in old times. Her spirits more boisterous and sustained than ever; in fact, she is the happiest human being that I know, and thinks herself so.

Her progress in art is wonderful. It is long since modern Rome has produced so beautiful a statue as the Cenci; beautiful in conception and execution. The social position of our dear little friend is admirable.

She is universally respected, and where known, loved, and she has surmounted all the difficulties of her position as woman and artist, nobly, by the simple earnestness of her nature and life. It is a great joy to me to find her where she is, after our three years' separation. . . .

Sincerely yours

MATILDA M. HAYES.

TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

ROME, June 30, 1856.

I am giving you a parting salute from Rome, as I am off to-morrow for a tour of which I am not quite sure what the middle or the end is to be. The only certain thing is the beginning, which is Leghorn, for a couple of weeks. I want particularly to write you now, to send the photographs of the bassi-relievi I have just finished. One is "Night and the Rising of the Stars," and the other is "Phosphor and Hesper," which your early mythological researches will remind you are the stars of the Morning and the Evening. Next winter I am going to model the pendant to the first, which will be "Morning and the Setting of the Stars." You see I have been on a starring engagement this winter! . . .

At this moment while I am writing, the grand fire-works of St. Peter's Day are shooting and bursting round the *Piazza del Popolo*, and I am not taking the trouble even to put my head out of window to see them. Then on the other hand our house being situated obliquely between the two I have merely to look up and I see before me the Dome of St. Peter's, illuminated. Last night the whole was illumined, and to-night too it has been very beautiful. I am thinking how many thousands of people would

give their eyes if they could only be in my place for a few minutes. . . .

The last joke I have heard, which came to Miss Cushman's ears, was this. A party here from New York who had something to do with Mr. Gibson's group of the *Cacciatore*, as it is always called, and having seen the name either in writing or in print, but probably never having heard it pronounced, said "That group, you know, of Mr. Gibson's; I think they call it the *Cockatoo!*" . . .

Mrs. Kemble, then is in Lenox with Sarah, and enchanting the girls just as we used to be enchanted. Oh, how those days come back to me; but they seem like a dream. My life is so unlike what it was then. I think and feel so differently that it seems to me I must have left my former body and found another. With you, the change is not so great. You are still in the atmosphere of home, still see the familiar faces to which you have been accustomed from childhood; at least you hear your mother tongue spoken around you, and have not forced your ear to hear, nor your lips to utter, strange sounds. . . . These changes make me feel twenty years older, and it is not unlikely that my hair may be quite bleached before the month of next July, when, God willing, we shall meet.

Somewhere on the ocean, my daughter Ænone is now probably very seasick. If you do not experience the same sensation when you see her, I shall be content. Sooner or later she will appear to you in St. Louis, and I can only say I wish she were more worthy of those who are to adopt her. . . .

Your H.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*My dear Mr. Crow:*

ALBANO, Sept., 1856.

. . . So changes are taking place across the ocean! Here time and fortune wag on in the old way, and



I wish they would go a little faster, the latter, I mean, not the former. If she does not smile more sweetly pretty soon, than she has done for the last year and a half, I suspect that nine-tenths of the artists will open glove shops, or tobacco stalls, or something else, not for bread and butter, but for bread alone, without the butter. Artists like Mr. Gibson, Teneranni, and Crawford, who have been through the mill, may snap their fingers, they are always busy, but for the younger ones, who are struggling upward, nothing is left in the present time but to growl and groan.

Has the statue arrived? The figure represents *Cenone* abandoned by Paris, and all I can say is, that I wish it were a thousand times better than it is, and the best excuse I have for its shortcomings is, that it is the first one I ever made. I hope you will see another of mine, going to Mr. Hooper, in Boston, representing Puck. I think I may say that I have beaten both, in a statue which you will see next summer, God willing, which belongs to Mr. V. and which I take great pleasure in thinking is destined for the library in your city.\* Sir Charles Eastlake was in Rome a few days ago, and he says I must be sure and send it to the Royal Academy Exhibition and he will have it well placed. He is the President of the Academy, you know, so his influence will be potent. He said some very nice things to me, words of real encouragement. The exhibition is to open the first of May, so I shall send it there from Rome, and pick it up on my way home. Mr. Hall is having it engraved for the London Art Journal from a drawing made of the cast, by Guglielani and which Mr. Gibson took with him to England. These things I tell you, not from any feeling of vanity or self-satisfaction, because I am utterly disgusted with myself,

\* Beatrice Cenci.



but because it may please you to know that such a man as Sir Charles Eastlake finds something in my work of which to approve, and as I am your *protégée* I like to have you know, better than anybody else, how I am progressing. . . .

Now, dear Mr. Crow, I am going to give you one more proof that I do consider myself your *protégée* in every sense of the word, and am going to avail myself of your paternal kindness evinced last summer when you sent me that letter of credit, half of which I have drawn, and if not inconvenient to you, I should like to swell the long list of favors already received at your hands, by drawing for the remaining half about the first of October. I have bills coming due for marble, and without this godsend I scarcely know how to meet them. . . . I never can return (because you do not need it) the kindness and encouragement you have showered upon me, but which I must hope will not, in the end, have been in vain. Are not some of yours coming to Italy? Cannot you give me something to do for you? Command me, for I belong to you more than to anybody else.

You may report this letter to my father if you like, but I just as lief you would put it in the fire. Do write me; it is a blessing to see your handwriting.

Yours, H.

This letter was to an old friend in Scotland.

TO MISS DUNDAS.

ALBANO, Sunday, Sept. 27, (1856).

Days and weeks have rolled by since we met, my A——, and they seem years. Alas! there is no magic ground in this world where we can summon before us the forms of absent friends, and no enchantress to help us but the one of happy memories. Alas! too,

being in the flesh, we are denied the comfort of ghostly communication, and if you could see in what a veil of very distinct anatomy my spiritual woman is shrouded, you would despair of ever hearing from me except in the most material way. Such being the case I sit down to tell you in sound English what a puss you have been to write me those two letters, and the only fault is, that there wasn't enough of either of them. Having followed you to Naples, to Paris, and to London, you are now safely and snugly ensconced in your own dear nest, from which you must flutter out very often and give me a song on paper.

Nor have I been quiet either, while you have been on the wing, but have ridden to Florence by moonlight at the rate of fifty miles a night. Nothing was ever so fine as that journey. The entrance to Nepi, with its old towers and broken arches, the descent to the lake of Thrasimene, the climbing of the hill to Perugia, and the arrival at five in the morning at Florence, are all things to be set down in one's golden book. I remember particularly, too, the battleground of Hannibal, over which we rode at one o'clock on the loveliest night that was ever visited upon earth. In the silence and ghostliness of the hour, I could not help fancying I heard, above the clattering of our horses' feet, the rushing and neighing of steeds, the clashing of spears, and the shouts of the vanquished and conquering armies, but for two thousand years nature has been reclaiming her own and seems to have exhausted herself in making it one of the most beautiful spots in her kingdom, as if in a generous, forgiving spirit toward that humanity by which she was profaned. The ground was covered with fresh young vines and bright red poppies sown by some friendly Morpheus, perhaps, to make her forget in a long summer sleep the wrongs she had endured, and over all, the great, quiet moon, like a loving and

pitying mother, watched as tenderly and as patiently as she did ages and ages ago. Oh! my A——, how enchanted you would have been. There never was a more silent journey, for it was too beautiful to talk about. We wanted all our forces to think and to look, but thinking and looking were done to perfection. We came back by riding early in the morning and late in the evening, having made the three hundred and sixty miles in seven and a half days.

So you did not like Naples, nor I either. If I were doomed to live there, I should be a raving maniac at the end of the third day. I am so glad, too, that you don't like the Hercules.\* For my part, I see in him neither spirit, nor grace, nor beauty, but see that if it were not for the club on which he rests, he would tumble down from his own weight, and that if he were starving, he wouldn't have energy enough to eat those three apples he holds in his hand. To me, his hugeness is not grandeur, nor is his repose dignity, and if I had to pass judgment on the statue, I should say it was modelled on the principle of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, only doubly fat and trebly sleepy. But how different is that divine Mercury in Florence! I never admired it so much as now. There is nothing gross or earthly in his composition; bones and muscles never suggest themselves, and nothing suggests itself but a God-like will and a God-like power to perform. When I see the Hercules, I feel like a washerwoman and want my tub, but when I see the Mercury, I feel something more than mortal and want my wings. To my notion a statue that revives our recollections of the dissecting room, before it arouses our human sympathies, is as unnatural a production as a flower would be, which would suggest the hoe and the spade before it asserted its own divine right of beauty and infinite perfection.

\* The Farnese Hercules in the Museo Borbonico.

So, you happy girl, you have seen our dear, quiet, gentle friend \* in her own sanctum, nearer the blue sky, you say, than most people, and nearer Heaven, I say, than many. I am not surprised that "the very air seems still and calm about her," because she is stillness and calmness personified. There, she must be in her element, with her flowers and her books and pictures around her. I never can fancy her in a bustle, or in a busy crowd, any more than I could fancy the Night-blooming Cereus to blossom in the Piazza Navona, and our dear gentle friend is indeed closely allied to that same flower, seeming more lovable and pure by contrast with the dark world around her.

Yesterday I went into Rome to have photographs taken of my son and daughter; † the latter was successful, the former only partly so, and we must try again. Master Puck's god-mother, you know, is to be that dear Mrs. Emily, to whom I am going to send the portraits of her devil-born god-child as soon as they can be printed. I shall send, too, the *Ænone*, which you must dispose of as you like best.

By the way, I have found a famous block of marble for the Cenci, and she is progressing in that material. I made several changes in her after you went away, for instance gave her a vast quantity more hair, putting very sizable locks over the raised shoulder, made a cushion of the upper stone (which was a great improvement), and put on (I'm sure you will say, "Oh! horror!") a slipper!!! Perhaps you would be shocked if you saw that slipper, perhaps pleased; for my part, I liked it because it was more in costume, and from the arrangement of drapery I was afraid it might look like an affectation of the antique unless I had something to modernize it a bit. Little Miss

\* Mrs. Browning.

† Puck and *Ænone*.



W—— said the prettiest thing about my child, and hence I am greatly in love with her. They made us a visit one day, and her sister said, "How well she sleeps." "No," said she, "How well she dreams."

I had a dear letter from Mrs. Sartoris a few days ago. She speaks of Leighton's picture as "a tremendous failure." I sympathize with Fay,\* certainly, and am very sorry for his disappointment, but the consequences of all this criticism and censure will be a capital picture next year.

Here I am on the last and eighth page, and what have I written? Nothing in a great deal. I begin to think myself a lineal descendant of the Queen of the Cannibals, whose husband was forced to devour her, to make her keep silence. Were I a mathematical genius like your dear self, I would find out the proportion of sense to nonsense in this letter, by dividing it rectangularly and obliquely after the fashion of the Piazza Colonna. As I am not, I shall confide to Bessie the task of ascertaining, because she nobly confessed that her talent did not point in that direction and I am clever enough to take advantage of the circumstance.

Alas! no more of those cosey Sunday evenings. I may see the room again,† the self-same room, but not those same dear faces in it, which made it what it was to me, and I may perhaps be welcomed there again by kind voices, but not by the kinder voices of that dear mother of yours, nor of that loving and lovable Mrs. Emily, nor of that gentle, sisterly Bessie, nor by the stern imperious voice of my Annie. These have been, but are not, though we must hope will yet

\* Frederick Leighton, afterwards Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy.

† At 54 Via Sistina.

be, and so, being grateful for the past and loving in the present and hoping in the future, and with as many kisses to all, as there have been little fairy feet dancing over these ferns,\* hold me ever thy

HAT.

Another busy winter followed, of which Miss Hosmer writes:

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Feb. 15, 1857.

I hasten to reply as well as I can to yours, for I confess honestly I scarcely know how. I am not very skilful in expressing on paper what I feel in my heart. Words are cold and formal things. . . . But for you, I should not be in Italy now, and that is as much as saying I never should have been an artist. You are princely to me, dear Mr. Crow, in more ways than one, and not the least pleasing of the royal spirit you show towards me is your undoubting confidence in my eventual success. It is heart's blood to me, to have you speak so confidently of my future, and inspires me with heart enough to contend with twice the quantity and quality of obstacles which beset Hercules, and so help me Heaven! I would work my fingers off, rather than disappoint the hopes you repose in me, or that I should not manifest in a visible and actual way my appreciation of all your kindness.

As the Yankees say, "Statuary has riz" with me, and I have as much as I can do, and it pleases me to the backbone, to be able to tell you that I have had a jolly winter. First and foremost an order from an English gentleman for a bust, and an order from Mr. Clift of New York for a copy of Puck. Then one from Miss Cushman for another copy of the same. Then an order for two large bassi-relievi.

\* Referring to the sprays of maidenhair fern enclosed.





PUCK



Then another for two portrait medallions of the Ladies Constance and Adelaide Talbot, which I shall begin on Monday next. And I may have an order for a small copy of the Cenci. I enclose to you a photograph of the last mentioned lady and one of my son Puck.\*

The Cenci is packed and sent away, and arrives this night at Civita Vecchia, from which place it will be shipped to Southampton. Mr. Gibson has written to Sir Charles Eastlake to secure for it a good place in the exhibition (which he had already promised to do), and somebody has said a good word for it over the Channel, for Lady Waterford, who is an oracle upon art in London, has written for a photograph of it. She has set out on her journey under favorable auspices, and now we must wait the result of her exhibition. I am not afraid to say that it beats the *Ænone*, which I wish were better, for your sake.

Well, I have talked enough about self, and will tip off by saying that I am well and strong; scramble about on a little Albanese pony (which cost the sum of 50 scudi and is about the size of a Newfoundland dog) whenever I can find time from my work. I shall appear over the ocean in August!

Yours, H.

\* Someone has justly said:

“This little forest elf is the very personification of boyish self-will and mischief. With his right hand he grasps a beetle, and seems about to throw it; with his left he presses unconsciously a lizard. In all the lines of the face, in all the action of the body, gleams forth the mischievous self-will of a being scarcely aware of the pain he causes, while rollicking in the consciousness of his tiny might.

What a moment of fun and drollery was that in which he was conceived! What delicious pertness in that upturned toe! It is a laugh in marble.”

The Prince of Wales had one of many copies and it was called the favorite of all modern statues. It has gone to Australia, the West Indies and into perhaps fifty other places. The Crown Princess of Germany (afterwards the Empress Frederick) on viewing it in the studio exclaimed “Oh, Miss Hosmer, you have such talent for toes!”

## ROBERT BROWNING TO MISS HOSMER.

*Dearest Hatty:*

FLORENCE, May 22, '57.

Your note came to hand (and heart) a day or two ago. I daresay you know what a sad winter-time we had of it, with bad news from England every other month. Now, that is, a month ago, the death of Ba's father. She has seen nobody but Isa Blagden since then, nor once left the house. (But she shall, if I carry her, and before the week is out.) How often we both of us meant to write to you, you ought to guess and do, perhaps.

So you won't take Florence on your way to England, but on your return, I'll engage. And what shall we do, who don't mean to set our faces toward England for a year at least? Do try and take us back to Rome with you, as you easily can. To think we have lost three years of you, Hatty!

I would give something to see your statue in London. All I have heard as yet about it is that it is well placed, but that little sculpture vault is an abomination, when the best is made of it. What else besides the sleeping girl's figure, of which people report so well? \* What else are you doing?

Didn't I think of you the other day, when I got perpetuated in plaster, back of a shaggy Abbey wall, in this neighborhood. As I came home I was a little inclined to salute it, after English souvenir festivities, with a "hip-hip-hip-hurrah!" Now I naturally turn to Mrs. Jameson, that she liked you extremely we had from her own mouth (or pen) long ago and I rejoice that you can say those pleasant things about her from your heart. With her and Mr. Gibson, and other friends, you will want no letters to English people, of course. Should anything happen

\* Beatrice Cenci.

to strike you, that Ba or myself could do, you will tell us, won't you?

I have not heard a word from, nor of, dear Mrs. Sartoris, nor Leighton, nor Cartwright—you must hear sometimes. It seems strangest of all that I should be so near, in flesh and spirit, to that noble Page, and never have word or sign from him. How glad I am that your picture is done. You heard of all the sickening mischances about mine—better fortune to you—and in all things best fortune, dearest Hatty! Ba's kindest love—she sends it while I write.

Yours affectionately ever,

R. B.



## CHAPTER IV

1857

IN the early summer of this year, the artist left Rome to make her first visit to her native land after five years of absence, which had been spent in earnest study and work. On her way, she made a short stop in England, to be present at the opening of the Royal Academy, to which she had sent her statue of Beatrice Cenci. From there she writes:

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

LONDON, July 25, 1857.

I have been carrying your last good letter in my pocket for several days, hourly intending to answer it, and never having ten minutes in which to do so. It is now eleven o'clock P. M., but I am determined to remain perpendicular until I see it signed and sealed (if not delivered); more particularly as this is the first time that I have been at home before one or two o'clock A. M.; and my principle is to seize opportunities.

I don't know that you know how much there is to be done in London when you once set about it, but the time I have been here is long enough to make me feel the effect of late hours and dissipation, and though I am really getting fat upon it, I begin to long for country air and country quiet. I have enjoyed my stay here immensely, have made many new friends, have seen lots of old ones, and have been treated with great kindness, but my life is so different

here from that in Rome, that in the words of the song, "I'm not myself at all, at all," and don't know what I should become in another fortnight. There is such a bustle and whirl of gayety, that one is swept along without knowing where one is. I must give you a long account of my being and doing, when I have the delight of seeing you, which will be soon now, for I shall probably sail on the first of August. I will send the Cenci on August the 5th from Southampton. . . .

I am staying with Mrs. Sartoris while here. Oh, she is such a darling! So clever and so amusing. Her loss in Rome will never be supplied. But I have Miss Cushman there, who is like a mother to me and who spoils me utterly. How good and thoughtful she is; she thinks of everybody's pleasure and welfare, and manages to stretch out a handful of blessings to every one she knows, sooner or later. . . .

I forgot to say that not having enough to do with my other engagements here, I must needs make more, by sitting for two paintings\* of my ugly phiz, but unfortunately they stay this side the ocean.

Yours,

H.

At the Royal Academy Exhibition, Miss Hosmer met an old and warm friend, Mr. George Ticknor † of Boston, who evidently felt a national pride in his young countrywoman, and in writing home he thus speaks of her:

LONDON, July 29, 1857.

"The illumination this evening at the exhibition of the Academy of Arts made everything very brilliant, and the company, which could move about easily in

\*Two portraits by Sir William Boxall.

† Of "Spanish Literature."

such great spaces, comprised, it seemed to me, nearly everybody I know in London, and what was more, everybody seemed animated, talkative, and unconstrained. Miss Hosmer had staid in order to be present to-night, and she had the benefit of it. She came rather late, and I had talked about her Cenci with Eastlake, Waegen, and other people whose word in such a matter is law here, and I had shown it to Sir Roderick Murchison, the Heads, the Milmans, the Bishop of London, General Williams the hero of Kars, and to Lord and Lady Palmerston, though I think not to the last till near the end of the evening. She was neatly and simply dressed in pink silk, and looked uncommonly pretty. I found she knew a good many people, old Lady Morley, the Cardwells, and others, but I took her, and presented her to the Heads, the Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait, General Williams, the Laboucheres, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Sir W. Holland, and sundry others I now forget. She pleased. Her statue\* was much praised. She was very happy, and I enjoyed it a great deal. When Lord and Lady Palmerston were looking at the Cenci and expressing great admiration, Eastlake touched my arm, and whispered, so that they could hear it, 'Everybody says the same sort of things. It is really a beautiful work of art, and for one of her age quite wonderful.' Pretty soon after this I came home. It was quite time, nearly 1 o'clock. I was sorry to leave the little Hosmer, for I had to bid her good-by, she goes to-morrow, but I think she had enough of distinction to-night, to make her glad she came to London."

Miss Hosmer's long holiday in her own country among old friends proved to be all that was delight-

\* The Beatrice Cenci.



BEATRICE CENCI



ful and the exhibition of her Beatrice Cenci was most successful. The only cloud upon her summer was the financial panic of that year, which caused trouble far and wide.

After several months at home, she writes:

TO MRS. CARR.

WATERTOWN, Oct., 1857.

*Dear C:*

My movements are now definite, as I shall sail on the "Vanderbilt" on the 24th of October. I am enjoying myself so greatly that I shall scarcely get up enough enterprise to carry me to Italy, and yet my fingers are burning to get hold of some clay. . . .

It is wonderful what perfect disarrangement there is in financial affairs here, no end of failures in Boston, and affecting people long accustomed to the ease and inactivity which wealth engenders. Blessed be nothing, say I, then there is no danger of greater poverty. I am sure if the Lord protects his own; your good father will escape. I would go anywhere to see him, I cannot think of leaving here without. Unless he gave me his especial farewell and blessing, I should not expect to succeed in any undertaking. I want to see your sisterly face too, as I am leaving these shores, to serve as a magnet to draw me back again when I have made one more revolution of a statue. . . .

But I will write no more, this lingering on, when you have really nothing to say, is like staying and staying, for no other reason than to rejoice in the light of a countenance from which it is impossible to tear one's self away.

Your H.



## TO WAYMAN CROW.

WATERTOWN, Oct., 1857.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I have just received your letter. I am sure Providence will steer you clear, over this stormy sea of worry and trouble. If misery loves company, there is no lack just now of that article, for as the Irish servant remarked to his master, when he presented him with one long and another short boot, "The pair upstairs is just in the same fix." So is everybody in the same fix. There never was anything like it, and I suppose can't be worse, so that any change will be for the better. I wish to Heaven I had the mines of Golconda to sift for you. The will is not wanting, only the gems. I don't know but that is better than to have the gems and not the will. It does seem vexatious that two such nice people as ourselves should ever be forced to think of ways and means, and blessed be the Creator, who has provided a place where we shall eventually live on credit and faith. I need not say with Horace, "Be brave, be bold," because good hearts are always strong, and the sweetest drop in a cup of lemon juice like the present is to find out who are your best friends; at least, I did, at such a time.

I fear my talents do not lie in the direction of business, but I should like to be where I could talk nonsense to you, when you come away from your office, and read to you the Democritan philosophy, but I think that ingredient mingles largely in your composition, and I do not know any one who could more successfully ward off an impending calamity, or more cheerfully accept the heaviest, if such were the will of Fate.

It must be such a god of consideration as yourself, to think about, or inquire after, my affairs, in the

midst of the worry of your own. Yes, my Cenci arrived and was opened to be publicly hashed yesterday. She came in perfect safety, and wanted nothing but a bath here and there, to make her as good as when she left the studio. That she had, and reposes beneath a heavenly and most becoming light, and begins to attract a reception around her. I think she will repose from her wanderings for about three weeks, when the course of the tide and of human events will bear her to New Orleans and thence to her grandfather's arms.

On the 24th of October I put myself on the "Vanderbilt" for Havre. You do not come to New York till the 28th. Colburn\* would say there was no hope of my seeing you, but a small creature named Cupid comes to console me and to assure me that if the worst comes to the worst, he can at least manage to have a picture hung round my heart, which he swears will be unchangeable, and I believe him, though I don't yet resign all hopes of telling you this *viva voce*.

My father is sound asleep at this hour, or else would send you some tender message, but mine must represent the cream of it.

Yours,

H.

While in America Miss Hosmer received these letters from her master:

JOHN GIBSON TO MISS HOSMER.

14 WELBECK ST., CAVENDISH SQUARE,

5th of Sept., 1857.

*My dear little Hatty:*

I was very glad indeed to find that you were safe at Boston, and my rival is equally happy to hear that you are well, that is, you know, old Boxall.

\* Of *Mental Arithmetic*.

I spent five days in the country with the Cardwells, and there was Mr. Ticknor, as usual most agreeable and clever. I saw the Manchester Exhibition, and was much pleased, and Mr. Sandbach met me there and tried hard to get me to go to Liverpool with him, but I could not go there; promised to visit him next year and take you with me, but perhaps your father will keep you now safe where you are. He would relieve me of the trouble of keeping you out of the Devil's ways. If he does let you slip out of his hands, he ought to be satisfied to be without you for some years, because crossing that vast sea is very dangerous. I think you had better come back very soon, before the bad weather begins. I dare say those horrid Republicans will want to keep you, bad as you are.

The day after to-morrow is Monday the 7th Sept. and on that day I leave for Rome in company with Spence, but I shall not be in Rome till the 1st October. I enclosed your letter to Mr. Hay and left it with Murray to forward to his address, or to keep till he comes to London. I do not know his wanderings.

Yesterday, Miss Hayes and Miss P. came and saw your picture, and they admired the likeness very much indeed. Yesterday I called upon Mrs. Crawford; she is greatly pulled down; Crawford is fast going, he is quite blind of the healthy eye. I dare say we shall very soon hear of his death.

Your statue was shipped soon after you left. The judges have awarded the prizes for the models of the Wellington, but they did not see any merit in mine nor Macdonald's. Lady Marion Alford and others are disgusted. Sir Charles Eastlake wrote me a note saying how he regrets that I condescended to send them anything.

Be good; return soon; if you don't, I shall look

out for another, but I do not expect to find such another clever fellow as you are. Remember me most kindly to your father.

Always affectionately yours,

JOHN GIBSON.

JOHN GIBSON TO MISS HOSMER.

*My dear little Hatty:*

This is to thank you most sincerely for your most welcome letter, which I have received, hoping that your statue will arrive by the time you expect, and that you may fly from those horrid Republicans to Rome. At the same time I give them the credit of their good taste and proper feeling towards you. They do themselves credit by encouraging you, fat as you are!

I want to make a cat's-paw of you to annoy those money-making sculptors of London, to send to the exhibition your works regularly. I am sure you will surpass many of them, that is, if you can save yourself from the attraction of Love. I do not want to make you angry by saying, "become an old maid." No, no!

If when you are at Paris the exhibition is open, go there to see their sculpture, for when I was there, on my return, their sculpture was all arranged. I hope you will see it and their busts of ladies—observe the taste. . . .

I presented your kind remembrances here and all were much pleased. Make haste and let me see your dear little self, not thin, but fat and well.

Affectionately,

JOHN GIBSON,  
Sculptor,  
and your slave.

At Rome, 26th Oct., 1857.

## TO WAYMAN CROW.

AT DR. BELLOWS', NEW YORK, Oct. 1857.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Tho' it is midnight and my packing still to be done, I cannot leave our shores without saying good-by on terra firma. On the assurance that the prayers of a righteous woman avail much, I count on seeing you next winter in Rome, when you have outridden the financial Hellespont, which, like that classic stream, threatens everybody in its hungry maw. I have seen Miss Catharine Sedgwick this evening, who said the good angels were favoring you, and that the threatening gales were subsiding over the financial ocean. I pray God and fate that such may be the case, for I know of nobody who so little deserves castigation in any way as yourself, if you will let me say so.

Dr. Bellows has been all that is delightful, and Mrs. Bellows the milk of human kindness. The second day that I was in New York I came here to stay, and had a charming dinner party. To-day I have been flying about, and to-night have had a soirée. Miss Sedgwick and two of her nieces were here, and divers people whom I was very glad to see. They want my Cenci at the English Art Exhibition here, and have offered to bring it from Boston at their own risk and expense. I am not only acquiescent, but pleased. It is to be packed in about a fortnight. Will probably stay here six weeks, and then resume its journey to St. Louis.

Yours,

H.

Miss Hosmer sailed on October 24th for England, and on the voyage she indulged in the following characteristic bit of fun:



To the Hen that laid the egg the poet had for breakfast on  
board the *Vanderbilt* Monday morning, November 2, 1857.

Hail, laying bird, and thrice all hail!

Thou'st raised an egg; my voice I'll raise.  
For will shall not, if flesh shall fail,  
To greet thy lays with other lays.

Thy yolk was easy, but for me,

Though with material more ample,  
How idly vain the hope would be,  
Like thee to set as good egg-sample!

In vain tho' e'en heart's blood I spilt,

And yet than now, what time more fit,  
While I upon the *Vanderbilt*,  
Or brooding o'er the hatch-way sit?

For laying claims to lay eggs

Would be too like (my way of reading)  
The last hen on her final legs;  
'Twould be the last fowl proceeding.

I'm not in-grate, nor yet in small,

Or smaller things would do thee wrong;  
Thou shellest out thy little all,  
Like Shelley, I'll give thee a song.

A song, and words of comfort too,

Progression still kind nature sings,  
And keeping this advice in view,  
Lay thyself out for greater things.

For greater things, and thou shalt shine,

Confessed by savage and by sage;  
If other voices are like mine,  
The only Nestor of the age.



Upon landing in England Miss Hosmer proceeded immediately to Italy. She stopped for a time in Florence and she mentions in her letters that she and Mrs. Jameson breakfasted daily together and that they always dined with the Brownings at Casa Guidi.

During a winter that Mr. and Mrs. Browning had passed in Rome, Miss Hosmer had made a cast of their hands.\* Hawthorne thus alludes to it in his "Marble Faun," "Harriet Hosmer's Clasped Hands of Browning and his wife symbolize the individuality and heroic union of two high, poetic lives."

When questioned about this work later, Miss Hosmer said:—

"The history of the hands is very brief. In the winter of 1853, my second winter in Rome, I made the personal acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. I then conceived the idea of casting their hands, and asked Mrs. Browning if she would consent. 'Yes,' she said, 'provided you will cast them, but I will not sit for the *formatore*.' Consequently I did the casting myself."

Among many lines written at the time of Mr. Browning's death, were two, which might not inaptly be inscribed upon these hands:

"Parted by death," we say,  
But "hand in hand they hold their eternal way."

It was just before going to Florence that Miss Hosmer received this letter:

\* This original cast is now in the possession of the writer.



THE CLASPED HANDS OF MR. AND MRS. BROWNING

"PARTED BY DEATH," WE SAY—

YET HAND IN HAND THEY WEND THEIR ETERNAL WAY.

*Harriet Hosmer*



## ROBERT BROWNING TO MISS HOSMER.

*Dearest Hattie:* . . . FLORENCE, October 19, 1857.

You know whether or not we are glad to hear from you, and more glad to expect your very self to come, and most glad of all to hope to be along with you at Rome this winter. We do hope that, and mean that, as seriously as you wish we should if there is any believing the words of your mouth—only, if you really were to arrive at the last of October as you promise, there would be no persuading Ba to start then, or before the end of November; for, I'll tell you, we went to the Baths of Lucca two months and a half ago, and first of all, our friend Mr. Lytton, who came a few days after us, had an attack of gastric fever that laid him up for six weeks. Next, Penini caught it, a twelve days' business only (he's well now), and last our maid performed her little piece of feverishness, till we had enough of it. So we intend to run no risks. Still, you may be detained later than you expect, and we may gain courage as the chilly weather approaches. In any case I assure you we hope, as I say, and mean, to go to Rome this winter, and we'll settle all about it when you come here. Will that do? I shall count on your writing from Paris as you promise, so as to be able to reckon days and nights, and keep my arms open to the proper width, for the jump into them from the railway carriage, which I also count on.

Isa has gone to Leghorn, and I shall follow her thither this evening, and return in her company to-morrow. Won't she rejoice in you! Mrs. Jameson is in this very town, next door to us and she sent her especial love to you last night. I shall leave Ba room to put in a word—Ah! Won't we have a time

of it! It's too good to prove true, that's the word: but you're a darling.

Yours affectionately,  
ROBERT BROWNING.

Mrs. Browning says:

"Ba's best love and as Robert won't wait, dearest Hattie, at Florence now, and Rome afterwards.

E. B. B."

Once again in her studio after these visits to America and to Florence, the artist writes:

ROME, Nov., 1857.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Behold me here glorious and triumphant after braving all the perils of the sea and the land. What will you think of me, never to have written you a word while I was a *pelligrina*? If the heart could hold a pen I should have written a folio every day. But alas, how we are trammelled by the flesh!

I find my affairs here very satisfactory. Marble exquisite for my work, and my flock of Pucks advancing, Mr. Gibson tells me to-day I must raise my price for the latter named gentleman, and I am very willing to obey, in future, and I agree with you, it is time that I was paid in more glittering currency than "glory." Glory does not drive the machine, though it makes it glisten, and at this very moment I have far more of the glitter than of the precious metal. Now I shall attack a small sketch in clay, for a fountain, because fountains always come in *play*!

I had a most delightful stay in Florence. The Brownings were kinder to me than you can possibly imagine, and so was dear Mrs. Jameson, who was

in the same house. I am more and more grateful, every time I see them, that I have the privilege of knowing them so well.

I think this story of Mr. Browning's will entertain you:

"I was dining out last night," said Mr. Browning, "and took in to dinner Lady ——. What questions do you think she asked me?"

"'Mr. Browning, what do you know of the Davenport Brothers?'"

"I explained to the best of my ability that they were uncommonly clever conjurers.

"'Oh, very interesting,' said the lady. 'Well then, Mr. Browning, what are the Plymouth Brethren?'"

"'A certain sect,' said I, 'who have peculiar ideas concerning religion and things in general.'"

"'Oh, very interesting,' again said the Lady. 'Well, now, Mr. Browning, what can you tell me of Yarmouth Bloaters?'"

"' *Si non e vero ben trovato,*' said I.

"I assure you it is every word true," said Mr. Browning.

Then I believed him, but what is still inexplicable is that the lady, who bears a very intellectual name, is herself regarded as a woman of great intelligence, yet here was Mr. Browning's experience. . . .

Yours, H.

Although much given to puns, Miss Hosmer had no illusions about them, as appears from her own comments. She said:

"A pun, like champagne, loses its sparkle when too long drawn out. Its flash is its savor.

Browning delighted in puns. English was not always sufficiently elastic and then he took refuge in Greek. As for Lowell, puns dropped from his lips



as pearls dropped from the lips of the good fairy. Story was an inveterate punster and oh! what savory dishes with puns *piqué* graced his delightful board at the Barberini! And leaving laymen behind us, well do I remember the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait), no whit behind other punsters at the merry Loch Luichart banquets, gravely assuring us that whenever he spoke to any member of his family it 'was always in the form of a tête-à-tête,' and giving us a conundrum too, at his own expense, 'Why am I a man of most regular habits?' 'Because I go to bed at eight (a Tait) and get up at eight (a Tait).'

We do not claim that punning is legitimate wit. Wit consists in combination of ideas, punning in combination of words only. We wonder at the one, but we laugh at the drollery of the other—as the world goes a pun is regarded as an imponderable commodity, all know the rank it holds in the order of pure intellect. It is not Euclidean save that a pun if it be good, is greater than its part, if it be a bad one, its part is better than its whole. A happy vocabulary, keen appreciation and a fine sense of the unfitness of things are necessary ingredients in the manipulation of a good pun and not all persons have these qualifications. It is like Caviar, it may be unsavory, but it is appetizing and anything whatsoever that tends to make life sit more lightly upon us in this weighty century is to be hailed as a friend."

In referring to her previous association with Mrs. Jameson, Miss Hosmer wrote:

"The pleasure of my third winter was greatly enhanced by her presence in Rome where she was working upon her 'Sacred and Legendary Art.' It was my privilege to see a good deal of her. She

often came to my studio, and her talks upon art were most instructive and helpful. Upon one visit, she said, 'How disagreeable you are this morning.' 'Dear me,' I replied, 'and I was trying to be particularly agreeable.' 'I have made two observations,' returned Mrs. Jameson, 'and you have assented to both: what becomes of conversation?'

In one of our rambles about Rome we visited the Ludovisi Gallery, I think her first visit to it, and as we stopped before the famous Juno, she exclaimed, 'It is herself, her very self!' 'Who?' I inquired. 'A young friend of mine in England, of whom, saving the colossal size, this is the perfect image. You should see her. What a model she would make for you!' Carefully viewing the face from every point, then her praise became more eloquent of her friend's classic beauty, but if she mentioned her name I forgot it. Some years after, upon the occasion of my first visit to Loch Luichart I had a genuine surprise. In my room, over the mantelpiece hung a picture, a drawing in ink, which at once I recognized to be by the hand of Mrs. Jameson. 'Did you know Mrs. Jameson?' I inquired, turning to my hostess. 'Oh, very well, she was our governess,' said Lady Ashburton. A light dawned upon me; this was the classic model about whom Mrs. Jameson was always talking. . . .

Much that I know of Florence I owe to Mrs. Jameson and the other half to Mr. Browning."

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Nov. 1857.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

C. says that she had read divers good notices of the Cenci and some that cut it up, but the latter kind do an artist more good than the former.

I am rejoiced to hear that affairs in America are wearing a more favorable aspect, and that you are riding safely through the storm. Indeed, I should have doubted the justice of Providence if you had suffered, and I was not alone in that opinion. You must have had an anxious three months, and I can suggest no better haven of rest after it than Rome. Do bring every beloved member of your family, for a long and blessed stay in this land of art and heart. I am yours to command, to prepare you the way and to make your paths, as well as your tongues, straight. I shall not cease harping upon this string, till I hear your own voice making music among us.

I have begun my work only now, having had a siege of influenza since I arrived, and was kept locked up for better preservation, till now I rise like a giant rejuvenated from my feast of pills, and ready for work. I am making a model for a fountain, an idea which has been floating in my mind for some time.

As to having a studio of my own, I don't know when I shall be able to accomplish it, as Mr. Gibson doesn't seem inclined to let me go. My present idea is, to get one or two rooms attached to his, where I may have greater space, which is the only fault I have to find with the dear little room where I work at present.

. . . I look back upon my visit last summer with ever increasing pleasure. Everything was sunshine, everybody so good to me, better than I deserve, sinner as I am, and in return for all that kindness and good feeling, I must try to do better and better, mustn't I?

. . . Mrs. Gaskell has been here, and I asked her if that delicious "Cranford" was historical or merely fanciful, and she tells me that it is all from the life and transpired in a little country village to which she was taken when a child. It was really Luxford,

and she said that she had delineated the people so faithfully that two old ladies recognized themselves, and she had never dared to show her face in the place again.

Yours, H.

Later, in speaking of her happy Florentine days, Miss Hosmer said:

“One day at dinner Mrs. Browning said in half-soliloquy, ‘I wonder which is the best name, Laura Leigh or Aurora Leigh?’ and asked both of us our opinions. Browning gave his vote in favor of Aurora, and I not knowing at all to what she referred and thinking merely of the sound, said, ‘Oh, Aurora, Laura Leigh lacks backbone.’ When the book was published Mrs. Browning remembering this casual remark sent me a copy with the message that she ‘hoped it contained backbone.’”

Some memories of her sojourn with the Brownings in Florence were given by Miss Hosmer in the “Youth’s Companion,” a few years later, and, through the courtesy of its editor, are repeated here. She said:

“Asked by a friend to whom I could not say ‘nay’ to crystallize certain memories connected with Mrs. Browning, I take from my note-book the substance of the following:

Nothing is more difficult than to write of a perfectly uneventful, serenely happy life. Far easier is it to sketch a landscape which reflects Nature in her more capricious moods, than one over which reigns unbroken sunshine. Such was the atmosphere which reigned in Casa Guidi. By a kindly fate such

storms and clouds as usually attend human life seemed arrested at its portal, while no household care or anxiety was ever suffered, by the most devoted husband the world has ever seen, to mar the sweet serenity of its days.

Mrs. Browning's poetry has been analyzed, her person portrayed, much of her inner life recorded, in her letters recently published, so that to dwell upon these topics would be to produce no new thing. I shall, therefore, take the reader into confidence, assume that he is an intimate friend of all parties herein mentioned, and review certain experiences connected with herself and Mr. Browning which otherwise could not see the light, since I am the sole survivor of the incidents of which I write.

The impression is general that Mrs. Browning was of a melancholy cast of thought. 'Cheery, yes, but could she really laugh? Has she ever been known to indulge in a hearty burst of laughter?' The same question, more than once, has been addressed to me in respect of Carlyle, and similarly answered. 'What! the grim old Professor of Cheyne Row laugh!' Yes, and none more heartily, and so with Mrs. Browning; and none possessed a quicker sense of the grotesque, or more keenly relished an absurdity than did she. Furthermore, none could be sad in the constant presence of Mr. Browning, whose spirits were those of a schoolboy, and who, believing in the efficacy of laughter, encouraged all symptoms of hilarity on the part of Mrs. Browning. Perhaps her masterpiece of merriment was preserved for the grand *finale* of an incident in which Mr. Browning and I were concerned.

During the happy summer of which I write, I occupied certain rooms in the Villa Bricchieri, on Bellosguardo, sharing the upper floor with Miss Blagden, the 'dear Isa' so frequently mentioned in



Mrs. Browning's letters. From Bellosguardo I walked down every week-day morning to the city, often breakfasting with Mrs. Jameson, who was then reviewing her 'Legendary Art,' and who occupied the third floor of Casa Guidi, spent the morning in the Specolo studying anatomy, and returned to Casa Guidi to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Up to Bellosguardo Mr. Browning, who rose early and was fond of a morning walk, often came to meet me.

'If there is one thing my soul craves more than another,' said I, on one of these occasions, 'it is to take a turn in a donkey *caretta*.'

'And so you shall,' said Mr. Browning, 'and that now, for there, just coming out of the gate, is Girolomo, who every morning brings us vegetables to Casa Guidi. We will appropriate his *caretta*, take a turn in it up Poggio Imperiale toward his *vigna*, come back and meet him. Hullo Girolomo!'

Thus accosted, Girolomo paused; the proposition was made, immediately accepted; Girolomo descended and yielded up the reins.

These *carette*, common enough in Italy, may perhaps be best described as barrows, the entire solid bottom of which consists of a narrow plank, running from end to end, the rest being a network of rope upon which a loose board is placed for the feet. From side to side of the *caretta* extends another board which serves as seat, and which, obeying Nature's laws, has a tendency to retreat in proportion as the steed advances. On this occasion a small heap of vegetables in the after part of the *caretta*, refuse of the morning supply, added to the general picturesqueness of the vehicle.

And now for Girolomo's donkey: Let science boast as it may of the marvels achieved by the X-rays! All that they have achieved—all they ever will achieve—sinks into nothingness compared with the



intellectual achievement wrought by that donkey in one instant of time. Although he had not turned his wicked little eye upon us, we, and the whole situation, were photographed upon his wily brain. Before placing one foot before another, he had travelled from Homer and Phidias down, and knew exactly of what unpractical stuff poets and sculptors are made. In his wicked little mind, and before the turn of a hair, problems connected, not only with the present and the past, but with futurity, were resolved.

‘Will the donkey go without *you*, Girolomo?’ inquired Mr. Browning, at this stage of the proceedings.

‘Oh, *andra-andra!*’ (he will go) said Girolomo, with emphasis. Oh, the sly Florentine! How little we suspected what that emphasis implied!

‘We will divide honors,’ said I as we mounted the equipage. ‘You take one rope-rein and I will take the other.’

‘Honors are easy,’ said Mr. Browning.

(Note: Not so easy as we thought.)

A little time passed in silence; perhaps the poet was congratulating himself upon having furnished a prospective pleasure to his friend; perhaps the sculptor was congratulating herself upon the materialization of a life-long ambition; but it is more likely that both were silently occupied in striving to accommodate themselves to the unusual situation.

‘Ha!’ said Browning, at last, giving a fillip to his one rope-rein. ‘This is great—*de gustibus non.*’

‘You had better let go your Latin and hold on to your seat,’ interrupted the sculptor. ‘You do not seem to be aware that we are being run away with!’

‘Nonsense!’ said Browning. ‘The donkey knows he is going home!’

‘He knows more than that,’ said I. ‘He knows he is master of the situation,’ and once more I was

impressed with the almost diabolical intelligence of the animal, for, although uttered in what to him was a foreign tongue, he grasped the whole pith of the remark, starting off with renewed vehemence upon his flight.

Silence again ensued, for the situation was critical. Stones beneath and Girolomo's remaining vegetables from the rear, shot out as if from a catapult; little by little the loose foot-board, sole pivot of rest for our feet, 'vanished,' so far as we were concerned, 'into thin air.' Little by little our sliding seat, obeying Nature's laws of motion, retreated with constantly accelerated strides, to the farthest end of the *caretta*; its next movement would be to launch its occupants into space. Phaëton was no longer a mystery or myth—he was one with ourselves.

'What if we should meet another *caretta* in this narrow lane?' said I.

'Or what if our feet should catch in the rope net when we are overturned?' said Browning, now fully alive to the true nature of the situation.

But while Browning, between gasps for breath, was trying to reconcile this contingency with the dead Hector at the chariot-wheel of Achilles, the donkey, by an abrupt halt at the gate of his own vineyard, taught us the true nature of centrifugal force.

'*Dio mio! Cos-è*' said a voice belonging to a head which suddenly appeared at an upper window of the *tenuta*. 'San Antonio! It is Signor Browning!' and the next minute clattering feet told us of the swift approach of Assunta, wife of Girolomo, to whom the voice and head belonged.

Italians are quick at the uptake, and aided by a few words from Mr. Browning, Assunta comprehended in a moment the whole situation. 'Oh, was there anything like the impertinence of animals?' But of all *bestie impertinente*, this beast of Girolomo's was the worst. He was an animal without

moral sense. There was nothing to appeal to in his composition. He was base from his head to his tail. He was not an animal at all; he was an evil spirit in disguise, and Assunta concluded the list of his diabolical attributes by calling upon the Madonna to witness that he was a disgrace to nature.

Time was passing,—it was far beyond the breakfast hour,—and we began to adjust the disordered *caretta*, preparatory to our return. Did we think to *drive* back? What was mere human intelligence compared with the subtle intellect of that animal who had concocted and digested his entire programme in that brief moment at the city gate?

Assunta was the chief actor in the return drama; all physical effort having failed, her last resort was moral suasion. Did he know that fire could melt from off the gate his *maladetto* snout? Was he aware that it could be severed from his body, remaining forever where he had placed it, and countless horrors of the same nature? Not a wince on the part of the donkey—not the turn of a hair. The quarries of Carrara were pliability itself compared with the stolidity of that animal.

Convinced that Assunta's efforts, however well directed, would prove fruitless, we accepted the only alternative of returning on foot. So, bidding good-bye to Assunta, who again called, not only upon the Madonna, but upon all the saints to witness that she never again would have a dry eye, since the Signor Browning and the signorina were forced to *walk* back, we turned our faces, wiser if not sadder Florentines, toward the city gate.

Strewn along the road at frequent intervals were vestiges of our creation—cabbage-leaves, stalks of fennel, here and there a potato marked our flying progress; and Browning, who, although usually deprecating the practice, sometimes descended to the

level of a pun, said something in an undertone about Marius and the ruins of Cart-age.

Farther on we met Girolomo, who, with an expression half-mischievous, half-compassionate, inquired how we had enjoyed our drive.

Mr. Browning made a condensed report of the performance, and added that the combined efforts of Assunta, of the Signorina and of himself had failed to detach the donkey's nose from the vineyard gate.

'Ah, Signor,' said Girolomo (Oh, the sly Florentine!), 'I said "*andra—andra*" (he will *go*). I never said he would *come*!'

'What has happened?' inquired Mrs. Browning, with much concern, connecting our generally bedraggled appearance with the lateness of the hour.

'Nothing has happened, Ba,' said Mr. Browning, reassuringly, 'but not a word till after breakfast, for we are famished.'

Breakfast over, Mr. Browning, having cautioned me to say nothing, disappeared, but presently returned with a rope, a few boards, and a dish of vegetables,—fruit of a raid upon the kitchen, and which methought were strangely akin to those of Girolomo.

'Robert, are you out of your mind?' asked Mrs. Browning, gazing with amazement at the picture Mr. Browning presented.

'Not more than usual, Ba,' was the reply; and requesting her not to enter the library till called for, he beckoned me to follow.

Then how I did admire the ingenuity of that man! In less time than I can describe it, appeared an excellent reproduction of Girolomo's cart, a sliding seat, which afterward enacted a most important part in the drama, being justly pronounced of first necessity; and a heavy piece of carved furniture, to



which the reins were attached, served as the imaginary steed.

‘Ba, you wanted to know what happened this morning,’ said Mr. Browning, when all was ready. ‘Well, we took a drive in Girolomo’s *caretta*, and the donkey ran away with us, and this is what happened.’

Then was reënacted the morning’s flight. Browning, who was a capital actor and possessed the keenest sense of the ridiculous, was inimitable in his rôle, pouring forth in Greek, Latin, and the vernacular a torrent of threats, entreaties, and exhortations, addressed indiscriminately to the donkey, to Girolomo, and to San Antonio, while the clattering feet of the donkey, produced by an ingenious device indicating gradually accelerated speed, heightened the general effect and formed a running accompaniment to the *recitative*. A fine touch of realism was introduced by the vegetables, which, at stated intervals, but with utter disregard of Mrs. Browning’s safety, were hurled about the room. No detail was lacking which could render illusion perfect, the catastrophe being reached in the sudden centrifugal impetus caused by the abrupt halt at the vineyard gate.

‘Nothing does Ba so much good as a good laugh,’ said Mr. Browning, gazing with satisfaction at her helpless condition and at her face glistening with tears, ‘and I will set this down as the laugh of her life.’

‘He laughs best who laughs last,’ but it was difficult on that occasion to say who laughed last.

‘You see, Ba,’ said Mr. Browning, solemnly, again descending from the plane of high intellect, ‘it was not the flight of the Erl King, but the flight of the Erl-y Birds.’”

Later Miss Hosmer wrote for the same friend of a Roman experience. She said:

“Removed in time and space but not in spirit was a trip to Albano.

It must always be pleasant for Americans to remember that Mr. and Mrs. Browning never ceased to express their appreciation of the generosity of their American publishers. ‘More than any others,’ I have often heard them say, ‘have they been courteous to us, invariably leaving us their debtors.’

And so one day Mr. Browning came to my studio in high glee with, ‘Next Saturday Ba and I are going to Albano on a picnic till Monday, and you and Leighton are to go with us.’

‘Why this extravagance?’ quoth I.

‘On account of this—’ and he drew from his pocket a bit of paper which represented a check from Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. ‘All their own *buona grazia*,’ said Mr. Browning. ‘Not in the least obliged to do this, but this is the way they always do things.’

On the appointed day a carriage might have been seen issuing from the Porta San Giovanni containing four persons—two poets, a painter, and a sculptor, all primed for pleasure and adventure. All cares and anxieties were left behind on that sweet May day as useless luggage. Chatting pleasantly, the excursionists soon arrived at the first object of interest that stood on the Albano road—an old, dilapidated edifice, bearing on its front, traced in rude letters, the ominous inscription, ‘*Casa dei Spiriti*’ (House of Ghosts).

However tragic the legend which marks the spot may be, the place is now transformed into a cheery *Osteria* (or café), its ancient history finding expression only in a lugubrious procession of spectres which adorns its outer walls.

‘The spirits seem a lively set,’ said the future president of the Royal Academy, as a burst of laughter issued from the door of the *Osteria*.



‘Spirits are of two kinds,’ said Browning, solemnly. ‘I confess I see and hear nothing to suggest a shadowy occupant,’ said Mrs. Browning, as a second peal of laughter followed the first.

‘None the less,’ said the sculptor, ‘the site has preserved its ghostly reputation for centuries, but it is to the old overhanging cliff that supernatural reminiscences are attached. To it, tradition assigns a most pathetic history.’

‘Ah, the cliff does look much more canny,’ said Mrs. Browning. ‘Yes, I can quite fancy the grim old pile containing some awful secret. How it juts forward, as if impelled by an irresistible impulse to fall and disclose its knowledge to the world!’

‘You have already half-divined the story,’ said the sculptor.

‘Give us the other half!’ said all, in chorus; inspecting the premises with that interest which any site connected with a ghost never fails to inspire in the minds of even the most practical.

‘All in good time,’ was the answer. ‘The old cliff furnishes merely the connecting link of the story; we shall find preface and catastrophe further on.’

Then we passed long lines of wine-carts making for Rome; as often as not, the padrone, lost in easy slumber, was leaving to the little Lupetto dog, with red collar and tinkling bells, the task of guarding, and to his intelligent oxen the task of guiding his vehicle.

Then the line of the great Claudian aqueduct, whose stately arches form fitting portals to the blue heaven beyond. Then groups of Campagna laborers, men and women, all dressed in the picturesque costume of their class, decked with flowers and singing their pretty native songs, interrupted only by the courteous greeting as we pass by. Then the long line of the Alban and Sabine hills, too serene to be dis-

turbed by either the joys or sorrows of mortals; and thus we reached the Albano gate, where old Giovanni, the well-known donkey guide, sat, like Belisarius, but with keener vision, which enabled him to select from among the many travellers those most likely to want a donkey on the morrow.

After dining at the Hotel Parigi, we descended to the terraced garden, where, among other topics, were discussed the relative difficulties of the arts; and it was interesting to note that each representative considered his art the most difficult. The poets suggested that poetry was more difficult than either sculpture or painting, since from the imponderable essence of words must be evolved intelligible substance. The sculptor, on the other hand, regretted the absence of this same pliant imponderability in the rigid substances of bronze and marble. The painter eschewed the imponderables and dwelt upon mere practical, technical difficulties, distribution of color, foreshortening, and the like. In the end, the palm for really sensible criticism, *multum in parvo*, was yielded to old King Ludwig of Bavaria, poet and artist, rather than statesman, who, in conversation one day with the writer, declared that "We esteem most difficult the art we love best because therein we are most critical."

The next morning Browning declared that old Giovanni had been looking in at his window all night to catch his eye at daybreak before other competitors could extol the virtues of their donkeys. However that may be, the quartette was soon mounted and on its winding way. We skirted the Alban Lake, passed the Monastery of Palazzuolo, where certain of the Padres, sunning themselves on their little green *loggia*, gave us '*Buon giorno*'; climbed the ruggedly paved steps of Rocca di Papa, emerged upon the camping-ground of Hannibal, silently passed the

young acolytes of the church, who, by superior command, turn their backs upon all representatives of the female sex, and treading the now narrow moss-grown path over which, in the olden time, marched Rome's minor triumphs, reached the height from which Monte Cavo unrolls her magnificent panorama, recording a page of history unrivalled in the world. Below us on Alba Longa dwelt, as shepherds, those who first traced the map of Rome. On the left sparkled Nemi, 'Diana's Mirror,' still guarding, beneath her blue waters, the enamel decked yachts of Caligula. Far off was Pratica, where Æneas landed, and Antium, beloved of Nero; and nearer, Lavinia, who still disputes with Pratica the honor of first sheltering the hero, and preserves, in proof of priority and as her most precious possession, the very ring to which he moored his bark.

Yet all this history of bygone times seemed compressed into yesterday as we turned to the right and viewed the vast stretch of Campagna, whose gentle undulations—as if nature, by a sudden fantasy, had resolved her sea-green waves into sea-green sward—recall that dim age when this portion of our planet, so rich in human events, was still unprepared for the food of man.

So passed the morning, until a generous hamper exploited under a spreading chestnut reminded us of mundane things.

'Now, Hatty, give us your story,' said Mrs. Browning. 'If it is a pretty story, what place more fit than this?'

'Unfortunately, my story requires illustration,' was the answer, 'and even this wealth of pictorial art does not furnish the desideratum. Rather let us call upon Giovanni for a story. He is not himself if he is not equal to the occasion.'

To appreciate fully Giovanni's story, it must be

remembered that at the time of which we write Italy was in a state of revolutionary ferment, authorities being on constant watch for political offenders.

Called to the front, Giovanni, with a fine show of mock modesty, for nothing pleased him so much as to relate his experiences, began, with terrible earnestness and with a profound salaam at each mention of the 'Signor Sindaco':—

'Last week, O signori, I was granted an interview with the Signor Sindaco. "I have come, Signor Sindaco," says I, "to make a disclosure affecting the safety of one of the best-known citizens of Albano."

"*Dio mio*, Giovanni," says Signor Sindaco, "what has come to your knowledge? In these troublous times one cannot be too alert."

"Too true, Signor Sindaco!" says I. "When I go to bed at night I never know whether I shall awake in the morning alive or dead."

"Speak freely, Giovanni," says the Signor Sindaco. "You well know that if you can make any disclosure affecting the well-being of Albano, you will be well rewarded."

"Blood, Signor Sindaco," says I, "and without warning,—it cannot be otherwise,—but my disclosure is confidential!"

"Let all leave the room," says the Signor Sindaco, and Sua Eccellenza and I are alone.

"Well, Signor Sindaco," says I, "I have come to inform you that if that wicked shoemaker, who has been promising me my new boots for a fortnight, does not bring them home by Saturday next I am going to kill him!"

'It's a pity, O signori,' said Giovanni, as we were returning home late that afternoon, encouraged perhaps by the reception given to his interview with the Signor Sindaco, 'that you cannot be here this



evening to hear the cuckoo call. His voice is like a silver trumpet—like this, O signori,' and Giovanni emitted a sound which caused Browning, in an aside, to inquire if the Bull of Bashan was tethered in the Alban woods.

The next morning little was done, as the drive home was to take place in the afternoon, but I produced a certain book which, with wise provision, I had insinuated into my travelling-bag; and after much persuasion Browning read us the whole of his magnificent poem of Saul.

Then came dinner, then preparations for departure; and our delightful stay in Albano became a thing of the past.

'Now,' said the sculptor, as, reaching the well-known 'Tor di Mezza Via' (the half-way house between Rome and Albano), the coachman paused to breathe his horses, 'now for the story'; and bidding the trio follow, she crossed the little brook at the base of the fine old bit of aqueduct and mounted the hill opposite the Osteria. 'Now,' she said, pointing to one of the ruins which stand upon the Appian Way, 'what does that old ruin suggest to you?'

'A human head!' exclaimed Mr. Browning.

'Yes, a human head,' added Mrs. Browning. 'In a dimmer light illusion must be perfect.'

'A human head!' echoed Leighton. 'I wonder I never noted the resemblance before, but I never saw the old ruin from this point of view.'

'Let us seat ourselves here,' said the sculptor, selecting a shady nook under one of the old ruined archways, 'and I will tell you the story which connects this spot with the "Casa dei Spiriti."'

'Centuries ago, when this desolate Campagna was crowned with magnificent villas and teemed with human life, a certain Apuleius, a noble Roman who held high office under the Emperor Domitian, dwelt

upon this very site. Apuleius had but one child—a daughter so beautiful that throughout the empire she was known as the beautiful Apuleia. For this child the fond father conceived a most exalted destiny. Nay, he even dreamed, as the emperor was known to be susceptible to the influence of female charms, that the imperial purple lay within her grasp. What, then, was his rage and mortification when Apuleia declared that she had already bestowed her heart upon Belisarius, a young captain in the imperial army, and that while he lived she would espouse no other man!

‘In vain did Apuleius, by entreaty, remonstrance, and threats, oppose the resolution of his daughter. Apuleia remained immovable, and the father, perceiving that he had no other means of ridding himself of the unwelcome suitor, caused Belisarius to be barbarously murdered and his body to be concealed under the overhanging cliff near the well-known “Casa dei Spiriti.” Apuleia, overwhelmed with grief at the continued absence of Belisarius, and fearing that some ill-fortune had befallen him, withdrew to a lonely tower in the west wing of the mansion, and there kept faithful watch, awaiting her lover’s return. But death soon closed her weary vigils, and her father, in his remorse and despair, erected a magnificent monument to her memory, of which nothing remains save yonder ruin.

‘But tradition asserts that as the monument fell into decay the crumbling stones gradually assumed the features of the beautiful Apuleia, her gaze still turned westward, still waiting her lover’s return, as if kindly nature, touched by the poor girl’s sorrow and devotion, had wrought for her out of the very ruin of her life an enduring immortality; and to this day the beautiful Apuleia is known as “the weird watcher of the Roman Campagna.”’



‘That is a charming old legend,’ said Mrs. Browning, when the story was told and we had entered the carriage and driven some distance in silence. ‘I never heard it before.’

‘The story is not so well known as it deserves to be,’ said the sculptor. ‘I often think what an exquisite poem might be wrought out of its delicate materials—too delicate for any but the poet’s art.’

‘You are right,’ said Mrs. Browning, gazing with renewed interest at the old ruin. ‘Did stone ever imprison so much wistful earnestness, so much weary longing, as does that poor, shattered form, old and gray and mutilated by centuries?’

‘There is Apuleia,’ said Mr. Browning, as some days after this conversation we were walking upon the Campagna and came in view of the ruin.

‘Don’t forget the poem,’ said I.

‘Ah, that’s Ba’s,’ said Mr. Browning. ‘She means to record the legend. You will see.’

But too quickly came another recording angel, and Apuleia still waits a worthy historian.”

## CHAPTER V

1857-1860

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Nov., 1857.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I want to tell you of something which I think will please you, viz. a commission I have received to make a monument for the Church of *San Andrea delle Fratte* here. Madame Falconnet, who has just lost a daughter, has obtained permission to have a monument erected to her memory in this church, and has desired me to make it. It is to be a sleeping statue of the young girl, who (so much the better for me) was most lovely. The statue is to be placed upon a sarcophagus, and they have given us room enough to make an arch over it, so that we can have a background of darker marble, which will be a great thing for the figure. The place is good and the light magnificent. I shall endeavor to exhaust myself on the work,\* only saving enough of my corporeal and mental strength to drag my bones to St. Louis next year to behold you once more. I am very busy now, making a sketch of it (the monument, not the dragging of my bones), and my hands will be full for the winter.

How I envy you having Mrs. Kemble with you in St. Louis, and hearing her read. Unfortunately we can't be in two places at one time, until we are little cherubs with wings and no places to sit down upon.

\*This is the first instance of any but an Italian artist having been permitted to place a monument in one of the churches of Rome.

She will be with you when you get this, and you must say everything that is loving from me, to her.

The time is approaching when I must be thinking of a studio for myself, for when my works increase, I must have more room. My master now says this too, and for several reasons it might be better to hang out my own shingle. Mr. Gibson would not consider me less a pupil, so that I should have still the benefit of his advice and instruction, and at the same time not be considered by others a beginner, as of course I shall be, as long as I am with him. This was long a forbidden subject, he would not listen to the proposition, saying I was not strong enough to go alone, which certainly was very true, but now it is he who proposes it, so I tell you, though I have not said a word to my dear father yet, who has some latent idea that I may settle down in America. But it pleases me to give you a positive proof that my master thinks I am progressing.

Yours, H.

TO MISS DUNDAS.

ROME, Dec. 13, (1857).

*My dear A—:*

The more intimately you become acquainted with me, the more fully you will be persuaded of the fact that you have a friend who knows what she should do and who never does it. Now duty and conviction have been whispering to me for a long time that my field of action was on a piece of paper, my weapon a pen, and that my opponent was yourself, but I have been so terribly busy of late that I have been neglecting everything and doing nothing, which often happens when you try to do too much.

First of all, I wish to address myself to Mrs. Emily, and to thank her most sincerely for her tender

affection for me, manifested in the form of a whip which I earnestly desire to possess myself of, for do you know, Mr. Gibson, true to himself, came away and left it in London. He has written to have it sent to Rome, and I am looking most impatiently for its advent. Tell her, that I have a perfect little "Puck"; a little fellow I found and fell in love with in Albano, a wonderful pony whose only fault is in being too small, but strong as an elephant, full of wickedness, and is beginning to jump like a cat. Though my new whip was to be sacred to the training of his youthful qualities, I think I shall reserve it for the winter, when I shall have a fine horse and indulge in the wholesome amusement of the chase, and it would be a great comfort to me to break or dislocate some of my bones under its immediate supervision. Ask her if I may do so, or if, in sparing its lash on the back of my little "Puck," I shall prove myself false to her and to the pony?

Of course you know all about poor Julie Falconnet's death, and perhaps you know that I am to make her monument. It is to be a sleeping statue of her, and I have this day finished the sketch, though Madame Falconnet has not yet seen it. I have represented her lying on a couch, the little feet crossed and a chaplet in one hand, while the other has fallen by her side. The dress is modern, of course, but very simple, with long flowing sleeves which compose well; that is all of it, and the beauty of the thing must depend on the fidelity with which I render the delicacy and elegance of her figure. A mask of her face was taken after death, which is very good, and that, with the bust, will enable me to get a good likeness of her. They have given me a capital place in the church (of *San Andrea delle Fratte*) with a beautiful light, and you may be sure I shall spare neither time nor patience on the work, but do the

best I can for divers reasons, not the least of which is to prove to Madame Falconnet that I am grateful to her for the confidence she has shown in me; for it is not as if I were an old and experienced artist. Besides, I shall be very happy to have a work of mine in Rome, and such a *bella combinazione* cannot occur again.

I have begun a bas relief of "Night rising with the Stars," but was forced to suspend operations in that quarter till I had made the sketch for the monument, and while it is being set up in grand, I shall finish the former.

Are you training that wonderful little dog for me? And has he attained to that point in his education at which he can strike with diagonal precision across a piazza? This is but a shabby letter, but you will pardon it when I tell you that I have so much to do that I have no time for sleeping, even, and that at this present moment, it is ten minutes to one, *dopo mezza notte*.

I have made two more compositions for bas reliefs, one a pastoral subject, the other, "The Falling Star," which one of these days I will describe to you. . . .  
Now hold me,

Ever yours, H.

TO MRS. CARR.

Dear C:

ROME, Jan. 8, (1858).

Now I have no news, nothing but stupidity and affection and "Happy New Year." If there is any truth in magnetism and spiritual communion, you already know that I thought of you and prayed that all blessings might be showered upon you and that all good angels might guard you. I so often think of your life away in your quiet home, and muse how different it is from mine with all the cares of work and the dissipations of gay society; for let me do



my best, I am tempted into them, and to a certain extent I suppose it is right to indulge in social gayeties, but the difficulty is to draw the line between just enough and too much. While you, you are as quiet and snug as can be, looking upon the anxieties and vexations of the great world like a calm philosopher who is great in the attainment of all he cares for this side of the grave. . . . I am looking for you and the Pater over here next summer. I will meet you wherever you say, this side the Atlantic, and you shall be escorted (to Rome) by a *guardia* as *nobile* as the Pope's. You don't think me a domestic character, but you shall see my talents in that capacity called into play, and when that is the case, the play is no joke. . . .

And how in this New Year grows my little girl, with her bright little head sunning over with curls? Only yesterday I was looking at the golden curl you sent me, which shone like an opal. Fancy our grizzly locks having been once of the same color and having rejoiced our mothers' hearts in the same way! But no little head ever curled like that before, to my eye, and no little wit was ever so sharp underneath it. Give those soft cheeks a shower of kisses for her old Aunt Hat.

. . . Addio,

Your H.

TO MRS. WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Feb., 1858.

*Dear Mrs. Crow:*

Before you get this I shall be as deep in Palmyrene soil as the old monks of the Cappucini are in the soil of Jerusalem. I have not yet begun the Zenobia, as I am waiting for a cast of the coin; not that, as a portrait, it will be of great value to me now, but the character of the head determines the



character of the figure. When I was in Florence, I searched in the Pitti and the Magliabecchian Libraries for costume and hints, but found nothing at all satisfactory. I was bordering on a state of desperation, when Professor Nigliarini, who is the best of authorities in such matters, told me if I copied the dress and ornaments of the Madonna in the old mosaic of San Marco, it would be the very thing, as she is represented in Oriental regal costume. I went and found it. It is invaluable; requiring little change, except a large mantle thrown over all. The ornaments are quite the thing; very rich and very Eastern, with just such a girdle as is described in *Vopiscus*. . . .

Yours, H.

ROBERT BROWNING TO MISS HOSMER.

*Dearest Hattie:*

FLORENCE, Feb. 21, '58.

Two months since you wrote! and not two days,—indeed no!—in all the time since, that I have been intending and intending to answer you. The last reason is the best—I have been gripped, and in a vile condition altogether, these three or four weeks—and Penini added very unnecessarily to our bother by going through the same complaint with characteristic variations, the end being that he has lost the Carnival at the same time as his cold. I wish we had been in Rome or Egypt or anywhere rather than here, but it can't be helped now.

What a darling you will be if you just write us a half a page about yourself. Are you well and happy? Do you work to your heart's content? Have you thought of any other subject? I happen to know you are well, however—Jarvis reported you so, the other day, having heard from you, as I did not deserve to do.

A friend of ours, the Comtesse du Quaire, an English lady, goes to Rome this week. She is a friend of Mrs. Sartoris and indeed (I should say) of almost every other English friend you have, and a very clever and accomplished person besides. She paints well and has been studying under *Mignaty* this winter; I am sure you will like her very much; will you take this for an introduction when she calls? And will you further procure her the favour of an acquaintance with Mr. Gibson? (to whom I wish to be kindly remembered, myself). And finally, will you admire her splendid development when she makes her entry,—which I do not expect will be unobserved, her proportions being Zenobian. She is coming back, I believe, and will tell us all about you.

Do you see Miss H? Kindest regards to her if you do. And Miss d'Australia! How I should like to know what she is about!

Mrs. Jameson means to go to Naples at the end of the week, and thence to Rome; she is not very well, and may delay starting, as she has done already, should the weather be unfavorable; she chooses the sea route. How is Page? at Rome? Is your portrait nearing completion by a touch or two?

There is a letter for you—the grippe, having evacuated the nobler parts of the body, lingers, I seem to see, at the fingers' ends; don't you catch it thence, that's all. I was counting on my wife's making the thing worth receiving by adding a word or two, but she has been writing all the morning and is so evidently un-up to it, that I won't let her try. She sends you her dear love.

Yours affectionately ever,

ROBERT BROWNING.

TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

ROME, Mar. 4, 1858.

I am busy now upon *Zenobia*, of a size with which I might be compared as a mouse to a camel. My mass of clay in its present humanized form is stunning. It certainly does make a larger piece of putty than I had anticipated, but I am consoled by, and rejoice in the fact, that it will be more grandiose when finished. To-morrow I mount a Zouave costume, not intending to break my neck upon the scaffolding, by remaining in petticoats. . . .

Did I tell you that one day a lady visited my studio in company with another, a French lady. The stranger was charming in every way, I was delighted with her refinement and culture and in short fell quite in love with her. At the close of the visit, I accompanied the ladies to the gate. On their way the stranger stopped to admire some tulips and I plucked several and gave them to her. She received them very graciously and said, "When you come to Holland I will return the compliment." Some time after, I was in Holland on a very ceremonious occasion, and found my friend to be the late Queen of Holland. . . .

Your H.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Mar. 11, 1858.

You would not think the troubles and trials of this life weighed very heavily upon me if you could see my case. It is undoubtedly a hard one, as far as physique is concerned, but Lindley Murray, the sainted grammarian, might call it a *mood* indicative of the best possible condition of the mortal frame.

I think my journey last summer did me a "power" of good, drenching my lungs with my own native atmosphere and purifying my stomachic region by a full meal of the patriotic brine. Will not your gastric battery require additional electricity about next summer, and is there anything so effective as a transit across the ocean?

There is a deal of illness in Rome, especially among old people. As I am getting to be of that category, I might have been in fear and trembling myself, except that I know I am too wicked for the Lord to want me, and too good for the other old gentleman to take an interest in me. I have another order for Puck; he has already brought me his weight in silver. I enclose a photograph of my Fountain, which I submit to your criticism. The history of it is Hylas and the water nymphs, and if the story is not fresh in your mind the classical and lassical E—— will ferret it out in the dictionary.

I have just had a letter from my father, in which he let me into a little secret about a monument.\* You never forget me, I see, at births, marriages, or deaths. All I can say is (I won't touch upon so delicate a subject as my marriage) I sha'n't forget you at my death.

The Duke of Hamilton has just taken a Puck, and I am making another for the Earl of Portarlington. I have been rapping at my brains for the last two years for a fitting subject as a pendant. At last I have got it, and am going to begin it immediately.† I won't tell you his Christian name, but will send you a photograph from the plaster. At the same time I will send you one of Zenobia, with which I am pleasing myself. It has just passed muster with Mrs. Jameson.

As for my monument here (the Falconnet) it will

\*The Benton monument.

† "Will-o'-the-wisp."

be in its place in October next, all ready for you, and how I shall like to show it to you!

I shall stay here till rather late, into July, and then go to Siena with the Storys, 'getting back here by the first of October punctually. I am uncommonly well now, and it is gloriously quiet time for work after the bustle of the winter. I would stay all summer if I dared.

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, June 24, 1858.

I have been long in answering a letter which should have been responded to immediately. I suppose, such is the contrariety of the Hosmer nature, that the more imperious the duty, the greater the delay in performing it. But the fact is, I waited to send you with this a sketch\* I have been making. You know I was always obstinate, so I insist upon the group. If I overrun the limits a trifle it is my lookout. I am determined you shall have something more than a cut and dried Hope leaning on her Anchor, or Charity with her Milk Pail, and in short nothing will do but to let me have my own way, and, as my good father says, "so live the longer." In regard to the material, there is a certain kind of marble, much stronger than statuary marble, which is capable of resisting all the influences of a St. Louis climate, and is far more beautiful than bronze, which at best is but a cold and harsh material. The color of this is gray but very delicate and much to be preferred, in point of effect, to the Carrara, which is too glaringly white for out-of-doors, and I will guarantee that this will last, unless swallowed up by an earthquake, or destroyed in another revolutionary war, till the crack of doom, which is as long as I

\* Of a family monument for Mr. Crow.



suppose we shall last ourselves. So that is all settled and I will guarantee that you shall be satisfied, or else I will agree to remove the whole thing, and place it over my own remains, having previously committed suicide. . . .

Yours, H.

At this time came a tribute to the artist from her old professor, Dr. McDowell, which amused her. He writes to a St. Louis editor:

ST. LOUIS, August, 1858.

*My dear Sir:*

I observed in your paper a notice of Miss Hosmer, and associated with her triumph as an artist my own humble name; and it has made me feel intensely——

To Harriet Hosmer, I am indebted for a reputation. Well, she is grateful to me for kindness, and gratitude to me is more than gold. St. Louis should be proud that she received the rudimental steps of her education in art among us.

The triumph of the talented and gifted Powers made me feel proud of my country. The death of Clevenger made me feel that the chisel had fallen most untimely from a hand that would have shed lustre on his country, and I mourned over my pupil. But the pride I feel in the triumph of Miss Hosmer is as much as I could endure without being haughty!

To see a man mount step by step through difficulties, and at last stand on the first round of fame's proud ladder, commands admiration. But to see a woman dare to scale the mountain height of fame, when she has the heroic courage to plant her ladder on a precipice and lean it on a storm cloud, and dare the lightning's angry passion of jealousy, makes the generous bosom heave with love for the sex and glory that we were born of woman.

Alexander Von Humboldt said he thought, after

travelling over the whole world, that the sublimest sight he ever beheld was Cotopaxi in full blast. To my imagination the sublimer spectacle is to see a timid woman rise amid the sea of angry billows of humanity, and lift her proud head above the waves, and know that unscathed she has breasted the storm.

May the snowy peak of the mount of Miss Hosmer's glory ever stand as a beacon to woman's daring. Her heart was as pure as the untrodden mountain snowflake, and her footsteps were as firm as its eternal foundation.

I am, respectfully yours,

J. N. McDOWELL.

MRS. L. M. CHILD TO MISS HOSMER.

WAYLAND, Aug. 21, 1858.

*Dear Harriet:*

I was delighted to receive your little love-note, which exhilarated my old heart, as wine does the nerves, but unlike wine, it left no headache or depression. I have waited to have something entertaining to write you, but nothing entertaining happens in the vicinity of my lonely little den, so I write without having anything to say, except that I love you truly, take the liveliest interest in your success, and have you very often and very affectionately in my thoughts. That little flying visit you made me was delightful! You "stood beside me like my youth." . . .

Mrs. S. was here and gave me an animated account of her European reminiscences and of you. How I do wish I could have one day's stroll with you in the enchanted atmosphere of Rome! I was building such a castle in the air when you were here, but the prismatic tints have all faded away from the aerial palace, and left only a pile of clouds. The friend

who invited me to go to Italy had his affairs thrown into temporary confusion by the late financial crisis, and though the house was wealthy enough to avoid failure, it became necessary for the partners to give up travelling on the Continent at present. Meanwhile I am growing old fast, and I cannot get at you and Rome, to rejuvenate me.

Did you read Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame?" There is a beautiful young gipsy named Esmeralda, who dances in the sunshine with her pretty white goat, while the bells of her tambourine, which she shakes above her head, make flitting ripples of light upon her forehead. It would make an exceedingly graceful statue; the flexible, swaying form of the young girl in picturesque gipsy garments, her nimble little feet moving in echoes to her music, while the white goat watches her expressive face and moves at her bidding.

How comes on the stately Zenobia? I have often recalled the pencil-sketch of that head-dress which Miss Ticknor showed to you, and though it was very graceful and unique, I doubt whether it would be in keeping with the majestic beauty of the glorious Queen of Palmyra. Perhaps, however, the Virgin Mary which you discovered, in regal garments of the Oriental mode, will furnish head-dress and all. . . .

Would you object to my writing an account of the vision you once told me of, some time when I am writing on the subject of Spiritualism? I may wish to allude to it, by way of illustration, but would not do so without your sanction. We are all so interested about that other life, that it seems as if so remarkable a story, with a "local habitation and a name," ought to have an authentic record. . . . God bless you always.

Your truly affectionate friend,

L. M. CHILD.

Later, upon being questioned about her psychical experiences, Miss Hosmer related the following incidents, to the first of which Mrs. Child alluded in the previous letter:

“When I was living in Rome I had for several years a maid named Rosa, to whom I became much attached. She was faithful and competent, and I was greatly distressed when she became ill with consumption and had to leave me. I used to call frequently to see her when I took my customary exercise on horseback, and on one occasion she expressed a desire for a certain kind of wine. I told her I would bring it to her the next morning. This was toward evening, and she appeared no worse than for some days; indeed, I thought her much brighter, and left her with the expectation of calling to see her many times. During the rest of the afternoon I was busy in my studio, and do not remember that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to bed in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. I always sleep with my doors locked, and in my bedroom in Rome there were two doors; the key to one my maid kept, and the other was turned on the inside. A tall screen stood around my bed. I awoke early the morning after my visit to Rosa and heard the clock in the library next, distinctly strike five, and just then I was conscious of some presence in the room, back of the screen. I asked if any one was there, when Rosa appeared in front of the screen and said, *‘Adesso sono contento, adesso sono felice’* (Now I am content, now I am happy). For the moment it did not seem strange, I felt as though everything was as it had been. She had been in the habit of coming into my room early in the morning. In a flash she was gone. I sprang out of bed. There was



no Rosa there. I moved the curtain, thinking that she might have playfully hidden behind its folds. The same feeling induced me to look into the closet. The sight of her had come so suddenly, that in the first moment of surprise and bewilderment I did not reflect that the door was locked. When I became convinced that there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected that fact, and then I thought I must have seen a vision.

At breakfast I mentioned the apparition to my French landlady, and she ridiculed the idea as being anything more than the fantasy of an excited brain. To me it was a distinct fact, and is to this day a distinct vision. Instead of going to see Rosa after breakfast, I sent to enquire, for I felt a strong premonition that she was dead. The messenger returned saying Rosa had died at five o'clock. When I told Mr. Gladstone of this experience he was interested until I came to the apparition talking. He said he firmly believed in a magnetic current, action of one mind upon another, or whatever you choose to call it, but could not believe ghosts had yet the power of speech. However, to me this occurrence is as much of a reality as any experience of my life.

Then, too, I have had many strange flashes of inner vision in seeing articles that were lost. I have never been able to produce them by reasoning or strong desire. They have come literally in a flash. I had three such visions during different visits to Lady A., once at her country seat in Scotland and the others at her London house. Lady A. wears a curious gold ring designed by her husband. When taken from the finger it can be straightened into a key. All of her valuables, from jewel cases, to her writing room, where many important papers are kept, are fitted with locks for this key. She has one duplicate of this, made of steel, that she sometimes left with



her daughter or me, when going away. One morning she came into my room much distressed, saying she could not find her ring key, and asked me to come into her room and help in the search that was being made for it by the housekeeper and assistants. She was positive she had put the ring in a cabinet by the side of her bed upon retiring the night before. When I went into the room I saw the ring key, in my mind's eye, plainly on the table in her daughter's apartment. I told her it was needless to search further there, that she had left it in her daughter's room. Lady A. protested that she was certain she had taken it off after retiring. But the ring was found just where I saw it.

On another occasion Lady A. could not find a despatch box containing valuable papers. She enlisted my services in hunting for it in her writing room. She described the box. She had scarcely finished the description when a vision of it flashed across my brain. I said, 'It is useless to search here, the box is at Drummond's bank, in one of your large boxes.' Lady A. said her secretary had made a careful inspection of every box at the bank, and it was not there. I saw that box distinctly, and I went to the bank. When I reached there the Messrs. Drummond seemed to think it was quite unnecessary to go through the boxes again. I asked the clerk to bring out his ledger containing the list of boxes. I felt that I could locate the right one without examining all. When I ran my hand down the list (there were seven) it stopped at five. Number five was brought from the vault into the private room of the bankers and there opened in the presence of the three brothers. The box proved to have women's belongings in it, rare laces chiefly. The bankers smiled incredulously and said, 'You are not likely to find the despatch box among those things.' All the while I saw that lacquered box.

After taking out all the carefully packed articles I was rewarded by finding the lost box at the very bottom. 'Despatch Box' across the front in gilt letters. I said to Messrs. Drummond, 'I will not take the box home, my friend must come and see for herself that my vision was accurate.' So it was left in the private room of the bank while I drove home. When I told Lady A. the circumstance she turned pale and said she believed I was a witch, as the servants thought, because I had such powers of finding lost articles. We drove back and got the treasure.

How and why these visions come, is, as yet, an unknown science, but I firmly believe it will be made clear some time, perhaps at no distant day."

During Mr. Gibson's annual visit to England these two letters came to his pupil:

AT HENRY SANDBACH'S, HAFODUNAS, N. WALES,

*My dear little Hosmer:* Aug. 31, 1858.

After I left you we arrived in London on the 10th July, and remained there till the 12th August, then started for Wales, where W. and your slave have been staying with Mr. Sandbach, for whom I made the Hunter and the Aurora in marble. He has built here a beautiful round place with a top light, and the statues have a fine effect. There is also a beautiful nymph by Wyatt, and he has given Spence an order to make him a female figure for this place. He has also given W.\* an order to paint him a picture.

To-morrow, we go to Mr. Mainwaring (the name is pronounced Mannering). He used to talk so much of you when at Rome. Then I visit Mr.

\* Penry Williams.

Cheney; it was to his mother I made the monument, The Lady and the Angel. About the 18th inst. I go to London for two or three days. There the cholera is at work. Before I left London they were beginning to die about Mrs. Huskisson's house. From London I shall join Mrs. Huskisson at her home in the country, where Williams will join me, and there we stay till the end of the month, when we shall be moving towards Rome, but we must hear before we go there, if the cholera has finished working.

During my stay in London I did nothing but idle and dine out. I visited the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and they asked kindly about you, and so did the Duke of Wellington. I read your worthy name in the "Athenæum" and also in another paper. You must have paid for all this! Now they cannot say that I pay, for they run me down.

Don't you long to be at the studio, listening to me when I talk nonsense to you? But how are all my ladies? How is the one I like the most? Does she look as young and as pretty as ever? And how is dear little Blagden? I hope quite recovered. But tell me how is my intended? Now you can answer me all these little questions, for I shall be in England, I dare say, long enough to have a letter from you. You must tell me all about your own little self, for I am anxious to know all your proceedings at Florence. Have you any cholera there? Perhaps we may come there to see you, and to bring you back to Rome. The cholera is destroying them here.

Mr. Williams requested me to present his love to you, but I said *no*, that is too familiar. I am very tenacious. How is Miss A. getting on? I must now close my long letter and bid you good-by and God bless you.

Affectionately yours,

*Write soon.*

JOHN GIBSON.

## MR. GIBSON TO MISS HOSMER.

AT MRS. HUSKISSON'S, EASTHAM,  
NEAR CHICHESTER, SUSSEX, Sept., 1858.

*My dear little Hosmer:*

When I arrived at Mrs. Huskisson's here in the country, a beautiful place! I found your letter. When I got out alone into the grounds, up to the Cedar of Lebanon, sitting under its wide branches in the shade, for it was hot, then I read your letter, which brought your little self before me. My mental sight is strong and I can see the absent one; I saw you sitting by my side. Dear little Hosmer, said I, and you say that you long to be at the studio again; so do I. You will distinguish yourself, I am sure you will. Your talent is evident, you have great enthusiasm, and you have that very necessary industry and also that great advantage of a Roman education in the art.

Is not ours a happy existence, our lives spent in the study of the beautiful, and flying, as we do, upon the wings of inspiration? And at Rome we learn to curb our flights within proper bounds. It is there, in that school, that we learn the principles of pure taste. Void of pure taste, the works of genius are not of great value. There are many obstacles in the path to fame, but to surmount them, to produce fine works, we must have tranquillity of mind. Those who are envious cannot be happy, nor can the vicious. We must have internal peace, to give birth to beautiful ideas.

I am glad that you feel impatient to begin your statue; that impatience is love, the love of the art. The more you feel it, the more is the soul inflamed with ambition, the ambition of excellence. May you reach up to that green branch which the divine An-



teros holds up in his hands, the premium of Victory.

I am glad to find that you have had a letter from Miss F——, and delighted I am to hear that she will be back again. You are wicked; my gladness to see her will be equal to your own. When I think of our little circle of ladies at Rome I am proud of them; every one of them is distinguished more or less. I have been reading some of the poetry of Mrs. Brown-ing; she has certainly obtained the green branch, her productions will be always admired. I have only seen the second volume, but I will purchase hers and his too, and have them sent to Rome.

And is our bright little star to disappear, she that glittered in the circle, our little sprite, the profile, the black curls, the eyes, the poetic glances, the talent? Cast her arms, pray do, and then the little feet, will you?

I am very glad that you give such a good account of Miss C—— and all her fine doings, her fine works. Please remember me most kindly to her and to Mrs. B—— and to her sister.

The cholera is much diminished in London; from Wales I returned there, but only for two days. The appearance of London I did not like, very empty of people. Thousands had gone to the country, thousands are dead of the cholera, and still Death is at work there. I was glad to get out of the place, but in four or five days I shall have to return again. About the 15th of October Williams and I will leave England for Rome. If you have no cholera I may come to Florence.

I suppose you must have had a fight with my greatest favorite, for you never once mention her in your letter. Williams sends his love to you, and he says when we return he will give tea to all of you. So will I. Spence left England 27 days ago for Leghorn. He went through all the cholera; said he



would write me; he has not written. Perhaps he is dead somewhere of the cholera.

I am, my dear little Hosmer,

Affectionately yours,

JOHN GIBSON.

I have just had a letter from Spence, from Leghorn. He is not dead.

TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

ROME, Nov. 30, 1858.

I have your letter written from Watertown under the paternal roof and at my own desk, which makes me wish to be there too, that I might tell you how I love the picture (of little Hatty) you send me. It is quite beautiful, and so like my little girl that I can almost hear her call me "Aunt Hatty." She has grown much and looks more heroic and determined than ever, embodying in her sturdy little frame all the wilfulness and the mischievousness which Mrs. Kemble is fond of imputing to American children. My advice is, that you let her grow up in her own way; her auntie budded and blossomed in that manner, and the consequence is what you perceive! . . .

Do you know, I have had to throw away two pieces of marble for my last Puck. Such a run of ill luck never happened to me before. I had a piece which I thought faultless, but when I came to finishing up the face it was so spotted I had to begin another. Thus you see that marble, like woman, is capricious!

You ask if I knew Frederika Bremer. Yes, one day there came to my studio a lady small of stature, plain of face, but so agreeable in manner and conversation that form and feature were forgotten. She was accompanied by a young girl, who, as I after-

wards learned, was regarded as a great musical genius. The lady spoke English, but with the deliberate care peculiar to a foreigner. I am not sure that I remained impressed with her taste in art, but she was very entertaining, and one remark is worth recording. "Why do you not model a 'Topsy,'\* and cut her out of black marble?" That was Miss Bremer, and some years afterwards when ———† was recognized as a *Prima Donna Assoluta*, I learned that the great singer was no other than the little girl I had seen with Miss Bremer, to whom her musical education was mainly due.

Your H.

In October Miss Hosmer's monument to *Maisie Falconnet* was placed in the church of San Andrea delle Fratte, and Sir Henry Layard wrote to *Madame Falconnet* from Constantinople in December, 1858, expressing his commendation of it.

. . . "When in Rome I did not fail to visit the monument to your lamented daughter. It had not been placed, when I arrived, but before my departure I had an opportunity of visiting it, with Miss Hosmer, and returning to it with friends upon whose taste and judgment I have great reliance. I think you may rest most fully satisfied with the success of Miss H's work. It has exceeded every expectation I had formed of it. The unaffected simplicity and tender feeling displayed in the treatment are all that could be desired for such a subject, and cannot fail to touch the most casual observer. I scarcely remember to have ever seen a monument which more completely commended itself to my sympathy, and more deeply interested me, and I really know of *none* of modern days which I should sooner have placed

\* A little negro girl immortalized by Mrs. Stowe in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

† Illegible.

over one who had been dear to me. Do not believe that I mean this as exaggerated praise, I faithfully convey to you the impression which the monument made upon me. I attribute this impression, not more to the artistic merit of the work, than to the complete absence of all affectation, to the simple truthfulness, and to the genuine feeling of the monument itself. Mr. Gibson accompanied me on one occasion, and the opinion he expressed was quite in accordance with my own, and he is not a man to give praise where it is not deserved. The effect of the light is excellent; in this respect the monument could not be better placed. The only drawback, and this is not a very serious one, is its somewhat cramped position, an altar rather preventing a good view of the whole figure. But I understood from Miss Hosmer that a part of this altar will probably be removed, and ample space will then be afforded to judge of the more general effect. Miss Hosmer will undoubtedly add very greatly to her reputation by this successful completion of a work of which she may be justly proud. I feel sure that you could not have raised a monument to your lamented daughter's memory in any way more worthy of her."

MRS. KEMBLE TO MISS HOSMER.

ROME, Dec., 1858.

*My dearest Hatty:*

I cannot tell you how charmed I was with my visit to your studio this morning. The delight your lovely inventions gave me was very great, and I was deeply affected by the whole aspect of your career, as it presented itself to my memory from your early girlhood to your complete development as a true and noble artist, an honor to your country and to your sex. I rejoice in your well-deserved success, and hope with all my heart that your uncommon gifts may

be preserved to you, so that your art may continue to be a source of pure delight to yourself and to others, and of honor to Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and who has bestowed such very rare powers upon you. . . .

Your very affectionate old friend,

FANNY KEMBLE.

I have been writing a long account of you and your works to my darling,\* and I'll tell you what you shall do for me, Hatty, when she comes; you shall make me a bust of the dear face and fine head and that will be an infinite delight to me.

Again, Mrs. Kemble to Miss Hosmer after a conversation upon Schiller:

ROME, December, 1858.

Let us divide the earth, said Zeus one day.  
Straight seized the husbandman the golden fields.  
In the dark woods the hunter sought his prey,  
And to the merchant's keel the smooth wave yields.

Each took and wrought that which became him best;  
In goodly place each found his lines to fall;  
Labor made rich the day, the night brought rest,  
And the great giver, Zeus, was praised by all.

Late, with slow, wandering feet the Poet came,  
And sadly asked for his inheritance.  
"Father, have I alone," he cried, "no claim?  
Am I, thy best beloved, cast forth to chance?"

"Where wert thou," asked the god, "when all was done?"  
"Beside thy feet," the Poet made reply,  
"Lost in the glorious splendor of thy throne  
And in thy voice's awful harmony."

\* Her sister, Adelaide Sartoris.

“What can be done? The world away is given,  
Said Zeus, “the sea, the land are no more mine.  
Say, wilt thou make thy home with me, in heaven?  
Whene’er thou thither com’st, it shall be thine.”

Dearest Hatty, it is many years since I have seen Schiller’s beautiful ballad, and therefore, strong as was the impression it made upon me, I am conscious that even in point of fidelity, this is a most defective translation which I send you. The beautiful idea of the whole is all I have been able to retain, and that even a miserable translation cannot utterly destroy. If I can procure a copy of Schiller’s ballad, I will make you a literal prose translation of it, a far better thing, for thought belongs to no language and can be equally rendered in all; the form of words peculiar to each nation has beauties which may be imitated, but never reproduced in any but the original tongue to which they belong.

When I learned German, I translated each of Schiller’s beautiful poems into English verse, but was so dissatisfied with them that I destroyed them all. I have since seen the English literary world accept with commendation versions very little, if at all, better than mine, but as an artist you have a better right than I, to know that no judgment of one’s works can supersede one’s own. No blame can deaden one’s own approval, no praise bribe one’s own condemnation. The conscience of an artist is kindred to the moral conscience of an upright man, whose verdicts are God’s alone. . . . I hope I shall see you this evening at my sister’s.

Your affectionate old friend,

FANNY KEMBLE.



## TO WAYMAN CROW.

Dear Mr. Crow:

ROME, Dec. 1858.

I wish you could raise your eyes from this paper and see what at this particular moment of writing I can see. It would be a huge, magnificent room, not in Mr. Gibson's studio, but close by, with a monstrous lump of clay, which will be, as Combe would have said, "when her system is sufficiently consolidated," Zenobia. The resources of my quondam studio being unequal to the demands made upon it this year, I have been forced to seek more spacious quarters, and here I am ready to receive you in regal style.

So the Cenci is finally at rest. I hope the light is good and that her critics will deal leniently with her. As mothers say, Beatrice has her good points and she has her faults. Nobody knows it better than the parent who brought her forth, but I will leave it to others, to find out what they are.

I wish you could see my monument, which is now placed in the church. Madame Falconnet, the mother, seems pleased with it, and as for Mr. Gibson, I have never heard him express so much satisfaction since I have been in Rome, as he did when he saw it completed. This I tell you *between ourselves*.

We have had the most extraordinary weather for the last week. The Campagna is inundated, and the Ripetta, (which is the street parallel with the river), has to be traversed in boats. The water is advancing up the cross streets to the Corso, and the prospect is fair of having a fish race this year at Carnival, instead of the horses. All this is very uncomfortable for riders, but still more so for the shepherds, who, besides losing their flocks and herds, are making tracks as of old to the mountains and high places, but with their slip-and-go-easy way console themselves after the

manner of Noah's friend, that it is "only a shower."

How comes on the Benton monument? If by chance I should get it to do, I should feel very grand. I should like it for next winter's work, and should like uncommonly to see it raised in St. Louis, where two of my babies, in the words of the pious psalmist, are "not lost, but gone before."

This is sent to reach you at Christmas time, and bears to you all the merry Christmases and Happy New Years that God can shower upon His children. May He keep you all in the sunniest spot of the earth, and may He preserve us all until we meet again. This wish and prayer, with the most loving love to all, is out of the warmest corner of my heart.

Yours, H.

ROME, Jan. 14, 1859.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Nothing has surprised me so much for a long time as the date of my dear father's letter. If he had walked unannounced into my studio here I scarcely should have opened my eyes wider than when he addressed me from under your hospitable roof. He seems to have enjoyed his visit in St. Louis thoroughly, and I see he will go home with a due appreciation of the beauties and the merits of the West. . . .

Now apropos of the subject you broached, about the monument. I quite agree with you that it is time our Christian cemeteries were decked with Christian ornaments. I admit I am Pagan enough to admire Pagan subjects, but still it strikes me that something as poetical and beautiful as classic subjects might suggest, is to be found in more modern and more truly religious ones. This is not the result of reflections I have made since the receipt of your letter only, but of what has been floating about in the cor-

ners of my brain for a long time, and I already had nearly worked out "in my mind's eye," a design of which I dare say you might approve,—if you do not think it would be too extensive and expensive, as it would involve the necessity of three figures. You know enough of art, to know how difficult it is to express an abstract idea very clearly or fully, unless you can have the scope in a group. All that my head or hand can do is yours to command, as I consider you pretty well own me. Now, dear Mr. Crow, I shall be working out more fully the idea which I will afterwards submit to you, for if the dimensions I have proposed do not frighten you, I will make a careful study in clay and send you a photograph. I want to do something of which you wouldn't be ashamed, nor I either. . . .

Yours, H.

After working till the last of July, Miss Hosmer went with friends for a trip through Switzerland and writes:

MILAN, Sep. 14, 1859.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Ever since I left Rome, which is now six weeks ago precisely, I have been thinking of you with intent to write, and find to my horror that I have run through Switzerland, had my holiday, and am now as far towards Rome as Milan, without ever having done the decent. I have been lazy to that degree that I am ashamed to tell you of it. But the fact is, that when I left Rome I felt I never should take up anything heavier than a nail belonging to the north side of a coffin again. As Miss Cushman says, "Death was no temptation." I looked like an antique of a thousand, I ought to say, like a mummy of four thousand years old. In plain English, "done up."

Well, my beloved friend and preserver, if you could see me now, the bulk of the Great Eastern is nothing to mine, you would say. I live and move and have my being on the principle of the Dome of San Marco, which is famed for its breadth and not its height. My buttons disappear like the Redmen before civilization. I might be classed among the monsters of the great deep, if I were only under water, and I am sure all those who advocate ideal in man would think the sooner I got there the better for their disciples. And this is the result of a little good air, in contra-distinction to the delicious malaria of the Campagna. The sage conclusion I have arrived at is, that delightful and healthful as a Roman winter is, a summer is enough to break down the strongest constitution.

Well, here we are in Milan, to-morrow we leave here for Bologna, then for Florence, and then for Rome, where we shall arrive, I hope, on the first day of October, making just two months and two days that we have been shaking our feet. Shaking one's feet is all very well for a time, too, but one likes to be getting on, and that isn't the mode of progression we read of. I am all ready for work again, and am going back to begin that monument,\* which is to immortalize us both! I have been studying it out this summer, in spite of my laziness, and rather think, if my modesty were not in the way of my expressing myself strongly, that it will do. By the time you read this, if you can look around the various corners that intervene between your eyes and my studio, you will see something. . . .

Milan is filled with French soldiers, but everything is as quiet as possible; it remains yet to be seen how much good resulted from those awful battles. . . .

Yours, H.

\* For Mr. Crow.

After the weeks spent in Switzerland Miss Hosmer returned to Rome and to her home with Miss Cushman. The latter had taken a large apartment at 38 Via Gregoriana, with her friend Miss Stebbins, and Miss Hosmer also occupied a small apartment in the same house, where they formed one family, as it were: a pleasant arrangement which continued for five years, till Miss Hosmer felt that her increasing work and income warranted her having a home of her own.

TO MISS E. C. CROW.

*Dear E:*

ROME, October, 1859.

. . . I suppose you are all sea-monsters by this time, after your summer at Newport, while I am a monster to see, after mine in Lucerne. . . .

I don't think we have stopped at a single place since we left Rome, without finding somebody we knew, and in a little out-of-the-way town, in crossing the Simplon, a *gendarme* came up to me and said, "Signorina, I have had the pleasure of seeing you in Rome." In that case the meeting was a lucky one, because he recommended us to a vetturino. . . .

Miss Cushman is going over the ocean next summer. It is an awful temptation to join her, but we'll see, *col tempo tutto*. At present my head is in the clay pit, where my fingers soon must be, or I shall be ruined. I tell Miss Cushman that if I could play Lady Macbeth I would set up a carriage, but as I can't, I must be content with a wheelbarrow. We have all decided, that is, "the three old maids" of the Gregoriana, that when everything else fails, we'll go in for lecturing. Miss Cushman will hold forth upon Dramatic Art, Miss Stebbins upon Pictorial Art and



I upon the Art of Sculpture. Then the division of the proceeds is to be, that each shall take all, and the others have what is left. . . .

Now my rattle must cease.

Yours, H.

Mrs. L. M. Child writes to Miss Hosmer of the Zenobia, now nearing completion:

*Dear Harriet:*

WAYLAND, Oct., 1859.

I was overjoyed to receive your letter and the photographs! Bless your great soul! They set my spirits up on sunny heights for three days, and that is a good deal to accomplish, for one of my age. Your father had such a longing for one of them, that I sent him the front view. I couldn't muster sufficient generosity to give him the other, for it forms one of the greatest ornaments of my little parlor. The statue far surpasses my expectations, yet I expected a good deal. It is the skilful embodiment of a truly regal ideal; a strikingly just conception of the brave and proud Zenobia, and most admirably expressed. I think you have been singularly successful in the obviously difficult task of expressing the right degree of motion. The position of the limbs seems to me to indicate exactly the slow and measured tread natural to one walking in procession. Doesn't Mr. Gibson think so? The drapery is a charming combination of Grecian gracefulness with Oriental magnificence, and it is admirably managed. I admire the helmet-crown, so well suited to that "Warrior Queen." The addition of the fillet was a felicitous idea. It makes an extremely pleasing line with the hands where it is crossed on the breast.

I wish you joy, my young friend; you have fairly won your spurs in the field of art. "Arise, Sir Harriet Hosmer!" The best of it is, you will not be

satisfied with what you have done, your motto will always be, "Onward and Upward." But if you take such a long stride with every new effort, I think by the time you are fifty years old, you will have to weep for more worlds to conquer.

You are very often in my thoughts, dear Harriet, and as my imagination almost sees visions, groups of statuary begin to range themselves round my inner gallery as soon as you come into my mind. One day I saw that Mother of the Gracchi who has been quoted to us women, even to tediousness. She was a noble-looking matron, her youngest son was cuddled close among the folds of her drapery, as if shy of the strangers to whom she was exhibiting him. Her hand rested fondly and protectingly upon the little curly head. The older boy looked up with a frank, manly smile into the maternal face that was looking down upon him with loving pride.

Another time, I saw the grave, enterprising Captain Smith, in the picturesque dress of the Elizabethan age, the clasped mantle and the hat with drooping plume. He sat on a rock in Virginian fields, and the young Pocahontas, vigorous and supple, with her twelve years of free, forest life, reclined on the ground beside him, with the careless grace of a faun. Her dress was a short deer-skin skirt, scarcely reaching the knee, and fastened below the waist by a girdle of elaborately embroidered wampum, with tasselled ends. Her long hair was held by a wampum band, in which was inserted a semi-circle of feathers, giving it the look of a coronet. She was wearing a garland of woodland flowers and held up one to her European hero, as if asking him to admire it. But why do I prattle to you of my vision gallery, when your own is swarming with forms of beauty?

Three weeks ago we spent a night at your father's. You know he and my husband were comrades in their

bachelor days, and the meeting made them both young again. Such peals of laughter I have not heard for many a day. All the inanimate fixtures in your studio remain as when you left them. Your father takes an affectionate pride in leaving them undisturbed.

Mrs. S. in a letter last week, in speaking of you, says, "I love that child." I don't know whether you like to have friends call you a child, I do.

I am very sorry to see by the papers that Mrs. Browning is ill. I hope her imprisoned soul will not quit the body for a long time to come, for if she is like the average of spirits, the poetry she will tip through tables won't be a tenth part so elegant as that she writes on earth!

Good angels keep you, dear.

Your affectionate old friend,

L. M. CHILD.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Oct. 1859.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

The last time I sanctified ink was by writing to you from Milan, in the character of *Signora*, which among Italians means a fat woman who has nothing to do; now, however, the scene changes, and I present myself in the form of artist, which in this vernacular signifies an individual who is generally in a fix, and this for the want of something to do. Well, at this present moment, being, as I say, the size of Daniel Lambert, I am not thin, nor, as I am "blest with the opportunity of toil," have I nothing to do, and yet, true to the first characteristic of my species, I am in a fix. Being then in the category of planets (not so much because I am a heavenly, as a *fixed* body), it seems the most natural thing in the world to make

you the recipient of my woes. Whether it is on the ground of paternity, or whether it is because that beneficent ear of yours has ever listened to my groans, or whether it is that I have been inspired by what you term "the talking business" of your last letter, I am sure I can't say, but I fancy it is a union of the whole three things, and this is the result of it.

Well, I came from the mountains of Switzerland redolent of fat, rolling in pounds, so far so good, but unluckily they are not pounds sterling; but that doesn't distress me, because I have a sufficiently fat little sum waiting for me in Rome, as I fondly think, for the reason that I have a right to think it. It is owing to me. It is mine (that is, when I get it!) I arrive at headquarters and a letter is waiting for me, of course there is as good as gold inside it. Not a bit of it, with many excuses I am prayed to wait six months! tearing of hair and stern banker. Shall I throw myself into the Tiber? No, because prospects are, on the whole, too bright around me. Shall I take prussic acid? No, because there would be great difficulty in the way of making statues afterwards. Also, I relinquish as ignoble the idea of the fatal puddle, and take, not a bottle of poison, but of ink, a quill, a sheet of paper, and your beneficent ear, and that's my fix. Oh, for the time of the gods when one lived on their nectar and yet got fat! Is it that there is no more genuine nectar to be found, or have our constitutions changed, and do they require much bread and butter to keep them in order? Don't they, though! And no friendly god (but yourself) to furnish it. However, twirling the fingers and sighing for Olympus won't help the matter one-half so much as the God saving clause in your kind letter, that you would always "pay something to keep me employed." I didn't think at the time I read it, that I should so soon have occasion to quote it in the



present sense, because my day looked clear enough, but you, dear Pater who have so much knowledge of mundane affairs, know how easy it sometimes is to be thrown off the track, even when one has several strings to one's bow, and then how still more so it is when a "feller" has just enough to screw on with, and the only string snaps!

You have heard tell of such a thing, and I have experienced it, (instead of religion). But to go back, you may smile at the alertness with which I have taken up the proposition of your monument,\* but the fact is, that beginning it now, four years would scarcely see it finished, and God only knows where we may be at the end of the fifth. And I think I should lie straighter in my grave, if I knew that that work, in which I shall take the most sincere interest, were accomplished. However that may be, whether I have the satisfaction of looking round a ghostly corner and seeing it, or not, I have made my arrangements to devote this winter and half of next, to it (because I couldn't finish the model this season), so that in a business point of view perhaps my asking for a bite now isn't so intolerable; only it looks so *clutchy*, which is a word I coin for the occasion. It's but a nibble I want, not a large bite, just enough to tickle the Hooker (of Pakenham firm).† That is my reason for dropping a line. You see my imminent fix does not discourage me from having a shy at the King's English.

Yours, H.

MRS. JAMESON TO MISS HOSMER.

16 CHATHAM PLACE, BRIGHTON, Oct. 10, 1859.

*My dear Hatty:*

Your letter (dated Rome, Sep. 26th) and the

\* The monument for Mr. Crow.

† Pakenham, Hooker & Co., Roman bankers.



photograph\* enclosed are lying before me, and I will, as truly as I can, fulfil your wishes in advising and criticising, but before I begin, I must say two things before I forget: first, that I did obtain the casts from the Zenobia coin at Paris, but they are so bad as to be utterly useless except to an antiquarian. I keep them, to show you that what I said I would do, I did. The engraved coin you will find more useful and you will find it in the collection of coins of the Roman Emperors, under "Aurelian." Secondly, that I advise you, before paying any attention to my criticism, to refer to Mr. Gibson, not mentioning my name at first, but merely asking his opinion as to the prints in question. I know the malignant sarcasm of some of your rivals at Rome, as to your having Mr. Gibson "at your elbow" and all that, but, my dear Hatty, I should think lightly of your good sense and your moral courage, if such insinuations, irritating to your self-esteem and offensive to your self-dependence, could prevent your availing yourself of all the advantages you may derive from the kind counsel of your friend. If the subject were a bust, or a Puck, it would be otherwise; but in classic sculpture Gibson is first, and the purity of his taste is to be depended on far more than mine. Do I not know that Gibson himself would take counsel of Thorwaldsen or Canova? Did not Raphael take counsel and criticism of every gifted mind around him? The originality of a conception remains your own, with the stamp of your mind upon it, to give it oneness of effect as a whole. Impertinent and malicious insinuations die away, and your work and your fame remain, as I hope, for a long, long future. Make your work as perfect as you can, never fear to adopt any change of detail, any hint which is in harmony with your own conception and has reason in

\* Of Zenobia.

it, and for details of drapery and flow of lines, listen to Gibson. This is between ourselves. I have embarked so much of pride and hope in you as an artist, that I should be in despair if you fall into the error of your countrymen and sacrifice what alone can be permanent in style and taste, to a vulgar ambition of self-sufficing, so-called originality, which is as far from what is truly poetic and original as possible. You know that I can understand and feel in picturesque and romantic sculpture, and all that is good in the renaissance style which Mr. Gibson abhors, but in his own department of art, his taste is exquisite and sure. Your Zenobia is a classical heroine, to be classically treated; therefore when you are in doubt, listen to him and have sufficient dependence on yourself to afford to do this, and to set at naught the gossip of the Caffè Greco.

Well, now for the photograph. So far as it has gone, your statue has many indications of being most beautiful and fulfilling all my ambition for you, which is saying much, but now for criticism. The diadem is too low on the brow, thus taking from the value and dignity of the face and that intellectual look which Zenobia had, I suppose, as indicative of her talents. . . .

Now do you want a stronger proof that I am *truly*  
yours,  
ANNA JAMESON.

TO MRS. CARR.

Dear C:

ROME, Nov. 12, 1859.

Mountain wouldn't and so Mahomet would, you know, and as I haven't seen the shadow of your fair hand for months, I must try and console myself by looking at my own barbarous fist. But I haven't raised it for the purpose of reproaching or humiliating

you, but to tell you that I have been brought very near you, for we have had the girls in Rome; only for a few days, it is true, but in another eight days we shall have them again for three long, delicious months. They are such darlings in every way, that I stand straighter in my shoes when I call them sisters mine. Miss Cushman says they are "just the nicest American girls I know," and I say, "myself excepted," upon which she looks at me pityingly and calls me "fiend." I tell them that they mustn't speak anything but Italian, and M. has already got as far as *accidente*, which word I will leave you to ferret out in the dictionary. We are going to Albano to meet them on their way back from Naples, make the tour of the Lakes and Nemi, and escort them to Rome in the evening and initiate them into the art of becoming Romans without loss of time. We are always ungrateful wretches in this world, and therefore, grateful as I am, to have them, I say to myself, "If we only had them all!"

Don't be frightened at rumors of war and bloodshed here; the foreign papers are full of troubles and revolutions, but our heads are not off yet and we don't mean they shall be. Any way, whenever we find the place too hot to hold us we shall take E. and M. and be off. So long as the star spangled banner streams from 38 via Gregoriana, you may know all is serene.

The girls tell me that you clutch at every interesting statement that is made of me in the public journals of our glorious republic, and that you are to have a room papered with them. I commission you now to write my naughty-biography, and whenever you desire it, I will die to hasten its publication.

Your H.

## TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Jan. 20, 1860.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

With this I despatch the design for your monument, which I submit to your taste and criticism. I hope the subject will speak for itself, but in case it should not, it is for the artist to throw in a few explanatory words. What I have selected is Christ restoring to life the daughter of the Master of the Synagogue. I have done so, because you desired "a Christian subject," and something new, as well as appropriate. It seemed to me that this subject combined the three desired qualities, as well as possessing the merit of being sculpturesque, and as far as I know, and as far as the memories of those who have seen the sketch will serve them, it is not hackneyed, a great desideratum.

I have been in doubt as to the text most applicable, but upon the whole, decided that the text in the design would be best, as more fully generalizing the idea expressed in the group, viz., "I am the Resurrection and the Life." However, I leave this an open question, and you may be able to suggest another, although this, to me, seems not amiss. Then the words, "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," are continued upon the other side. The space below, upon the pedestal, is destined for the name, the wording of which I leave to you.

So much, dear Mr. Crow, in few words, for the design, trusting it will speak for itself more eloquently than I have done for it. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Gibson approves of it heartily, having rendered a verdict in favor of the subject and composition, which set my heart greatly at ease. . . . Yours, H.

Mrs. Browning in speaking of the people in Rome that winter and spring of 1860, says: \* “ Lady Marian Alford, the Marquis of Northampton’s daughter, is here, very eager about literature, art and Robert, for all which reasons I should care for her; also Hatty calls her divine. She knelt down before Hatty the other day and gave her—placed on her finger—the most splendid ring you can imagine, a large ruby in the form of a heart, surrounded and crowned with diamonds. Hatty is frankly delighted, and says so, with all sorts of fantastical exaggerations.”

\* *Letters of Mrs. Browning*, by Fred G. Kenyon, Vol. II, page 392.



## CHAPTER VI

1860-1863

IN March (1860) Miss Hosmer was suddenly called home by her father's illness—a slight attack of paralysis, from which he seemed to recover in a few months.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

WATERTOWN, April 18, 1860.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

You will not be surprised to find me at home, after the sad news I found awaiting me in Rome, on my return there from Florence. After three days' preparation, I took the Sunday boat for Marseilles, and was fortunate enough to catch the "Persia," which brought me here eighteen days out from Rome. You already know how I found my dear father. He is able to come down stairs, but does not seem to be gaining strength. He will worry about his affairs, but I, who for the first time in my life, now, know something of their real condition, find they are by no means so ruinous as they have been represented to me. He bade me look over all his papers, and even break the seal of the letter of which, he says, you have a copy. (That letter contained his only bequest. He left his daughter to his friend.\* Thus at his death, which occurred two years later, her second father became her only one. How more than faithful he was to the trust, may be read between the

\* Wayman Crow, whom both before and after her father's death she called "the Pater."

lines of her letters.) He told me he should leave everything at my disposal, as he had destroyed his will. And that the only thing he desired was, that I should follow your advice in all matters. Thus much have I said at his own request, though I tell him he is worth six of us yet, as sometimes he really seems to be, but he would have it so, and made me promise to repeat to you all that I have written.

Yours, H.

May 20th.

*Dear Pater:*

There is no great change in my father's condition. He suffers no pain, and altogether is very serenely happy. . . .

I suppose you have read Hawthorne's new book.\* What a delicious one, as a picture of Italy and Italian life! It is only taking the words out of another's mouth, for me to say that Donatello's creation is one of the most exquisite poems penned. I don't know anything half so ideal and artistic as it is. Of course the plot is nothing, nor did he care that it should be, I fancy, but for perfection of writing, beauty of thought, and for the perfect combination of nature, art, and poetry, I never saw its equal.

June 10.

My father walks in the garden and sometimes a little bit outside the gate, and gains strength.

June 20th.

My father sends best love. My good fortune† is an *elixir vitae* to him. Pen and ink can scarcely tell you how happy I am. As the matter is all signed, sealed, and delivered, I may say that I don't think

\* *The Marble Faun*.

† The commission just received for a statue of Thomas Benton.

I have ever been half so tickled before. Think what a start it gives me, what a thing to have a public work! and above all how rejoiced I am that it will be in St. Louis. , ,

June 22d.

I send with this my official response\* to the Committee upon the Benton statue. I have had many congratulations, but I tell them to wait till they see the statue. The best compliment they have paid me is in saying that I am *your protégée*. I am glad others recognize the truth as clearly (if not as gratefully) as I do. My father sends love; he gambols over Benton like a young lamb.

July 8th.

My father is a miracle of health. He drives about, walks, is farming, haying, and what not, and is as bright as possible. To-morrow we are all going to Walpole, then I, to St. Louis. I shall sail earlier than I had planned and have a notion of going back in the "Great Eastern"; she is a capital, quiet sailer.

Yours, H.

The artist received this letter while in Watertown after her hurried voyage home:

LADY EASTLAKE TO MISS HOSMER.

7, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, 13th April, 1860.

*My dear Miss Hosmer:*

The little kind pencil note reached me duly, tho' to my great surprise, on the 29th of last month, and I felt quite unhappy to think that I could do nothing for your comfort in your rapid flight through this country.

\* See Appendix A.

I hope I am not too late in these few lines to you over the Atlantic, for I cannot resist taking advantage of your address. Most cordially do I hope that you have found your father recovering, and that the presence of his only child will prove the best cordial for him and the best reward of your exertions. Should his life and health be granted to you, we shall still hope for a happy meeting *here* as we had planned. Perhaps your return will be delayed till such time as you can meet dear Mr. Gibson at this house. Then if you are spared anxiety regarding your father, we may be as happy as mortals can be!

As regards the bust of Miss Cushman, I have been twice to Colnaghi's about it. The first time it was not unpacked, but they had meanwhile had a letter from good Miss C. It remains at Colnaghi's—and is as much seen there as it would have been in the small vault of our Academy.

When you return I expect you will find a first-rate exhibition open. Sir Charles\* is very much delighted with what he has seen, and is just now all day long at the Academy, seeing pictures till he is quite exhausted.

We have been very unhappy at the death of dear Mrs. Jameson, who was a most kind friend. Her death was so sudden that many who loved her much saw the first announcement of it in the "Times." She has left a work uncompleted, and there is some idea that I may attempt to take her place, but this depends on the amount of labour required, and on other conditions which are not ascertained yet. If, however, my much interrupted time permits, my true regard for the dear lady would prompt me to do my best.

Now, dear Miss Hosmer, let me have a few lines from you, again, telling me of your father, and in what way we can do something for you on your re-

\* Sir Charles Eastlake, president of the Royal Academy.

turn. I trust the "Persia" treated you well. We thought much of you on your way.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

ELIZABETH EASTLAKE.

SIR HENRY LAYARD TO MISS HOSMER.

138 PICCADILLY, LONDON, 27th June, 1860.

*My dear Miss Hosmer:*

I was much grieved to hear of the cause of your sudden departure from Rome. I have not heard how you found your father on your arrival in America. I most sincerely hope that he has been spared to you, and that his health will again be such as not to cause you anxiety.

Your friends in England—and they are many and very enthusiastic and affectionate, were looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you in this country. I had counted upon many a pleasant chat, and have been daily enquiring of the Eastlakes whether they had any news of you. We long, too, to see Mr. Gibson again.

I have been recently reading *Transformation*,\* so you may easily fancy that you have been very constantly in my thoughts. I of course concluded that you were the heroine,—but I cannot believe that you ever threw a gentleman over the Tarpeian Rock,—even after a picnic in the Coliseum! Then as to the other lady, I could not fancy you with doves and a pet Madonna,—so I gave up all attempts at further identification. Notwithstanding my admiration for the style and fancy of your romancer, I cannot forgive his attack upon an excellent artist and his colored statues (tho' probably you will sympathize in

\* *The Marble Faun*, by Hawthorne.



his views upon the latter, after the cold you caught by my means in visiting the sarcophagus in the Jewish Catacomb). I have been fancying ever since, that you owed me a grudge on account of the pilgrimage. Mr. Hawthorne is unfair to Mr. Gibson—I cannot understand a man of his refinement objecting to the colored Venus and figures on the ground he takes; as a mere matter of taste, the question is altogether different. As to the “fact” of the ancients coloring their statues, there can be no doubt. Whether it is good taste or not, so to do, may be questioned, but that it should be considered improper, I cannot understand.

I want to hear about your Zenobia. Is she yet turned into a pillar of marble, for the admiration of posterity, or does she still stand in her frail mortal clay? The photographs which you sent Mrs. M. have been very greatly admired, and I hope that ere long the statue itself will be placed in some place worthy to receive it. You have probably heard that there is to be a great universal exhibition in England in 1862—upon the same principle as the previous one, at which Powers showed his Greek Slave. I hope you will be induced to send something, that the women and men of England may know what a young lady of genius, with the inestimable qualities of perseverance and determination, can effect.

I have nothing good to tell you of English art. Watts' fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall is the only modern work of any credit to us. We are raising monuments right and left, but this kind of encouragement does not seem to do much for the development of art. I have just been looking at three huge guardians in bronze, who are bound like Andromeda to a rock (except that they are provided with great coats of bearskin), to commemorate the Crimean War, and the Guards who perished in it. I am on a committee

to raise a statue to Lord Lyons, in St. Paul's, and am in despair.

The public are wild about a picture by Mr. Holman Hunt, a pre-raphaelite. He has been some years at it. The picture represents a building supposed to be the Jewish Temple, with thousands of pieces of coloured glass and a pavement of variegated marble; then see also Christ, the Virgin,—the Doctors,—but they are less important than the fly flappers and the ostrich eggs. All this is reviving the true principles of art! I see no hope for this school, which at one time certainly promised great things. . . .

With every good wish for your health and happiness, I am, my dear Miss Hosmer,

Yours sincerely,

A. H. LAYARD.

The following letter was received while the artist was still in Watertown:

MRS. CHILD TO MISS HOSMER.

*Dear Hatty:*

WAYLAND, Sep. 16, 1860.

. . . I made a pleasant excursion last week, to a friend's. It was a quaint old-fashioned little cottage close by a mill, surrounded by graceful trees and shrubbery, through which the bright waters glanced in every direction. It was one of the most picturesque spots I ever saw. The owners are poor in worldly wealth, but rich in artistic cultivation; and everything bore the impress of their characters. It is wonderful and altogether beautiful, this predominance of soul over matter.

Whittier, the poet, lives a few miles from them, and they proposed to drive me to his house. It was a lovely ride along the side of the sparkling Merrimack

all the way. Whittier is an old anti-slavery friend and was rejoiced to see me. He is a man of rare genius, the flame of which seems to burn brighter as he grows older. He is one of those whom you wanted to have "hung" alongside of me! and Frank Shaw and Sarah Shaw and George Russell and James Russell Lowell and Ralph Waldo Emerson and Wendell Phillips so beautiful, so eloquent, and so brave; and William Lloyd Garrison, "the noblest Roman of them all." If you had had your will, little "Missouri Ruffian" that you are! and had exterminated the abolitionists, let me tell you, you would have destroyed the wheat of the country and left nothing but the chaff. But you didn't know it, so I forgive you.

Page has come home with his wife and boy. He seems happier than we ever saw him, and is now positively certain, (as he ever has been,) that he has mastered all the secrets of art, and is sure of success, triumphant success.

I hope you won't get into a fight with any of your rivals and settle the question with Bowie knives and revolvers, Missouri fashion. I can send you a Bowie knife bearing the motto, "Death to Abolitionists," if you want it, but Bowie knives won't kill us. God bless you, dear little Ruffian!

Always your affectionate friend,

L. MARIA CHILD.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

WATERTOWN, September, 1860.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I am afraid I must delay my visit to you for the Prince\* comes to Boston on October 14th and Mr. Gibson would take my head off if I did not do the civil.

H.

\* The Prince of Wales.

WATERTOWN, October 19th.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Well, I went to the great Ball \* last night, and a very jolly time I had of it. The room was crowded to the extent of eight thousand persons, and more in the chinks. The hall was decorated with devices, crests, banners, flowers, and all sorts of pretty things, and the general effect was pleasing, though in detail it might have been improved. The Prince and suite appeared in process of time in a royal box, and having remained a few minutes to gaze, but more particularly to be gazed at, descended to the floor. He looks a little fagged as well he may, but seemed in good spirits. Mr. Everett came to me and said I must go up with him, whereupon I did. The Prince recognized me at once and shook hands most cordially. Afterwards, when I was prowling with Lord Lyons, he came up to me and said how fond he was of my Puck, which now is in his rooms at Oxford. After supper there was more prowling and we got home at three o'clock A.M. So endeth the Ball.

Later Miss Hosmer went to St. Louis to confer with the committee about the statue of Benton, and then started back to the East, to sail for Italy. The friend whom she had been visiting accompanied her to Boston, and on their way they made a pleasant *détour* as is explained in this letter:

CLEVELAND, Monday night, Oct., 1860.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Pray open your eyes at our being *here*. We got on swimmingly up to the moment when I rashly invested in a newspaper, which informed us that Mrs.

\* Given to the Prince of Wales in Boston.

Kemble was to read "Othello" to-night in Cleveland. I at once collared a brakeman, who collared the baggage-master, who collared our trunks for us, and here we are and making a very decent appearance. We have seen Mrs. Kemble, who gave us one of her sweetest receptions, and we are off with her, in about twenty minutes, to hear "Othello." Now isn't that being spry and energetic? I lose a day by it, but must make it up somehow, and if I can't, Gabriel must call it even at the last trump. I never saw Mrs. Kemble looking better. She is going from here to St. Louis, and she is to be in Rome next winter!

We got through last night on the train very well, and had hot tea on every practicable occasion. We are off to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, and don't know what time we shall get to bed to-night, as we sup with Mrs. Kemble after the reading. Isn't it a frolic?

Yours, H.

*Dear Pater:*

LENOX, Thursday morning.

I will now give you the latest. If we reach Boston without accident I shall set this down as one of the most successful and delightful journeys ever accomplished. When we arrived in Pittsfield yesterday, there seemed a dearth of stages, and those who owned horse-flesh took advantage of the Cattle Fair raging in the town, to demand six dollars (!!!) for a conveyance to Lenox (six miles). That we thought too much of an imposition for even Beef to extenuate, and while cogitating upon what we should do, we fell upon a darkey, who oddly enough, had been in Rome last winter, as courier to Governor Briggs' son, of Pittsfield, and who is employed now in the dépôt there. He immediately recognized me and placed himself at our service, put us in the way of a Shandrydan, for which we paid half a dollar each, and arrived under



William Curtis' hospitable roof\* safe in body and mind. We spent the evening delightfully, seeing Bessie and other dear friends. Now Mr. Curtis is going to drive us to the train for Boston. There is nothing like breaking a journey, particularly when it is broken pleasantly.

Yours, H.

Immediately after her return to Watertown Miss Hosmer sailed for Italy and writes from her studio:

*Dear Mr. Crow:* ROME, Nov. 16, 1860.

Here I am, having flitted four thousand miles as safely and comfortably as one who is encumbered with a fat body can. You have already had my report as far as Liverpool and London. To begin there anew, and my journey to pursue, I devoted one day to London, then went on Wednesday to France, had a delightful passage across the channel, so quick that I went sound asleep and knew nothing of the transit, till I reached the other side and bade adieu to my native tongue. Took rail to Paris, where I arrived after midnight, and went to Meurice's. I abode there till Friday morning, when I made a bee line for Marseilles. Travelled Friday and all that night, getting to M. about eight o'clock A.M. and engaged my passage on the "Vesuvio" to leave that night at ten o'clock for Civita Vecchia. I disposed of my day by driving about that most unpicturesque of towns.

So far so good; and now begins my bad luck, for before evening, rain came on, and when I drove to the landing and pushed out, baggage and all, in a little boat, to go on board the steamer, the darkness was blacker than Egyptian. Never did I expect

\* The well-known hostelry of Lenox.

to get on that ship, short of a corpse. However, we scrambled up the wet, slippery ladder. It wasn't long before I was stretched out in my berth and waiting for the thing to be off, but never an inch did she move, on account of the weather, till seven o'clock next morning, when she ran down seventy miles, and there was forced to lay to. One hour, do you think? No, from Sunday noon till Tuesday morning! There she was, and there of course, were we! After that, a rough, nasty passage to Civita Vecchia, so that instead of arriving on Monday morning at aforesaid port, we got there on Wednesday at noon, and Wednesday night, just three weeks from the day I sailed out of New York harbor, I slept within sound of the bell of St. Peter's.

And now I never care to see steamer, boat, mud-scow, engine, or rail again. Heartily tired am I of meandering over the world, and quite ready to go to work. I found Mr. Gibson well and pleased to see me. He says I have grown tall, and I tell him he has grown handsome! Found all my studio things in good train, and my marble most beautiful. I am in the direst confusion, sitting in the midst of trunks, and writing on anything I find stationary. Rome is as quiet as the grave, and no one thinks of talking about danger. All the old Anglo-Romans are back. . . .

Yours, H.

With Miss Hosmer's love for stories, she could not refrain from adding this postscript:

You know poets have sung, and philosophers (who perhaps do not feel like singing when they discover their reputation waning) admit that the nature of fame is circumscribed and transitory. Well, these two stories would seem to support this theory:

Mr. Robert Hay, who was the private secretary of the Duke of Wellington (the Iron Duke), told me that a short time after the Duke's death he found himself in Scotland, and walking one morning in the garden of a friend he met the gardener and thus addressed him: "So the old Duke is dead." "Who, sir?" said the gardener. "The great Duke of Wellington," returned Mr. Hay, somewhat surprised that the gardener was not aware of the fact. But his surprise increased when the gardener continued, "Well, sir, I am sorry for his family, but, poor man, I never heard of him."

The next story is my master's. He was crossing Mont Cenis by diligence, before the tunnel was made or thought of, and met a traveller whom he at once recognized as a fellow countryman. Conversation followed, when the stranger spoke of the pleasant journey he had made through Italy, but he said he found it difficult to remember Italian names. "For instance," he continued, "I remember one queer old place beginning with R." "Radicofani," suggested Mr. Gibson, "Ravacione, Ronciglione," and other names somewhat difficult for foreigners. "No, no," said the stranger, "a shorter name. I remember as you entered the gate there was a large church on the left, and a lot of circular columns and two big fountains in the square." "It is not possible," said Mr. Gibson, looking aghast at the stranger, "that you mean Rome!" "The very place," said he, "and I could not think of the name."

And still another story is of my master, which illustrates his mathematical deficiencies. I went into the studio one day and found him with a great sheet of paper, upon which he had made a number of small marks. There were seven rows and seven in each row. I asked:

"Signor Giovanni, what are you doing?"

"Trying to find out how much is seven times seven."

"Why, forty-nine," I replied. He looked at me in amazement, and observed that I must know the multiplication table. I replied that I did, and he frankly confessed that he "never could learn the thing."

Again addio,

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Nov. 23, 1860.

Having traversed half a hemisphere and having been here a week, I have made various small sketches in clay of our Colonel,\* and flatter myself that they are all cast into the shade by the last one with which his ghost has inspired me. Thinking the matter well over on my journey, by the time I entered the Roman gates I had evolved this one. I discussed the subject with Mr. Gibson, read him Benton's speech which you gave me, dwelt upon the individuality the statue would acquire if treated in this manner, over the rather hackneyed character of a senator. He more than approved of the idea, and, encouraged by his approval, I am confining myself to the India motto. He says he is "willing to put his name to it on all sides" as a good composition and well expressed idea. The motto is "There is the East. There is India."

As to Rome, tranquillity pervades it. The streets are full of French soldiers, but as for politics and dangers of disunion and bloodshed, I heard more such sanguinary conversation in one day in America, than I have heard here in seven. All the old *habitués* are back and Rome is already quite full enough to be pleasant.

I find my studio affairs in tip-top order, and everything went on as well during my absence as if I had been here, thanks to Camillo.

Yours, H.

\* Thomas Benton.

## TO MISS DUNDAS.

ROME, Jan. 13th (1861).

*My dear A:*

. . . In your letter you expressed horror of my beloved and angelic steed, and Lady Lyell reported a roll, which at that time I had not had; but the very day after the letter reached me I slipped on the pavement in the Due Machelli, had quite a severe bruising and sprained my thumb just enough to prevent my holding a pen until now. "Voilà pourquoi" I have not replied sooner. Was it not odd?

But to go back to the subject of my dear horse, because I think it is only justice to his equine nature, and to my equestrian, that we defend our cause. The insane idea seems to pervade divers brains, that he is to be the cause of my demise! I utterly protest against having made my arrangements to that effect. I grant he is a large, powerful fellow, but as free from vice as his mistress, and nothing more than that can be said! In short, he is the apple of my eye; better to die with him than to live with any other, and better to be brought home (unlike the Spartans) on a riding whip, than to die an inglorious pedestrian death.

Mr. Gibson is modelling Bacchus, and a very fine thing it will be. The subject certainly is not new, but he is treating it very beautifully and simply. Mrs. P. is becoming very much disturbed and vexed at his withholding the Venus, but the days of Pygmalion are returning, and I am sure until the Venus wanders over to Liverpool herself, she will never get beyond the precincts of the studio.

If you have not already been, pray go and see Rosa Bonheur and write me all about her. Mrs. Browning excepted, I do not know a woman for whom I have more respect and admiration than for



her. I was greatly disappointed at not being able to find her when I was in Paris, but she was in the country, and so of course I couldn't even catch a glimpse of her studio. I wonder she doesn't come to Rome, at least for a time, for the whole Campagna would be her studio, and she would see it in all its wonderful beauty. Fancy the picture she might make of those regal gray oxen and those dragons of fidelity, the Campagna dogs! Browning told me she had half an idea of coming, and it is the most friendly advice one could give her.

I wish you were here to criticise my Fountain, the story of Hylas and the Water Nymphs, as perhaps I showed you in London. I had a letter from our dear friend a few days ago, speaking of your visit to her last summer, and of lying under the trees and I dare say reading the "Lotus Eaters." Happy creatures! Meanwhile I was visiting the whale, lying on my back, 'tis true, but instead of rejoicing my eyes over the Lotus, I sickened my head and heart, aye, and stomach too, over the Eaters who consumed or would have consumed the main-mast and rejuvenated themselves on anything else besides Lotus. Truly a sea-life is a horror. . . .

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Feb. 23, 1861.

Now comes your turn, and it would have come before, except that I felt I had better not show my face or hand until it could be accompanied by the drawing (for Benton). Now, unless the winds are capricious and the mail bags treacherous, you have it already before your eyes, and I earnestly trust in good condition, the sea having dealt with its interior more leniently than it does with mine. My letter to the committee (which I beg you to lay before them) will sufficiently tell the story, and I cannot say how

anxiously I shall await their verdict. You see I have made the bold stroke with the legs, but it sounds bolder in theory than it looks in practice, for at the height at which the statue will be placed, so much of the form being concealed by drapery, the absence of boots and trousers will be scarcely obvious, while on the other hand, it gives an infinitely higher style of art to the work. Mr. Gibson would not hear of my lumbering up the figure with them. He says, "Tell them that is my practice, and I am a veteran in my art." So you have his authority on the subject. I am going on at once with the larger statue, at the risk of its being approved, so weigh well your deliberations, for if you do not smile assent, my only consolation will be the Tiber.

Yours, H.

TO ———.

*Dear* ———:

ROME, Mar. (1861).

Like all the rest of us who are under the peculiar care of Providence, you and yours have been ill and I am anxious. For my part, I am beginning to recover my physical equilibrium, but there was a time when I thought the whole contents of Pandora's box had been emptied upon my hapless head. It is easier to keep well than to get well, in Rome, where if your system becomes debilitated, you are quite at the mercy of a train of ills which threaten and howl around you like the wolves round Rizpah, and no torch but the doctor's prescription to keep them off. However, both the wolves and the prescriptions are gradually hiding their diminished heads, so my case is not yet hopeless.

I had a discussion yesterday with Mr. May,\* he is a great woman's rights man, I find, just as much

\* Of Syracuse, N. Y.

so as it seems to me is reasonable, that is, he thinks every woman should have the power of educating herself for any profession and then practising it for her own benefit and the benefit of others. I don't approve of bloomerism and that view of woman's rights, but every woman should have the opportunity of cultivating her talents to the fullest extent, for they were not given her for nothing, and the domestic circle would not suffer thereby, because in proportion to the few who would prefer fighting their own way through the world, the number would be great who would choose a partner to fight it for them; but give those few a chance, say I. And those chances will be given first in America. What fun it would be to come back to this earth after having been a wandering ghost for a hundred years or so and see what has been going on in flesh while we have been going on in spirit!

Yours, H.

SIR HENRY LAYARD TO MISS HOSMER.

180 PICCADILLY, April 15, 1861.

*My dear Miss Hosmer:*

On coming to England I found myself in the volcano of a popular election. For a month I did nothing and could do nothing but roar myself hoarse in pressing my virtues and political qualifications upon the multitude. I was returned a member of Parliament, for Southwark, and then came the work of the House of Commons and hundreds of other things. In fine, you know a thing once put off rarely ever comes to pass. However, to-day, after a desperate resolution, I opened a bundle of unanswered letters, and the photograph of your design for a political monument, which you were kind enough to send me, reminded me that the first epistolary debt I had to discharge was to you.

I have heard vicariously of you from friends who are, or have been, at Rome, for who can go to the Eternal City, ever, without seeing or hearing of Miss Hosmer? And justly proud you may well be of the reputation you have made, for it is no ordinary thing for a young lady, in spite of prejudice and fashion, to fight her way through all the difficulties of a sculptor's profession, until she reaches the highest rank of it. I cannot tell you how much I have rejoiced at your success, not only on account of the regard and esteem I feel for you personally, but because of the example you have set to other women. I have lately been interesting myself (as the term is) for Miss Durant (a sculptress whom you may know by name, if not personally.) She has been competing for a marble statue to be raised in the Mansion House. In representing to our Lord Mayor and Aldermen the importance of giving fair encouragement to a woman of ability and energy, I cited your case. I am glad to say that Miss D. has succeeded, and is now about to execute a statue of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Gentle Shepherdess" in white marble, seven feet high. I hope she will succeed, as I look upon the experiment as one of much interest and importance.

I presume you have long since got over all your difficulties concerning your senator's extremities, of which you wrote so pathetically to me. They are extremely awkward things to deal with in gentlemen of this period, but what, may I ask, would you do with the same part of a lady's form, if you had to devise a colossal statue of one of our female worthies in the dress of the day, to be raised too, on a pedestal? I think on the whole you have had the least delicate and critical of the situations to deal with. It is really a triumph that you should have been entrusted with a great public monument of this nature, and I cannot tell you with how much interest I shall watch



your progress and success. I am afraid, however, that even "extremities" excluded, the subject is an ungrateful one. We go on raising statues to our heroes and public benefactors in this country, upon a safe principle. We cast all in the same mould (not perhaps an heroic one, but certainly typical of our day), and make no distinction except in that which holds them up behind. Sometimes it is the stump of a tree, sometimes a coil of rope, sometimes a bale of cotton. Indeed, the hero sculpturally, as well as morally, depends upon what he rests on.

It is too late, I presume, to offer any observations upon the photograph\* you were good enough to send me, and upon which you flattered me by asking my opinion. There was much in it I admired. The criticism I should dare to make (as you are kind eno' to allow me to speak openly) would be that you have given the composition a rather too cruciform character which might have been avoided by raising the child a little more, and you would, I think, then have added to the sentiment by giving to her the expression of astonishment of one risen from the dead.

I am very glad that you have taken to such subjects instead of classic ones. You have a wide field open. After all, the great end of art is to touch the multitude and not a class, or a select few. The most beautiful drapery-lacking Venuses and the most captivating Bacchuses fail to excite any real sympathy amongst men in general. It is that which appeals directly to the affections and sympathies of the time, that exacts universal interest. The great painters and sculptors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were very near to carrying art to its highest stage of perfection in this direction, when unfortunately revived sham classicism and mad heathenism stepped

\* A sepulchral monument.



in to spoil them. Don't tell Gibson this, or the next time I see him I shall have to run for my life.

I have very little indeed to tell you on the progress and state of art in this country. We are bringing painting, sculpture, and the fine arts in general to pretty much the same condition as Manchester manufactures and cast iron. The condition of the arts at any given period only represents the condition of the people, intellectual, social, and political. Artists are now crying out for protection, and the House of Commons is going to pass a Bill, a kind of copyright Bill, to protect them. Poor people! Mr. Frith only gets £9000 for a picture of a railway station, and Mr. Holman Hunt £6000 for a parcel of dirty Jerusalem Jews! Raphael and Michael Angelo did not want copyright acts. I have some hopes of your country, and I trust I shall not be disappointed. A great number of our friends look forward to seeing you in England this summer, and you must not disappoint them as you did last year.

Pray give my kind regards to Mr. Gibson, for whom, as you know, I entertain very great regard. Let me hear, too, if I can do anything for you in England. I will not behave so ill a second time as I have recently done. Hoping for your forgiveness, I am, my dear Miss Hosmer,

Yours very sincerely,

A. H. LAYARD.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, May (10) 1861.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

Rome is rapidly emptying itself of *forestieri*, and I am approaching that period which I truly adore, viz. when I shall have a little peace and quiet. Oh, how weary I get of the eternal round of strangers!

Such crowds as have been in Rome this winter! Sometimes I think I should like to go off to a desert island and never see another human being (nothing but a horse) as long as I live. However, I suppose that wouldn't do, for horses wouldn't want statues! . . .

Our glorious republic certainly seems to be in an uncommonly bad way, but we at this distance hope and feel that matters will yet be arranged, and that our dear old country (dear, if not old) will still hang together. I suppose clever statesmen foresaw all this when Lincoln was elected, but I am not of that category, and cannot say that I was quite prepared for such a storm. After all, is it not better that the crisis should come, and that we should see the ground upon which we fairly stand, than that the Union should drag on a wretched existence being union in nothing but the name?

Removed from the centre of action and excitement, the arguments of sense and humanity prevail in the minds of patriotic Roman-Americans, and we try to think we are not to be reduced to Duchies instead of glorying in the boundless Republic. Of course we await the arrival of news with much impatience. In the meantime don't grieve too much over affairs which seem to be beyond human control. Lincoln may be shot, Davis may be hung, but I pray God to watch tenderly over *you*.

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, May 23, 1861.

I received your letter of the 26th, and it made me very sad because you are so. I always think the sky must be very blue when you, with your brave heart, feel blue with it. By this time let us hope there may be some glimmering of light, and that our country will pause before actually beginning the bloody work;

pause and reflect, and reflecting, come to a more rational frame of mind. The English journals hail it as a good sign, that there is some hesitation about striking the first blow, and entertain strong hopes that, far as matters have already proceeded, there yet may be found a way of bringing about a real peace, short of absolute war.

The kindly feeling shown to the Prince of Wales, when in the United States, was the best evidence, after all, that we do not hate the English. And all the articles in their journals deplore the state of things in our country, as if the misfortune had fallen upon their own. I have heard only one opinion expressed, that of the purest and kindest personal feeling toward our nation. We wait with great anxiety and impatience to hear what is transpiring. Meanwhile do not bestow a single thought on me or my affairs. All in good time, and when there is such a weighty topic as throat-cutting to be discussed, the arts may well bide their time. . . .

I am on the point of launching another composition of mine for you to criticise, a fountain. You see I am in luck. . . . Some time in July I shall pick up my traps for Florence. How I wish I could stay here! but I have my hands full for next winter, and it would be a foolish policy. . . .

. . . You once asked me of Hans Andersen. Yes, during his stay here I frequently met him, and more than once he came to my studio. Before he left Rome I had the rare pleasure of hearing him read his "Ugly Duckling." He was a tall, gaunt figure of the Lincoln type with long, straight, black hair, shading a face striking because of its sweetness and sadness. He presented a personality so utterly unlike all my preconceived pictures of him, that I was slow to grasp the fact that the author of that sweetest little thing ever penned, "The Ugly Duckling," stood be-

fore me. The lines in the pale face bore witness to the hard struggles of his early life. Yet it was perhaps by reason of the very bitterness of his struggles, that he loved to dwell among the more kindly fairies in whose world he found no touch of hard humanity. Very pleasant he was, as he talked of art, of Thorwaldsen, his compatriot, a name dear to all lovers of art, of Rome's atmosphere in which he "felt he could do a little writing." I knew of course his book "The Improvisatore," redolent throughout of the atmosphere of Italy—of Rome and its Campagna, of Naples and its blue seas. . . .

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, June, 1861.

. . . I see that confidence is restored in the State of Missouri, which after all may be as reliable information as that of the prigging of Washington's bones, which statement, after having produced an intense feeling of excitement and disgust on this side of the Atlantic, was quietly pronounced a humbug in the last journals. I begin to find it scarcely worth while to get into such patriotic frenzies; one doesn't like to have one's sympathies and feelings lacerated for nothing. No doubt the state of things is bad enough, and too bad, but we are too far off from the battlefield to verify defeats or victories. Universal attention is turned homewards, and Italian affairs have dwindled in the European mind into insignificance by comparison. Count Cavour's death for the while diverted the channel, and certainly that was a frightful blow. This country has lost a good champion in him.

I send a photograph of my fountain. It is the Song of the Siren, and while she sings, the Amorini on their Dolphins stop to listen to her. The water falls from the shells which form the vase, so they will



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE SIREN





be seen, as it were, under the water. Mrs. Browning dubbed it most poetic. Do you call it tragic, comic, or lyric poetry? But never mind, wait till you see the model I am now making. It is to be so sweet that it ought only to play *eau sucrée*! But I haven't given you its history. It is for Lady Marion Alford, to be placed in the conservatory of Alford House at Prince's Gate in London, where it will be seen to the best advantage by those who can best appreciate such things. Isn't it a jolly commission?

Yours, H.

A friend has further described the fountain thus:

“A Siren kneeling on a tall rock, surrounded by water, sings to the accompaniment of a flute of reeds which she holds in her hand, and draws around her a group of beautiful baby boys, who, on the backs of dolphins, listen with upturned faces to the fascinating songstress. One little fellow finds his dolphin steed rather refractory, and pulls him by the ear (or rather fin), until both horse and rider are nearly overturned in the struggle.”

ANTIGNIANO, Aug. 27, 1861.

Dear Mr. Crow:

I doubt if you have ever heard of this place, and I cannot wonder, since I never knew of its existence, having lived so near it, till a week before I came here. I was driven out of Rome, and Providence so ordained that I should join a party who, being ruined by the war, wished to combine sea air with no expense. And I may truly say, this is the place for paupers. It is a little village, near Leghorn, fifteen hours from Rome, and a great discovery for the benefit of those who cannot go far nor fast.

Tell me of you all, in this most trying time of

private and public calamity. Truly we must have committed some great sin, to be forced to expiate it in this manner. . . .

Sorrow has been upon us, here too, in the death of Mrs. Browning. Had you known her, no one could better have appreciated, or more warmly have admired her, for her truly angelic character. She lives in my heart, and in my memory, as the most perfect human being I have ever known. To have seen her, and to have been admitted to her friendship, I must always consider as one of the happiest events of my life, inasmuch as in the study of her character one saw to what a degree of beauty human nature may attain even in this unfavoring world. The calmness of her death, too, was a fitting close to the beauty of her life, for after thanking her husband for all his devotion to her, she laid her head upon his shoulder and died as peacefully as if she were going to sleep.

Yours, H.

After Mrs. Browning's death, Mr. Browning sent to Miss Hosmer a photograph of her:

*Dearest Hattie:*

PARIS, Sep. 24, '61.

You will like to have what I send you, I know. It may be a long time before we meet again and you must remember me kindly. God bless you.

Ever yours affectionately,

ROBERT BROWNING.

As has been elsewhere stated the legislators of Missouri, in 1860, had given Miss Hosmer the commission to make a statue in bronze of Thomas Hart Benton. The design had been approved by the committee of whom Mr. Crow was one, and he received the following letter:



HARRIET HOSMER AT WORK





## JOHN GIBSON TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Sir:*

October 25, 1861.

Being informed that you are chairman of the committee appointed to erect a portrait statue to the late Mr. Benton, I venture to address respectfully these few lines to you, and pray that you will lay my letter before the gentlemen of the committee over which you preside.

The other day on my return to Rome from a visit to England, I saw the model, now finished, for the bronze statue of the late Colonel Benton, modelled by Miss Hosmer, and it is with the greatest pleasure I offer my opinion, such as it is, upon the work.

The general effect is grand and simple; the ample cloak which covers considerably the odious modern dress is rich and broad, and the folds are managed with great skill, producing graceful lines. The head, a fine subject, is reflective and well modelled; also the position of the hands holding the map, is natural and well composed. In fact, sir, I consider this work does the author great honor, and I feel it will give satisfaction to the gentlemen of the committee who had the penetration to entrust the execution of such a work to their countrywoman; and, sir, I may add that the Americans may now boast of possessing what no nation in Europe possesses, a public statue by a woman, a little woman—young, with great talent and love of her art.

I have the honor to remain, sir, your obedient humble servant,

JOHN GIBSON,  
Sculptor, of Rome.

The plaster cast of the model, when completed, was sent to Munich, Bavaria, to be put into bronze at the royal foundry.

The statue is colossal, being ten feet in height. It is placed on a pedestal of equal height, upon a foundation two feet above the ground, so that the head is twenty-two feet above the level of the beholder,—not too much, for the open air is a great diminisher of size.

The figure is draped in a Roman cloak, such as Colonel Benton was fond of wearing. He is unrolling a map and pointing towards the Pacific shores and is saying, “There is the East. There is India.”

TO MISS DUNDAS.

ROME, Monday, Dec. 28, 1861.

*My dear A——:*

Fancy my joy on opening your welcome letter, to find that stern but precious face peering at me! But fancy my still greater joy when I found the assurance in your own handwriting that I am really to see the original in Rome at no very distant day! I heard you were coming, but having lived long enough and grown wise enough to distrust every pleasant bit of intelligence, I refused to admit the conviction until you authorized me to do so. You will find Rome unchanged save in the loss of our dear Mr. Hay. The Studio Gibson, with the *capo d'opera* of a hole in the door, is quite intact, as well as the master, who, being informed that you were shortly to arrive, said, “Oh! I am very glad of it, I am indeed.” Pray do not imagine I have a palatial studio, not a bit of it, a very modest, unpretending one, except in point of size, near Mr. Gibson’s in the via Margutta; a temporary one until I can secure the plot of ground, garden and all, upon which I have fixed envious eyes for the last three years.

I hope I shall be able to show you my Zenobia before it leaves for the great exhibition, but if you

do not arrive by the last of January it will be gone. I am very busy now upon a fountain for Lady Marian Alford, which shall not be described, but shown. Here I am rushing wildly on and never wishing you and all of yours the happiest New Year in the world, which I meant to have done at first. The reason why I did not respond at once to yours was because I wanted to send you my photograph, and thought by this time I might have accomplished it, not of my head alone (oh, no, for the fact is, when one has a nose like mine it is of no use trying), but on horseback, when naturally the face, and the impertinent s-center of it, becomes such an infinitesimal dose that it is not obtrusive nor *snub*-stantial. But circumstances have conspired to frustrate my object, and I will not let the old year go by, or the new one come in, without reporting myself.

By the way, I hear there is a letter waiting for me at the Poste Restante. Would it bore you too much to bring it along with you? It may be an offer of marriage for all I know, and those chances come far too seldom to neglect any! And in return can I do anything for you in the way of making your arrival cheerful? If so, pray make use of me.

Of course you come with equestrian intentions, we have never had a ride on the Campagna, a negligence we must atone for, without loss of time. I don't know that you are aware that my equine family now consists of two members, two very great darlings whose acquaintance you must consider indispensable for the sake of their mistress. . . .

Some rainy day, when you can't lionize, write again to  
Yours, H.

In the beginning of 1862, Miss Hosmer heard of her father's death. It came rather suddenly, and she said little about it, for of her sorrows she could not

speak. She only gave herself more earnestly to her work, to forget her grief. She was left independent by her father's moderate fortune, and according to his expressed wish, she placed her affairs in the hands of her second father, Mr. Crow, by whom they were judiciously cared for, so long as he lived. It was a coincidence that at this time he was the friendly caretaker of the business interests not only of Harriet Hosmer, but also of Charlotte Cushman, and of Fanny Kemble, three of the distinguished women of their day.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, March, 1862.

I am thoroughly ashamed, as I think of the interval since you last heard the sound of my quill. Weeks and months have fled, and my good resolutions have always gone in search of the fugitives. Meantime we have been in a state of perpetual excitement, relative to the war news from home. One fact is clear, that though we love our country well enough to live out of it, we yet take as much interest in its welfare as if we lived in it. The state of affairs must have been deplorable, and nothing to be thought of beyond powder and balls. . . .

You don't know what a grand place they have assigned the Zenobia in the English exhibition. A small octagonal temple is to be erected, with niches on four sides, to be lined with Pompeian red. Into three of these go Mr. Gibson's colored statues, and into the fourth my own unworthy one. This structure is to be just in the centre of the Exhibition Hall, with an admirable light. This is owing to Mr. Layard, principally. The Prince of Wales sends his copy of



THE FAVORITE HUNTER





Puck, Lady Marion Alford her Medusa. The latter writes me that there is nothing to compare with the bustle and whirl of London in view of the exhibition. The death of the Prince Consort, although it will undoubtedly cast a certain shadow over what was his original scheme, yet will not affect its ultimate success so much as was at first feared. . . .

I hear there is a wonderful fellow in Boston called Dr. R——, who teaches art by a miracle, and that even dear Miss E—— P—— hopes at the end of twelve lessons to be turned out an accomplished artist! Either the master or the pupil must be very sanguine and know very little about the length of that road, if they expect such happy results in so short a time! . . .

Yours, H.

The visit of some dear friends in Rome ended in great sorrow, and Miss Hosmer writes:

#### TO MISS DUNDAS.

*My dear A——:* ROME, April 20, 1862.

I was glad to get your letter from Paris. It assured me that you were all well and so far safe on your journey, and it assured me, too, that in thinking of me among the first of your friends, while your heart is full of sorrow,\* you count me very near to you. I have been wanting to write ever since you left here, but I thought it would be a more considerate love which should withhold from you what must inevitably recall all that you have left so dear to you in Rome. I have followed you very closely in thought and sympathy, and have grieved to feel how very sad must be the meeting at home with those whose sor-

\* For the death of a younger sister.

row is as great as your own; but a kind Providence never permits a deep affliction to visit us without sending, as merciful balm, sweet and consoling remembrance; and He has given you the most comforting in dear Bessie's ever gentle and happy memory. I am sure, my A——, that you would never give such depth to your sorrow as to become unmindful of how long her sisterly love and tenderness were spared you. We are assured, and it is this belief which throws sunshine over the darkest shadows of life, that however inexplicable to us are sometimes the decrees of Providence, they are forever wise and just and merciful, and that sooner or later we shall have wisdom to acknowledge them as blessings.

It is very good of you to say that it is a comfort to you that I shall place her tomb over her, and surely a loving hand and eye may do it more carefully than a stranger's. I will do it as if for my own sister, and I hope that it may be worthy of her and of your confidence in me. I have lost no time in beginning it, and if the hand could work as fast as the will, I would place it before I leave Rome, but that will be impossible. Will you say to your dear mother that we have been obliged to make it of marble to the ground, that is, to what was the ground in the design. I had it drawn full size, and I found it could not be done in any other way. It required a larger block of marble, but it will be very handsome when finished.

I will indeed come to Largo this summer, I want much to see you again, the more perhaps that I did not say good-by to you in Rome; but it was best so. It would only have been sorrowful for both. Pray write to me again. We do not leave Rome till June. In London I shall be first at Lady Eastlake's. . . .

Always yours, H.

## TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, May 15, 1862.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

With events crowding so fast upon one another, so exciting and so important, we all hope to hear that a conclusion of the war at no distant period is inevitable. News of the taking of New Orleans has just reached us and is of course most important. Not only is it productive of misery enough at home, but they say the suffering in England from the war is fearful in consequence of no demand for work among the cotton spinners. My only fear has been that some foreign power would step in and make matters more complicated, but at the rate at which we are advancing it looks as if we were going to settle the business ourselves. But what am I doing, talking in this way to you who are on the spot!

We leave Rome in two weeks, that is, Miss Cushman, Miss Stebbins, Mr. Gibson and I. Everybody is wending towards England to see the Great Exhibition. As I did not see the first, I am particularly anxious to see the last.

Yours, H.

Further letters of this time have not been found. Letters of Miss Hosmer's were often sought by autograph collectors, which accounts for the long intervals occurring between those given here.

The next year this letter came from the distinguished astronomer, Mrs. Mary Somerville:

## TO MISS HOSMER.

SPEZIA, 5th Feb., 1863.

A thousand thanks, my dear Miss Hosmer, for your charming photographs. I heartily congratulate you on

your brilliant success in the most difficult and refined of all the arts, and am charmed with what you have so kindly sent to me. Mary Lloyd writes to Martha that the bas-relief you have in hand is exquisitely beautiful, and from her description I am sure it must be exquisitely poetical. I hope in time to have a photograph of it, for as my travelling days are past, I never can expect to see the original; but I hope to live to see the author once more and to tell her I am proud of the triumph of my sex, but she must not delay too long. We shall be here, I trust, till the end of autumn, and I do hope that you and your friend Miss Cushman, whom we shall be delighted to see, will come this way and remain longer than you did last year. I am sure after so much mental excitement you must require rest, before you undertake new works. Tell Mr. Gibson, with my love, that I am still writing more "nonsense about the sky and the stars" than ever I did, besides sinning mortally about things on earth. Be sure you reproach him for not sending me a photograph of his Pandora, which I am dying to see. At the same time, you may say he shall be forgiven gladly, if he will *bring* it.

I see by the newspapers that you have been boating in the streets of Rome; the same has happened in Florence, but we have been worse off, for we have been living on an island. Torrents from the mountains have five different times filled our streets a foot and a half deep; we were on one occasion absolutely shut up for two days and nights, and an old English acquaintance, coming to call, was ignominiously carried on a man's back; and as the dolphins in the gulf are no longer as amiable as they were wont to be, his wife and I, scorning anything so prosaic, did not meet.

There is no one here at this season, and we contrive



to pass the time very well. I scribble in the morning, read the newspapers and a novel in the afternoon, and when my eyes are tired play Patience at night. Martha and Mary [her daughters] have reading and music to amuse them in bad weather, and drawing in the mountain valleys when the sun shines. They delight me by bringing bunches of beautiful wild spring flowers. Though no one can admire a highly-cultivated garden more than I do, there is a charm in wild uncultivated nature that is indescribable, and which in a few years will vanish from the greater part of Europe. In this quiet lovely spot there is nothing but destruction, preparing for an arsenal, a deposit of weapons of defence as well as annoyance.

Tell Mary Lloyd that I rejoice in the prospect of seeing her and my friend Miss Cobbe, and that I wish them much enjoyment in their journey to the Holy Land.

Yours, my dear Miss Hosmer,

Ever sincerely,

MARY SOMERVILLE.

Miss Hosmer, in writing of her first meeting with Mrs. Somerville, said:

“In returning from a summer’s outing in Switzerland I met Mrs. Mary Somerville, and by invitation, visited her afterwards in her pretty villa near Spezia. On entering, I found her busily arranging papers while a parrot perched on her shoulder was as busily engaged in picking her cap, an attention which apparently did not in the least distract her mind from her work. ‘This parrot,’ said Mrs. Somerville, tenderly stroking his beak, ‘we know to be ninety years old and maybe more, and considering his age, he is a very active old boy. We have much in common in respect of activity and age.’ She was then past

eighty, and at that time was occupied in revising her 'Physical Sciences.' The conversation soon turned upon scientific matters, during which Mrs. Somerville remarked that 'it was not well to import too much science into the kitchen.' That very morning her English servant had given warning, adding that 'she could not remain in any family where she was called bad names, that Miss Somerville had grossly insulted her!' Miss Somerville was summoned to answer to the charge. 'Yes,' said she, 'I called her a parallel-obiped!'

Carlyle growled out one day that 'Mrs. Somerville had never done anything original.' To the Carlyle mind, wherein women never played any conspicuous part, perhaps not, but no one, man or woman, ever possessed a clearer insight into complicated problems, or possessed a greater gift of rendering such problems clear to the mind of the student, one phase of originality, surely. Mrs. Somerville with her two daughters came afterwards to Rome, but eventually moved on to Naples, where she died at the age of ninety-two, vigorous to the last. To her the book of Nature revealed a world of continued enchantment, whose wonders she loved to unveil to visions less keen than her own, and kindly Nature, as if grateful for being presented in so fair a guise, spared her the last pain of humanity, and one summer night called her gently away in her sleep."

## CHAPTER VII

1864-1866

To return to Zenobia; after the English exhibition the statue was shown in New York and Boston, and during that summer (1864) Miss Hosmer spent some months in her own country. Her greatest pleasure and her first visit were to her beloved teacher, Mrs. Sedgwick, who was ill, and before she returned to Italy she received from her this letter:

*Dearest Hatty:* LENOX, Oct. 27, '64.

One more good-by and God bless you. I had great pleasure in seeing you. I find you always so true hearted, and you are not spoiled but improved by success; you are progressive. Be a good Christian and remain a good, bright American. When I get my spirit wings, I shall surely come to you, though I may not be able to render you conscious of my presence.

Your loving old friend,  
E. B. SEDGWICK.

At this time Mrs. L. M. Child addressed the following letter to the Boston *Transcript*. It gives interesting details respecting the Zenobia. She says:

"This is the third week of the exhibition, and nearly fifteen thousand people have paid homage to

the Queen, while the gallery continues to be crowded daily.

In the notices I have seen, it is assumed that the face is altogether ideal; but the fact is, the features were copied from an ancient coin of the Queen of Palmyra, to which the artist has imparted the mingled expression of her dignified character and her fallen fortunes. To me it is more interesting as a likeness than it would be if the head were purely ideal. Cleopatra and Zenobia were descended from the same line of Macedonian kings, and both received a wonderful inheritance of beauty; but neither in the character nor person of Zenobia was there any trace of the voluptuousness and coquetry which distinguished her royal relative of Egypt. It was her womanly modesty, her manly courage, and her intellectual tastes, which first attracted Miss Hosmer toward her; and the result of her loving study of the character is this marble embodiment of the Queen of the East, by a Queen of the West.

When I saw Miss Hosmer during her last visit to this country, her whole soul was filled with Zenobia. She was searching libraries to find every allusion to her, whether historic or romantic; but she was so much in love with her subject that she rejected, as unworthy of belief, the statement that the fortitude of Zenobia was ever shaken by her misfortunes. To her imagination she was superbly regal, in the highest sense of the word, from first to last. Like a genuine artist, Miss Hosmer aimed at a true marriage of the real and the ideal. Hence she spared no pains to ascertain the probable admixture of Grecian and Oriental in the costume of Zenobia and her court."

The poet Whittier said of this statue, "It very fully expresses my conception of what historical sculpture should be. It tells its whole proud and

melancholy story. The shadowy outlines of the majestic limbs, which charmed us in the romance of William Ware, are here fixed and permanent (a joy forever). In looking at it, I felt that the artist had been as truly serving her country, while working out her magnificent design abroad, as our soldiers in the field and our public officers in their departments."

While at home Miss Hosmer indulged in some characteristic verses, and the why and wherefore of them may be thus explained. Rome was then beginning to attract women as well as men students to its treasures of art. The men, who had hitherto held sway and arrogated to themselves all the advantages of the classic city, were inclined to resent the incoming of sister artists, and the lesser lights were not so hospitable towards them as were the greater ones, such as Gibson, Crawford, and Story. It was even whispered that the gossip and chat of the Caffè Greco were not always of the most kindly. This same Caffè was long noted as the haunt of men who formed the literary and artistic element of Rome. This was not because of its comfort or luxury, for neither was to be found within its two, or, perhaps three, small rooms, all equally dingy and smoke-darkened. The furniture was of the plainest, and only the attraction of congenial spirits served to fill the tables, where *vino ordinario* and good coffee were served. Evidently echoes from its walls had reached our artist and awakened her witty pen.

The following are the lines first printed in the New York *Evening Post*, during the summer of 1864:



THE DOLEFUL DITTY OF THE ROMAN  
CAFFE GRECO.

'Twas in the Greek Caffé,  
Half screened from public eye,  
We sat, not many months ago,  
Melpomene and I.

We sat, and saw in that long room  
Upon the right hand side,  
That souls, though made of sternest stuff,  
Are sometimes sternly tried.

And in the outer, groups  
Of artists sat apart,  
And much was said of other things,  
Tho' nought was said of art.

But the luckless half-a-dozen  
Sat motionless and mute;  
Each had his heavy, brooding thought,  
And each had his cheroot.

When rose a portly figure,  
With beard as black as jet,  
In slightly nasal accents said:  
"We all know why we've met.

"'Tis time, my friends, we cogitate,  
And make some desperate stand,  
Or else our sister artists here  
Will drive us from the land.

"It does seem hard that we at last  
Have rivals in the clay,  
When for so many happy years  
We had it all our way.

“Those good old times—alas! I feel  
That I have said enough,  
And think, with due respect to art,  
I’ll take another puff.”

Then rose a man of stature small,  
The smallest far of them,  
And mild and plausible he looked,  
And hemmed a little hem.

“No fault of mine, my brothers,  
I beg you to recall,  
To root this evil from the land,  
I’ve done my little all.

“For many years this question hath  
Employed my artist mind;  
I moved with caution, and with skill  
And strategy combined.

“Nor time, nor patience have I spared,  
But this don’t seem to do;  
Ye all know that, but what is worse,  
Our sisters know it too.”

He said, and looked the Roman,  
Although a trifle small;  
Melpomene half whispered he  
In some respects was Gaul.

But, Gaul or Roman, loud applause  
His observations hailed.  
Up rose a third. “We know you tried,  
What if we know you failed?

“We feel full well, my brother,  
That truth which none deny;  
No race is certain to the swift,  
No battle to the sly.

“It is in what we strive to do  
Our greatest merit lies—  
Though scarce a victor, yet in you  
Our chief we recognize.”

Whereat, o’erspread with modest blush,  
The hero rose and smiled,  
And sang his little song of thanks,  
Still plausible and mild.

Yet, ere the song was fairly sung,  
A man of grizzled hue  
Inquired, in somewhat ursine speech,  
“Well, what are you going to do?”

Each waited for the other  
To speak with vacant stare,  
Until the awful pause was broke  
By him of silvered hair.

A little fun was in his eye,  
And banter in his tone:  
“I deal,” quoth he, “my brothers,  
In canvas, not in stone.

“In short, I’m not a sculptor;  
So, well do I surmise,  
I cannot with you keenly feel  
Just where your aching lies.

“We know our loving sisters  
Are somewhat in your way;  
We know ’tis hard that while you work  
That they should ‘pat their clay.’

“Yet for your present ills  
The remedy I’ve hit  
Is, when you cannot help yourself,  
To make the best of it.

“ And then, again, my brothers,  
One point attention claims,  
Is it a very manly thing  
To battle with these dames?

“ I sometimes think, for when I speak  
My mind, I speak it all,  
Recalling, too, what others feel,  
It *does* look somewhat small.

“ Suppose you try another plan,  
More worthy art and you;  
Suppose you give them for their works  
The credit which is due.

“ An honest and a kindly word,  
If spoken now and then,  
Would prove what seems a doubtful point  
You could, at least, be *men*.”

. . . . .

He spoke, and sat; no voice replied,  
Each lip confusion locks,  
And nought was heard, save distant sounds,  
Of “ Coffee, two *bajocs*.”

A furtive glance or two were cast  
To where the chieftain sat,  
He hemmed his hem, and each moustache  
Was pulled, this way and that.

“ And for that I am woman,”  
Melpomene was heard  
Soliloquizing, “ will I sing  
This ditty, word for word.”

The clock struck ten; I minded me  
Of friends, at home, to sup;  
And when we left, what little mind  
They had, was not made up.

It was while Miss Hosmer was in Boston that the brilliant litterateur, George S. Hillard, wrote of her design for a gold bronze door:

“The general idea embodied by the artist is the progress of nature from evening till morning, illustrated by imaginative designs drawn from the air, the earth, and the sea. At the top of the door is an emblematic female figure representing Air, and below, on the left, is Earth, and on the right Ocean. Beneath, in two compartments, the main conception is embodied in various designs to which the following may serve as a key:—

AIR.			
EARTH.		SEA.	
Vintage.		Fishing.	
<hr/>			
The Twelve Hours of the Night.			
1	2	3	4
Eolus subdues the Winds.	Zephyr borne to the Earth.	Iris descends with the Dew.	Night rises with the Stars.
5	6	7	8
The Hours sleep.	The Moon rises.	The Dreams descend.	The Falling Star.
9	10	11	12
Phosphor and Hesper.	The Hours wake.	Aurora veils the Stars.	Morning.
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Centaurs and Wood Nymphs.		Tritons and Sea Nymphs.	

It will be seen from this description how much of poetic feeling and genuine invention this design includes, and the separate compartments are singularly graceful, animated with the best spirit of Greek art, and yet anything but a tame imitation of existing types.

Miss Hosmer's works, so conscientiously executed, when compared with each other show uniform and



marked progress, and they show how diligently she has toiled, and with how resolute a struggle after the highest excellence. 'Without haste, without rest,' has been her motto. Her success has been proportionate to her earnestness and fidelity. She has already commissions which will take two or three years to complete. With her, indeed, the 'past is unsighed for and the future sure.' "

TO HARRIET HOSMER.

Black upon white—*my* art no higher goes,  
No better skill *my* pen prosaic knows.  
*You* need not stain the virgin page, who write  
So fine a hand in lines of purest white.

G. S. HILLARD.

Boston, September, 1864.

Zenobia \* was first shown in New York at a private reception, where were met, to do honor to the young artist, such men and women as Bancroft, Tuckerman, Bryant, Church, Grey, Kensett, Bierstadt, Gifford, Eastman Johnson, Drs. Bellows, Beecher, Osgood, and Huntington; Mrs. Stowe, Miss Catherine Sedgwick, Madame Botta and many others distinguished in art and letters.

This statue was bought by Mr. Almon Griswold of New York; another copy by Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, another by Mr. Robert W. Emmons of Boston, and by him presented to the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, recently built and donated to the city by Wayman Crow. One copy is in the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York, and others are owned both in America and in England.

\* Zenobia was later exhibited in Chicago.

An enthusiastic admirer wrote these lines, which well describe the statue.\*

### ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

The passive hands  
Held loosely by their golden weight of chain,—  
The heavy folds of mantle and of robe  
Partaking of her majesty,—the mien  
So full of royal dignity and grace,—  
Thus, with a cloud upon the perfect face,  
A shadowy sorrow veiling all its fire,  
A world of passion sleeping on the lips  
And longing eyes that spoke the heart within,—  
Zenobia walked through Rome.

She does not see  
The changing looks of pity or of hate  
That fall on her from unfamiliar eyes;  
Nor hear the rumble of the chariot wheels  
That bear the haughty conqueror. Away  
Beyond the yellow Tiber and the flow  
Of the blue sea that laps the Syrian strand,  
Beyond the reach of desert and of plain  
She stands beside the temples of her gods  
In fair Palmyra. Round her in the air  
The swaying palm trees nod their tufted plumes,  
And Eastern blossoms, drunk with eastern bloom,  
Fling perfume from their honeyed chalices.

She hears within her palace walls once more  
Her children's voices, playing in the shade  
That filters through the garden walks. Or proud  
With all the blazoned pageantry of war,  
She leads again from out the city gates  
The shining legions of her dauntless hosts,  
And hears, like incense rising from their lips,  
The shout of praise that lifts her name to Heaven.

\* Attributed to Miss Ticknor.



ZENOBIA



Her heart is with Palmyra as it stood  
 In bygone days, her glory and her pride;  
 Nor in her silent musing does she dream  
 Of that dark hour when captive and alone  
 She saw the royal purple of her robe  
 Grow dim f<sup>o</sup>r<sup>e</sup>ver with the stain of blood,  
 And dust of desolation!

. . . . .

O pale mute marble! most serenely still,  
 Yet eloquent with more than voiceful thought,  
 Thus stand forever, holding through all time  
 The passing record of a passing hour:  
 And, with the seal of silence on thy lips,  
 Yet speak the lessons of a vanished past!

Two letters, though of later date, may well be given here:

MISS TICKNOR \* TO MISS HOSMER.

BOSTON, Feb. 27, 1865.

All the weeks of that Queen's reign were great and good, like the first, and of the last week of her sovereign rule over New England, I wish to talk to you about her again, my dear Hatty.

As I have seen so few of your correspondents, I do not know how much they may have told you, of that which I am likely to say, but no matter. The number of people who have gone to see Zenobia is enormous. The janitor tells me that on Saturday night (this is Monday) it had reached 17,385. No single work of art ever attracted so much attention here, and the sum total of praise and admiration has been so immensely prevailing, that criticism has had a hard struggle even to get in a word. I think you may feel assured that your greatest work has been warmly

\* The daughter of George Ticknor.



and heartily appreciated, that it has made a strong impression on the New England mind. Your agent has served you well, and has spared no pains in giving Zenobia the best opportunity to have her beauty and power truly estimated. He has received your decision not to have the statue exhibited anywhere else, and is much satisfied that no further risk is to be incurred about it. He says the success here has enhanced, to Mr. Griswold, the value of his possession very greatly, and that he too, will be much relieved at not having it further exposed.

It has been delightful to go into Zenobia's throne room, day after day, and see it always filled with people who looked upon her thoughtfully and with evident admiration. Almost every time I have gone in, there have been from twenty to forty persons there, and I constantly find acquaintances such as you would be glad to have about her. I enclose some more clippings like those I sent two weeks ago. A mem. just sent to me says that of the 17,385 attendants, two-thirds were paying visitors, and that the total number in New York was 6,328. The article from the "Atlantic Monthly" \* was used the first two weeks as a circular, to put in the hands of visitors. The poetry, I hear, was written by a young Irish girl; it has merit enough for a somewhat higher origin, and is therefore the more interesting, coming from such a source.

Now I shall leave the pen to Mamma.

Yours,

ANNA E. TICKNOR.

MRS. GEORGE TICKNOR TO MISS HOSMER.

I really have nothing to add, dear Harriet, but ditto, to the above, except that my own enjoyment

\* See Appendix B.

of the noble work has been continued from the first night, and that the bit of poetry which Anna sends you anonymously is by herself, and it is so good that I cannot let her modesty prevail.

Last Saturday, we went to see the Queen by evening light, and the effect was so startlingly beautiful that I could not repress a very audible exclamation. We had left Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Cogswell in great comfort smoking their cigars, but our report sent them, within five minutes, to see if we were right, and they came back full of admiration, recompensed for their effort. You will perceive from all sources what interest has been excited, how much admiration felt, how widely your name and fame are spread, and I think you will be content.

Ellen Robbins\* and her lessons, I suppose you know, are at the top of the fashion. All the lovely young girls and many wealthy mammas are grouped at her talks, and she is doing good, not only in developing faculty and taste, but in cultivating a perception of simple beauty. I wish I had anything to tell you, dear child, that would interest you, but compared with all that surrounds you, the affairs of little Boston are very tame.

I am glad to hear that in spite of fox-hunting, your neck is safe thus far. I wish I were where you could run in to brighten us with a greeting; since it cannot be, I hope that you are always able to cheer those near you and to be cheered by them. I congratulate you that you have not known such a winter as we have gone through, cold and snow for six weeks, and the rest of the time, snow and cold. Keep a warm place in your heart for us frozen barbarians, and send us a word when you have a chance.

Always affectionately yours,

ANNA TICKNOR.

\* The well-known painter of wild flowers.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, Nov. 31, 1864.

*My dear* ———:

As I passed through New York on my way to Washington, I made it a point to see the Zenobia, and I enjoyed the opportunity much. The statue tells its story most successfully. It lives and moves with the solemn grace of a dethroned Queen.

Character and drapery are both given with consummate skill. I know enough of the sculptor's art to recognize the labor, as well as talent, which Miss Hosmer must have brought to this masterpiece, not only in its original conception, but in the details of its execution. I rejoice in such a work by an American artist, as in a new poem.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

After the visit home Miss Hosmer writes:

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

LONDON, Nov., 1864.

I got over the herring pond a little better than usual, had a very good and passably short crossing, arrived in England and fell into the arms of Lady Marian Alford who conveyed me to Ashridge. You see how easily I am seduced from the path of virtue; but isn't life too short to be always doing your duty? I saw Mrs. Kemble for just five minutes in London.

I found my credit with Stuart all right. At Morgan's I was reading it with some other letters and then turned it over to Mr. Morgan. "What's this?" said he. "Business letter for your perusal," said I. "Nonsense," said he, "what is the use of that letter? You have the run of my bank for any amount you like, in any way you like." "Nothing like credit," said I, "it's as good as gold."

I dine with them to-morrow. Mrs. Morgan is going to Rome this winter. Friday I go to Ashridge again for a couple of days. It is really difficult to know what to do with so many good friends, who in the goodness of their hearts would keep me, I am sure, till—they get tired of me!

Yours, H.

Miss Hosmer had been instrumental in getting up a hunting club in Rome, and in importing a pack of hounds from England. For many years she was one of its most generous and enthusiastic members. In the following letters mention occurs of the hunting:

*Dear Mr. Crow:* ROME, Dec. 30, 1864.

I can only now say that I have got fairly to work and have got my clay harness on again. The winter will be scarcely worth having unless I eke it out with a good bit of the summer. I find my studio progressing. Every day I go and prowl about the domain, and feel myself quite a Roman proprietor and have the greatest satisfaction in looking upon the spot where everything is to be, and where nothing *is*, as Mrs. Kemble said of Washington. When it is done, I may say without exaggeration there will be no studio in Rome which can hold a candle to it. My Faun is going on rapidly and the marble is excellent.

We went yesterday to see the grand bronze-gilt statue lately discovered, and it is really sublime. Much as I had heard of it, I had no conception of its great beauty. Then we saw the hole, forty feet deep, in which it has lain hidden for eighteen hundred years. Is it not wonderful that at last, by the merest chance, it has been permitted to see the light? It is, as perhaps you know, a colossal statue of the young

Hercules, with the Lion's skin in one hand and something, which might be the apples of Hesperides, in the other. But whatever it *was*, it *is* the grandest thing! It is to be placed in the circular court of the Vatican, which is to be covered over with glass, and will be one of the gems of the place.

On Monday I make my first appearance this season in the hunting field, so any time you may expect to hear of cracked bones and gelatinous flesh.

Yours, H.

Dear Mr. Crow:

ROME, Jan., 1865.

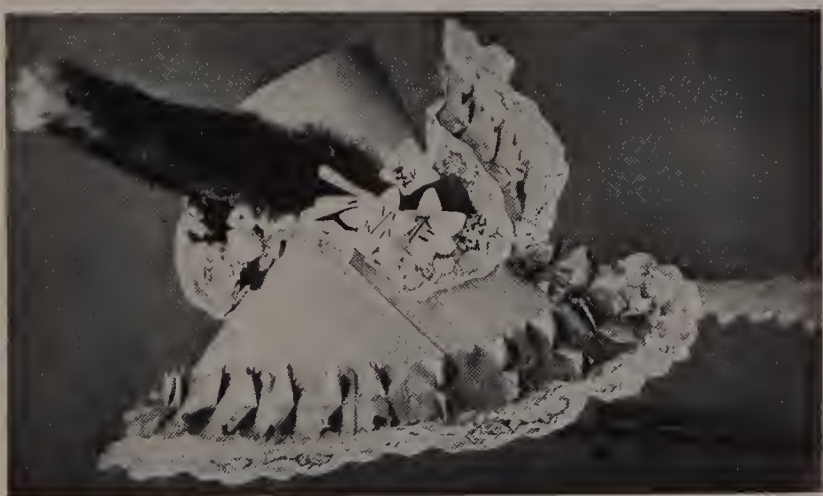
We had a very good run on Monday, in process of which, no less than fourteen individuals upset. There has been rather a chapter of accidents, there being about two dislocated shoulders, one broken arm, a broken wrist, and a cracked leg, besides bruises and sprains too numerous to mention. Such is life! . . . We all turned a somerset when we heard of the successful issue of Sherman's march. . . .

Later.

Cræsus has smiled on me this year. I have nothing to complain of in the way of work, and only wish I had more marbles to show in my studio. The season is now drawing to a close, and *forestieri* are thinking of rushing away.

We had three very gay days on the occasion of the Pope's *fiesta*; grand illuminations and fireworks and all sorts of Meg's diversions. But the *fiesta* at which I should most have liked to see you was one of my own getting up. I am sorely tempted to send you a programme. It was a frisk called "Mrs. Dent's Bonnet." Mrs. Dent being the huntsman's wife, and this was her Benefit. The performance consisted of riding at loose rails and paying five francs penalty for every one thrown down. We had great fun, plenty of





MRS. DENT'S BONNET  
(TWO FEET HIGH)



riders, and a most aristocratic audience. All the royalties in Rome were present, the day was heavenly, a real summer's day, and everything went off so well that the general vote is to have it repeated next year. Then there was jumping for the grand prize, and the grand prize was the *Bonnet*, the winner "to enjoy the happy privilege of passing it round for the benefit of Mrs. Dent." I will enclose a photograph of the artistic Bonnet. I think you will agree with me that the "brush," as a feather, was a stroke of genius. I felt rather proud of the grand success of the whole affair, for it was looked upon as my particular *festa*, certainly it was my own invention. The receipts from contributions and penalties amount to £45. Not bad for a frisk. . . .

Yours, H.

ROME, May 5, 1865.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I received your kindest of letters yesterday, in which you tell me to my sincere joy how much you like Zenobia. I can't say how greatly I am pleased that you found her worthy. It is a real delight and makes me proud. I won't say next, but alongside of my master, I work to please you, and it is true encouragement when you express yourself so warmly upon the result of my labors. . . .

Yours, H.

At its exhibition in Chicago, both Zenobia and the artist received hearty recognition.\*

This year of 1865 was a very full one in many ways for the artist. The Sleeping Faun was shown in the Dublin Exhibition. Her new studio was being built, her own apartment in the Palazzetto Barberini was

\* See Appendix C.

being prepared for her future home, and her stable was being arranged.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, May 16, 1865.

Hurrah, hurrah! dear Pater, you are really coming! It seems one of the impossibilities of chance, and I can't yet quite believe it. I fear I cannot get away early, not only on account of my work, but because I must stay until my studio has got as far as the pavement, the plastering, and the paint, else I can't be in it next winter. I have just seen a notice of the Dublin Exhibition, which says, "Mr. Story's Saul, Miss Hosmer's Sleeping Faun, and a colossal statue of Pio Nono are first among the exhibits. . . ."

I have also a letter from Mr. Doyle, Superintendent of the Fine Art Department, saying, "I hear a strong and general desire expressed that your beautiful work may become a permanent possession of the city of Dublin."

I suspect from this that Mr. Guinness is going to present it as a public gift to be placed in the Exhibition Building, which it is said, will remain as a sort of Crystal Palace, when the present exhibition closes. Mr. Doyle ends by thanking me, in the name of the committee, for having sent "one of the chief attractions of the exhibition. . . ."

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

June, 1865.

An extract from a Dublin paper says, "There has never been in this city before, so magnificent a collection of modern marbles, and it is satisfactory that the artists residing in Rome and elsewhere, who have been enterprising enough to send their works, have a

fair prospect of disposing of some of them. It is not surprising that Sir Benjamin Guinness should be anxious to secure Miss Hosmer's Sleeping Faun, for it is really a unique work. It is universally admired, and is more frequently the subject of conversation than any statue in the exhibition."

I declare my children are getting to be as numerous as Brigham Young's wives. I only hope they get along as swimmingly as my babies. Of course I can say all this to you, without its seeming too monstrously conceited, for when I sit down to have a chat with you I tell you all I know. . . .

Yours, H.

At the private view, before the opening of the Dublin Exhibition, Sir Benjamin Guinness was so carried away with the charm of this group that he offered one thousand guineas for it. Upon being told that it was not for sale (for the artist had intended to send it to America for exhibition) Sir Benjamin offered to double the price, saying that "if money could buy that statue he intended to have it," and he forthwith placed the added amount to the artist's name. When Miss Hosmer heard of this, she returned the second sum to Sir Benjamin, saying that she should not take advantage of his liberality, while greatly appreciating it, but was pleased to have her work in the possession of one who valued it.

There were replicas of this group made, for the Prince of Wales, Miss Cushman, Lady Ashburton, Mr. Shortall of Chicago, and others. A copy also is owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Of the Sleeping Faun, Sir Charles Eastlake said, "If it had been discovered among the ruins of



Rome or Pompeii it would have been pronounced one of the best of Grecian statues," and John Gibson said, "It is worthy to be an Antique."

The London "*Times*" says:—

"In the groups of statues are many works of exquisite beauty, but there is one which at once arrests attention and elicits admiration. It is The Sleeping Faun and Satyr, by Miss Hosmer. It is a curious fact that amid all the statues in this court, contributed by the natives of lands in which the fine arts were naturalized thousands of years ago, one of the finest should be the production of an American artist. But she has received her inspiration under the Italian skies, in presence of the great models of ancient Greece and Rome. Hawthorne's description, in his 'Transformation,' of the Faun of Praxiteles has been quoted in a great measure as applicable to this masterpiece of Miss Hosmer."

The "*Galignani*" of approximate date says:—

"The gem of the classic school, in its nobler style of composition, is due to an American artist, Harriet Hosmer, the only pupil of Gibson, whose influence may be traced in her work. The attitude of the Sleeping Faun is graceful and natural. He is seated leaning against the trunk of a tree, partly draped in a tiger's skin. The small satyr so happily introduced into the group, crouched behind the tree with mischievous archness, binding the Faun to it with the end of the furry drapery, gives not only symmetry to the composition, but the life which is so seldom found in reminiscences of antiquity. Miss Hosmer in her Sleeping Faun reaches the highest excellence."



THE SLEEPING FAUN



## TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, May 26, 1865.

Just at this time I am having studio, house, and stable to look after, providing myself with all three at once, trying to get them in order, and to look after a dozen workmen besides. Oh, but you should see my studio, in order to see what things in the way of studios are capable of being made. I am going to have a copy of Lady Marian's fountain put up, complete, in the entrance room, not only complete, but playing, and I am going to have birds and flowers and every object of beauty, myself included, scattered about among the statues. In fact, I have no doubt people will come to see the appurtenances instead of the fine arts!

Then I am in the midst of domestic transmigrations. My apartment, modest but elegant, like the proprietor, will be all that housewives and *padrones* could desire. All in order will it be, and always open, when you and yours pull the latch string. I shall be glad to have it in my power to be a little civil to old friends who come to Rome, for now my attentions to them are limited to intellectual banquets in the studio. A hard twist it will be, though, to leave 38 Gregoriana, where I have been so happy for five years with dear Miss Cushman.

Yours, H.

Later.

I have been in a state of domestic confusion (confusion did I say? a whirlwind) all this week, inasmuch as I have been moving from 38 Via Gregoriana into my own apartment in the Palazzetto Barberini. You know it is an operation which does not always illustrate the first law of nature, order.

H.

MRS. KEMBLE TO MISS HOSMER.

WARNFORD, Sunday, June 4, (1865).

*My dear Hatty:*

I do not reason with my friends; what they give me I account free grace, and though I am always most delighted to hear from you, I do not feel that I have any right upon your time and attention, which can be both more pleasantly and profitably occupied than in writing to me. The old Boston times, dear Hatty, mean very pleasant ones to me, and are among those I should wish to recall, if I wished to recall any. Our delightful Roman days are being revived in our memory just now by the presence of Lord Lyons, who is on a visit to my sister, and whose voice and manner, unchanged in their pleasant peculiarity, take me back to the "good times," what good times they were that we had on the Campagna!

Others of our then companions will soon be among us, for our friends the Bertie M's are expected in England some time this month, and your beautiful model, Lady Adelaide Talbot, is coming this summer to pay my sister a visit, so you are likely enough to have your name taken, but not in vain, among us all.

Yes, dearest Hatty, our admirable friend Elizabeth Sedgwick would have rejoiced with her whole soul over the triumph of the righteous cause for which her son gave his young life.\* I have had rather a difficult task in sympathizing with my daughter Fanny's grief at the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy, while joining with every thought and feeling of my own in the victory of the North. Surely there never was a more signal overthrow of the Devil and all his works, in the world's history since it began,

\*Major William Dwight Sedgwick, who fell in the Civil War.



nor one for which good men and angels are more bound to praise and bless God.

Good-by, my dear Hatty, the affection I bear you for your own sake is strengthened by all the close and sacred associations of my New England days. I am sorry you are not to cross the Channel, when you come so near to it as Paris. God bless you, dear, always as always,

Your sincere old friend,

FANNY KEMBLE.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, July, 1865.

*Welcome to Europe, dear Pater!*

I speak as if I were Alexander, the master of the world, and wished to extend to you the hospitality of the Hemisphere, and so I do. I have followed you from the day you embarked till now, have fancied myself sky-blue, pea-green, indigo, and every other color of the rainbow, to be in sympathy with you. Well, I hope you have had a good passage, though I doubt if such a thing exists; bad is the best. As you are disembarking at Queenstown, you will get a sight of the Dublin Exhibition and see my representative,\* for which I am glad. Any advice or instructions relative to the best way of journeying to Rome, and above all the surest means of staying a long time after you get there, will be jubilantly forwarded by yours,  
H. G. H.

In July Miss Hosmer joined Mr. and Mrs. Crow in France, and later made a trip with them through Switzerland, returning to Rome in October.

\*The Sleeping Faun.

TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

VERSAILLES, Aug. 23, 1865.

For something like six weeks before leaving Rome, I just had time to die several times, and that was all. Between my new Studio and my new Apartment I thought there wouldn't be much of me left to inhabit either, and if I had had an offer of marriage made me I shouldn't have found time to respond. . . .

Your H.

A little episode in connection with the building of the new studio may be mentioned for its ingenuity. It seems that the occupant of a neighboring house objected to a proposed side-wall, which was necessary for the carrying out of Miss Hosmer's plan. She learned that a law existed which forbade the demolition of a wall already built; accordingly she assembled a number of workmen and under the cover of night caused the wall to be erected. When morning dawned there stood the solid masonry, so there was nothing more to be said or done.

While in Paris during this summer (1865) Miss Hosmer received the commission from a literary man of London to put into marble Hood's touching poem, "The Bridge of Sighs." That she might see for herself the peculiar effect of such a death upon a drowning girl, she visited the morgue several times, accompanied by Mr. Crow, until she found the desired subject, thus studying from death as well as from life.

It was of the return journey to Rome that Miss

Hosmer told this anecdote apropos of one trait of the Italian people. She had bought, in Switzerland, a small quantity of honey. It was in a little hive of straw, in which it had been made. She succeeded in getting back to Rome with it, but there it was seized by the custom officers. They had never seen honey like that before. It was at that time sold by the apothecary strained, and used as a medicinal remedy.

"Signora, what is this?" one of the officers asked. She told him, "Honey."

"But there is wax in it."

"That is its natural state," he was informed.

"It is sticky," he objected.

"That is also a feature of honey in its natural state."

"It is solid," he added.

"That too," she explained.

He was not entirely satisfied, and summoned a higher official, the director. He came, several men following, until there were about a dozen in the room, all gravely inspecting the honey, which had been placed on the table. The director was a grave man and wore spectacles. He looked at it carefully and then he delivered an oration, the purport of which was, that he had read in a book that honey in a natural state did contain a certain amount of spermaceti, and that a small animal called a bee manufactured the article.

"It seems," he concluded, "that we are now beholding a specimen of honey in its natural state. Let the Signorina go in peace."

It was spoken in Italian, which seemed peculiarly to suit the words.

“That was the grand oration,” she said, “and it shows their wonderful simplicity, a simplicity that would be impossible with the French.”

The opening of the year 1866 brought keen sorrow to the artist in the death of her revered master and friend, John Gibson, which occurred on the 27th of January. He was buried in the little English Cemetery at Rome. She writes to Lady Eastlake:

“Very early on the morning of Mr. Gibson’s death Miss Lloyd and I were summoned hastily to his room—she remained with him till the last, but I left a kiss on his forehead and came away. Oh! how cold and drear the stars looked that morning as I walked slowly home! I saw the beloved master a moment, after death. Grand and calm and beautiful his face was! Then I left Rome for a time. One of my best friends was taken from me when the master died.”

Later this account of Mr. Gibson and his pupil was given by his biographer, Lady Eastlake:\*

The only pupil Gibson ever professed to teach, and in whom he may justly be said to have raised a living monument to himself, was Harriet Hosmer, whose name is widely known on two continents. It is interesting to have her account of their first meeting. She said: “The first morning I entered Mr. Gibson’s studio (as a pupil) he was working upon the knee of his Wounded Amazon—finishing it in marble.

\* *The Life of John Gibson*, edited by Lady Eastlake, p. 228.

He laid down his chisel (how well I can see him now!) and received me most kindly—showed me all the statues in his studio, and then said, ‘Now I will show you the room where you are to work, a little room, but as big as you are yourself.’ He always poked fun at me about my size. He impressed me as being very kind, but his peculiar, curt manner rather filled me with awe. I did not at first discover that he dearly loved a little nonsense, and I was extremely demure and solemn with him, but that solemnity did not last long, and I never talked more nonsense with any one than with the grave, staid master. Apropos of the knee of the Amazon, I always told him I was more fond of that statue than of any other, from its being connected with my first impression of him. He said I ‘always looked sentimental’ when I saw it.

“As to his mode of teaching me, he said he could best apply rules as he worked, and often he made me sit by him, by the hour together, as he modelled. He was very funny sometimes in his criticisms. I remember once asking him to come and see the sketch of Zenobia which I was preparing. He looked at it for some time in silence, and I began to flatter myself that I should have some praise, but the only remark he deigned to make was, ‘Yes, there is such a thing as equilibrium, yes.’

“‘But,’ said I, ‘this is only to see how the drapery comes in.’

“‘Under all circumstances,’ said he, ‘there is such a thing as equilibrium—yes—I will leave you to your troubles—yes.’”

Hawthorne has well described Mr. Gibson, in his *Marble Faun*.

“One sculptor there was, an Englishman, endowed with a beautiful fancy, and possessing at his fingers’



ends the capability of doing beautiful things. He was a quiet, simple, elderly personage, with eyes brown and bright, under a slightly impending brow, and a Grecian profile, such as he might have cut with his own chisel. He had spent his life, for forty years, in making Venuses, Cupids, Bacchuses, and a vast deal of other marble progeny of dreamwork, or rather frost-work; it was all a vapory exhalation out of the Grecian mythology, crystallizing on the dull window-panes of to-day. Gifted with a more delicate power than any other man alive, he had foregone to be a Christian reality, and perverted himself into a Pagan idealist. . . . Loving and reverencing the pure material in which he wrought, as surely this admirable sculptor did, he had nevertheless robbed the marble of its chastity, by giving it an artificial warmth of hue. . . . But, whatever criticism may be ventured on his style it was good to meet a man so modest and yet imbued with such thorough and simple conviction of his own right principles and practice, and so quietly satisfied that his kind of antique achievement was all that sculpture could effect for modern life."

In the winter of 1865-66 Miss Hosmer had her friend Mr. Crow, with his family, near her in Rome, at the Hotel Europa. In the spring they journeyed northward and again she writes:

*Dear Mr. Crow:* ROME, April 19, 1866.

Your welcome letter despatched from Florence just comes to me. So you have seen again the Ghiberti doors! Do you know, that work occupied the artist twenty-five years? 'Twas lucky he didn't work for Yankees!

The day after you left here, I had a visit from Mr.



JOHN GIBSON  
By HARRIET HOSMER



C., president of the Pacific Bank in New York, who wanted a Puck and a companion to it. I suggested one of the figures from the Fountain, for want of a better, though it is scarcely a *pendant*. He didn't seem to think it would do, and there he was right. So, said I, give me a little time and I will model something expressly for you, which was done. So that has got to be squeezed in. It never rains but it pours, and I have had six applications for portrait busts since you were here.

I am rejoiced that you have enjoyed your wanderings so much. I believe if the truth were known, the children of Israel enjoyed their wanderings too, only, having said they didn't, history must stick to it.

I enclose you a photograph of my Gate for the Academy of Design, and will describe it to you. The two central figures are, as you perceive, figures of two young artists, one a Painter, the other a Sculptor. One with the world in his hand, the other with a book, to signify that artists should be students not only of human nature, but of letters. They are surrounded by the Muses, placed, as you see, in the niches between the columns. Then the four bas-reliefs represent the four visions of art, appropriate to the four ages of man: 1st, the vision of Youth; 2d, the vision of Love; 3d, the vision of Strength; and 4th, the vision of Age. The first Muse belongs to the first bas-relief more properly, being Thalia, the Muse of Comedy and Mirth. In the other corner Erato, the Muse of Love. Below, Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy, and on the other corner, Urania, the Muse of heavenly things. . . .

Yours, H.

## CHAPTER VIII

1866-1868

THIS spring and early summer were given to modelling the *pendant* to the group of The Sleeping Faun. It was The Waking Faun, and of it a critic said:

“If the Sleeping Faun is the expression of complete repose, the Waking Faun is that of life and movement. He wakes and suddenly seizes the little Satyr, who struggles in his grasp. He is imprisoned beyond the possibility of escape, but so gently, so tenderly held that we do not fear for his safety. Indeed, he seems quite as much amused in his new position as when knotting the tiger’s skin. This work finely exhibits the artist’s power of skilful grouping, for the position selected is one of the most difficult to conceive, while its grace and litheness are perfect. When viewed together it is difficult to pronounce between the two compositions.”

The artist, intent upon this work, took but a short holiday and wrote:

TO WAYMAN CROW.

PALAZZETTO BARBERINI, Oct. 1866.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I have had my five weeks’ rest and am at work again. The marble for the Waking Faun is turning out very satisfactory, which is a mercy, as there are





THE WAKING FAUN



not twenty-four hours to spare, for getting another piece. A very near squeak, inasmuch as a crack came so near to interfering with the figure itself, that my poor blocker-out didn't sleep for a week. But something more than that happened, too, for a row of braziers having been put round the *cavaletto* to make the plaster dry faster, the fire (which has a tendency to burn wood, though the Italians don't seem to think so) set upon one of the legs of said *cavaletto*—down it came, down came my statue and broke into I don't know how many pieces. Fortunately the pieces are all there and it is put together so ingeniously that you would scarcely perceive the cracks, which ingenuity though doesn't excuse the stupidity of the first management. However, if it had been the marble one, that would have been worse.

Did I tell you that I am going to make a Will-o'-the-Wisp for Mr. Brewer? I must go immediately now to Mr. S.'s statue, and besides, work in as many bas-reliefs for the door as I can. My heavy work will be a group of Norma, which I have composed in Leghorn, during my holiday, and think I shall make something fine out of it.

Well I have talked enough about Ego. . . .

Yours, H.

A letter written from Rome to the Reverend Robert Collyer by a friend, in 1867, gives this attractive picture of Miss Hosmer's new studio:

"It is the prettiest studio in Rome. The little entrance court, with its beautiful flowers and singing birds, is a delightful change from the hot, dusty streets. When we went in, it being the artist's reception day, she was showing, to some strangers, the fountain in the center of the first room. On the shells, which form the capital of the high pedestal,

in the middle of the basin, a siren sits singing. Below, three charming little water-babies are bestriding dolphins. They are fascinated by the music, and one has his dimpled hand at his ear, listening intently, while the water spouts from the shells above.

Miss Hosmer has a very vivacious manner, a little abrupt, and very decided. When she speaks with clear, ringing voice, in moments when you have, or she has, just said something that pleases her, her expression and manner are exceedingly charming, and her laugh, which came often, is most musical. She wore a little velvet cap, which reminded me of Raphael.

In the same room with the fountain is a copy of her Puck; this little sprite sitting on an enormous toadstool, his disorderly curls capped by a shell, crushing in one chubby hand a beetle, and in the other a lizard, is the very personification of beautiful babyhood. She has a mate for him in her 'Will-o'-the Wisp,' or at least a comrade, almost, if not quite as bewitching. But the glory of her studio is a head of Medusa. I have always thought that to fulfil the true idea of the old myth, Medusa should be wonderfully beautiful, but I never saw her so represented before. This is the head of a lovely maiden, her rich hair kept back by a fillet, off the brow, seems at first to recede in waves and when you see that these waves terminate in serpents, it strikes you with no feeling of repulsion. The face, whose eyes look upward, is full of sadness, to which the serpents add mystery and gloom, and make the beauty more thrilling. The folded wings above the hair on each side of the face give an air of majesty to the head. It was hard for me to look away from this statue; if long gazing could have turned one to stone, the old tradition would have been fulfilled. In the next room was a colossal statue of the stately Zenobia.



WILL-O'-THE-WISP





Miss Hosmer took us into the inner room where she works. Just beyond the entrance stands the group on which she is now engaged—The Waking Faun. It is the sequel to the Sleeping Faun, which was exhibited in Edinburgh and in Paris. I despair of being able to describe to you that beautiful being, from whose lips the soft breath of slumber seems to come, and the mirth of the wicked little satyr who is tying together, around the tree against which he reposes, the tail of the Faun, and the skin of a wild beast, which forms his drapery. The Waking Faun is yet only in the clay, and is daily undergoing the moulding of the sculptor's hand. I was glad to see it in this stage, as it shows how entirely the whole expression of the statue is due to the sculptor himself, and how mechanical is the work of the chisel. Miss Hosmer played upon it with a hose as we went in, saying, 'I think sprinkling improves his expression.' Here the Waking Faun has caught the offender in the act, and with one hand grasping the little Mischief by the hair, is bending back his head and looking in his face, with a countenance into whose sweetness and good humor he tries in vain to introduce a look of sternness. 'You see he takes it coolly,' said Miss Hosmer, 'Fauns don't get angry you know. I should be ashamed to tell you how long I have been on that statue, but—no, I shouldn't. Mr. Gibson used to say, when I was in his studio, and working so long on the Medusa—"Nobody asks you how long you have been on a thing but fools, and you don't care what they think."'

If the chisel of Praxiteles has not been forever lost, Harriet Hosmer has found it. Under her hand the beautiful old myths live again, and all her works are suggestive of noble meaning, not only expressive of genius themselves, but so full of an exquisite fancy that they would inspire genius in others.

I forgot to say that the Waking Faun is to go to Lady Ashburton, who has his companion, the Sleeping Faun. I grudge them both to her. They should not stand in a fine old English hall, where the guests after dinner will stroll by and give them the praise of connoisseurs. Our eager, over-worked American life needs more such embodiments of the Spirit of Beauty. They should stand in a gallery in one of our noisy cities, where men and women, tired from the long fight with the demon of Worry, could go in and breathe for a few moments the air which they bring from the woods where they played in childhood.

Miss Cushman, whose beautiful house opens wide its hospitable doors to her countrymen here, is very like her friend, Miss Hosmer, in manner. Her Saturday receptions assemble the pleasantest elements of artistic and social life in Rome. She herself is a host in entertaining her guests; her singing is something peculiar and characteristic; it is intensely dramatic, and impresses one powerfully. Her singing of Kingsley's 'Mary, go and ca' the cattle hame,' is something never to be forgotten. One holds one's breath, and shivers, as she brings out, 'the cruel foam—the hungry, crawling foam.' ”

The next work of the artist was a chimney-piece, which she thus describes:

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, March, 1867.

. . . Turning from other things, here is my design. A subject for a chimney-piece ought to have something to do with wood or fire, so I have selected this, the Death of the Dryads. At the risk of telling you what you may already know, I will describe a little. According to mythology every tree had its own particular nymph, who dwelt in it; but when the tree



THE DEATH OF THE DRYADS





died, the nymph died with it. Now I have represented these little lads busily engaged in cutting down the trees, and as they have cut off all but the last branches, there is nothing left for the Dryads but to die, which they are about to do. Below, two of the little fellows are warming themselves by the fire, which they are cutting wood to supply. That is the story. It is to be made of statuary marble and the figures are to be life size, so it will be something rather important. It is for Lady Ashburton, and is to be placed in the drawing-room at Melchet Court. . . .

. . . I must tell you of a curious incident which occurred two evenings ago. C. had been dining with me, and shortly after dinner I made the original observation that I would take possession of the sofa and have "forty winks." I had just lain down, when I was moved to say, "I have such a feeling of a carriage accident." (It had dwelt on my mind very forcibly for a minute or two, so that at last I felt impelled to speak.) "Nonsense," said C., "you are dreaming, you have been asleep." "Nothing of the sort," I replied (which was true), and I repeated the words again, adding, "Now let's see what comes of it." I then dozed off for about ten minutes, as she reports, when a tremendous crash under my windows, in the *Cortile* of the Barberini Palace, startled us both. Up I flew to the nearest window and there was the Princess Orsini's carriage, upside down, on a pile of bricks, which in true Italian fashion had been left right in the driveway, with no lantern. Her face was a good deal cut with the broken glass and both shoulders bruised, and a mercy it was she and the others were not killed. It was quite theatrical to see the servants of the Barberini gather about in their gay liveries, torches in hand to watch the rescue of the Princess and her companion, as they were carefully drawn through the window on the upper side of

the carriage. They were in gay evening gowns, being on their way to a ball at the Palazzo Barberini—so you see what a witch I am!

Yours, H.

In June Miss Hosmer went to Paris to superintend the placing of her Sleeping Faun, which she had sent to the French Exposition, and from there writes:

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Pater:*

PARIS, July 4, 1867.

Though I sent you a line yesterday via C—— I cannot resist sending you another to-night via myself, and for two reasons. One is, to salute you on the "Glorious Fourth," and the other is, to tell you of a curious coincidence which occurred at the Exposition. I mentioned to you yesterday my little plan, in which Mr. Layard is involved. Well, to-day I had thought, what would I give for a five minutes' chat with him, when whose should I see, all at once, but his well-known smiling face! The only face we recognized in the whole exhibition, and the one that I most wanted at that particular moment to see. He was escorting a body of working men\* from London. He arrived the day before yesterday, and he leaves here to-morrow. He says the only thing is to decide upon the best place for showing my design† in London. All the rest is easy sailing. I told him my object was to have it seen by a few, whose opinions were worth having, and send it home endorsed by them. He entered into the plan most heartily. He says he considers the work to be the most interesting and important of any of modern times.

\* Layard had taken a party of some two thousand workmen from Southwark to Paris to see the Exhibition.

† The design for a monument to Lincoln.

Well, I have seen my Sleeping Faun. Beckwith\* did for me the very best he could, and altogether, I don't think if I had been upon the spot, I could have done better.

The news of the death of Maximilian has plunged the Court into mourning, and all festivities are suspended. It was announced yesterday, and it is said the Emperor was informed of it as he was preparing to award the medals. What a sad knowledge for him; worse too, to keep it to himself all day. It is believed Napoleon may date his downfall from this news, and they say his face in the procession was the saddest ever seen. . . .

Yours, H.

When it was proposed to erect a monument to the Martyr President of the United States (Abraham Lincoln) Miss Hosmer was invited to present a design in competition with other artists. How heartily she entered into this work her own words show. Although the commission was eventually given to Mr. Larkin G. Mead, she thoroughly enjoyed making the drawings and the model for it. Those who saw them gave the work great praise, as appears from this letter of Sir Henry Layard:

SIR HENRY LAYARD TO MISS HOSMER.

130 PICCADILLY, August 8, 1867.

*Dear Miss Hosmer:*

I have carefully examined the design for the monument† to President Lincoln, and I congratulate you most sincerely upon your success. It appears to me

\*The Director.

† See Appendix D.

that the general conception is singularly appropriate, and that you have carried out the great object which should be always kept in view in the erection of such monuments, viz., to convey vividly and unmistakably to the spectator the great characteristics of the person to whom it is erected. The idea of representing the negro in the four different stages of his existence, from the slave to the free man and citizen, is new and striking. The statue of the President himself, crowning the group, and holding the broken chains in his hands, is admirably conceived. I think that you have done quite right in placing it within a temple, which gives an appropriate architectural termination to the monument. The idea of representing the different states of the Union by allegorical figures on the pedestal is also good, and enables you to give a classical character to the monument.

Your friends, and they are many in this country, rejoice to find that you have succeeded in producing a design for a monument which will be worthy of that great and good man, whose untimely death every true Englishman and lover of freedom deploras.

I am most truly,

LAYARD.

Mr. Gladstone being an old friend of the artist she asked his opinion of two designs for this monument, and he thus replies:

HAWARDEN, CHESTER, Sept. 26, 1867.

*Dear Miss Hosmer:*

I received yesterday the *small* photograph of your first design in memory of President Lincoln; and I have been fortunate in an opportunity of showing the two to several friends who were here and who are no mean judges of such things, as knowledge goes

among non-professional persons, so that I feel myself less guilty of presumption than I should otherwise have done, in acceding to your request that I would give you my opinion as between the two designs. In the first one I venture to like the *principle* of the recumbent figure, and the greater elevation of the pedestal. But the first is, I fear, unsuited to a monument of this public nature on so large a scale, and the second might be adopted, if you were to think fit. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that you gain a cardinal advantage by bringing the great subject of emancipation out of obscurity into prominence, while in practice, the introduction of a standing figure for a recumbent one appears to be a great improvement. Some other points of the treatment I should venture also to prefer; but the grand consideration is, after all, that which I have named the first, and which goes to the root of the whole matter. I cordially wish, therefore, that you may be able to carry out the change which you desire.

Believe me

Very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

This year the artist made a long sojourn in Great Britain, and wrote of her visits:

NEWBRIDGE, IRELAND, August 10, 1867.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

When I told a friend in London that I was going to make a visit in Ireland first and then in Scotland, she thought I had a Herculean journey before me, but I told her that to me, who had travelled from Rome to Boston in seventeen days, the tour in question was only suggestive of taking one's bag and making it on foot.



Well, here I am, performing the first part of it, in a delightful place and in the old home of a friend who is very dear to me. We are about ten miles from Dublin, and when I speak of a cool summer, I mean such weather as we have in the winter in Rome. Verily it is a jump from the sweltering heat of Rome and even from the getting-to-be-oppressive heat of London. This seems the densest solitude in comparison with the rush and crush of London, though there is a gay party staying in the house, besides the family. A month of London life would be about as much as I could stand, for what with the late hours, the huge dinners, and the excitement of all sorts, and never having five minutes of quiet, my brain begins to spin about the seventh day and is utterly upset and made gelatinous by the thirtieth. I always think how impossible it would be to accomplish anything serious in that place, and when one has had enough of a holiday, I turn my mental vision toward Rome, as the Mecca of working prophets.

In another week I leave here for Scotland and then drop down to England again, where I have divers social things on the docket, two or three visits to what I call my "homes." I often say I am the richest woman in England without any trouble, for I have only to say, "I am coming," and all is ready. . . .

Yours, H.

BRYN RHODYN, DOLGELLY, N. WALES,

Sep. 8, 1867.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I have made a jump and landed on the Welsh hills, and I never breathed such air. I could walk twenty miles at a stretch, which stretch has no reference to length of leg. We have been on a most delightful excursion nearly all day, under the guidance of Miss

Lloyd. She has reason to be proud of her country as far as its atmosphere and beauty are concerned.

You will be pleased to hear that I am now entering upon a course of diet and exercise. I have been doing the "Signora" to such an extent, driving about in smart carriages, ignoring the fact that I had a pair of legs, and eating far too much of the good things of this life, but three days of these hills and a little less of pampering have already set me up very vigorously. I now think that the ascetic mode of life is the true one, and shouldn't wonder if next you heard of me as living upon bread and water and wearing a hair shirt.

Miss Lloyd is hospitality itself, Miss Cobbe\* jollity itself, and we three are as snug as possible. I received your last letter yesterday morning, just as we were booting and spurring ourselves for an expedition which turned out to be one of the most successful on record. I rather astonished Miss Lloyd, who is our tutelary deity, by my spring of leg and vigor of windpipe. The air is perfectly delicious, like champagne, only much better, for that I never drink, but the air! I walk with my mouth wide open to get as much of it as I can. . . .

Yours, H.

Then came this note:

MRS. SARTORIS TO MISS HOSMER.

WARSASH, TITCHFIELD, Sep. 1867.

*My dearest Hat:*

I leave this on the 29th, so come as quickly as ever you can and I will show you a bit of England that you shall call pretty in spite of Scotch heather and Welsh hills. We will play cribbage again, and go over

\* Frances Power Cobbe.

the old days in the beloved Southland, and make the old jokes and try to laugh the old laughs. I have just written to Lord Lyons to ask him to come, for I am sure you would both like to meet again. . . .

Ever your loving,  
"MAR."

TO WAYMAN CROW.

WARSASH, TITCHFIELD, Tuesday, Sept. 1867.

*Dear Pater:*

The other day I put on a six league bootee,—you see what a delicate shade of difference between that and the seven league boot, and just stepped out of Wales over here. Unless your knowledge of English geography is a deal better than mine was twenty-four hours ago, you will not know where "here" is. But first let me repeat what a Paradise upon earth is Wales, or rather Dolgelly. Of all delicious air, that is the finest. I haven't tried the Highlands yet, but as far as my travels extend, the wind whistles round the Welsh hills and into one's lungs *complete*.

On Friday I departed; got up at 4:00 A.M., which was a corker for me, slept in London, ran round wildly through the metropolis in the morning, for the American consul, and in the afternoon came here to Mrs. Sartoris. How oddly things come round in this world! To think that I am writing you from under her roof! Oh, but she's sweet! Sunday she read to me all the afternoon. Yesterday she sung to me all the dear old Roman songs, and this morning she has been reading to me something of her own. In the evenings she gives me as much cribbage as I ask for. What more can one desire? I stay here till Monday, and then I was going to Stowe, but having, by the merest chance, discovered that Lady Ashburton is only fifteen miles from here, I propose

to go to her first, and save the long journey back again. Annie Thackeray is here, and all have been out yachting to-day to Cowes. Needless to say that I stick to *terra firma*, and have had Mrs. Sartoris all to myself, which I like better than any sea excursion in the world.

I shall get away from England very late, and shouldn't dawdle so long if it were not for cholera in Italy.

Yours, H.

At this time came an invitation from Lady Alwyne Compton to Castle Ashby. This, the favorite seat of the Marquis of Northampton, is a stately pile standing on high ground in the midst of beautiful gardens, parks, and avenues of ancient trees. It dates from the days of Queen Elizabeth and has been added to at various times. Among those of other noted men, it bears the impress of Inigo Jones's taste and skill. Perhaps its most notable feature is the balustrade which runs around the entire top of the castle. It is composed of stonework in the shape of huge letters, so arranged that they form verses and quaint mottoes, as the following:

"Unless the Lord build the house, the labor is but lost that builds it."

"Unless the Lord keep the city, the watcher watcheth but in vain."

On the gallery over the entrance is:

"The Lord preserve thy going out and the Lord preserve thy coming in."

This unusual decoration is repeated in the balustrades surrounding the many terraces which overlook

the gardens. It is said that only one other mansion in England is ornamented in this unique fashion.

From this place Miss Hosmer writes:

*Dear Mr. Crow:* CASTLE ASHBY, Oct. 6, 1867.

I wish you could put your eyes into my head and see this most beautiful of places. I look out of my window on such an ocean of color that it is like a sea of precious stones. Such masses of flowers were never seen, and there, on the right, is the quaint old church covered with ivy and surrounded by grand old trees. In the middle of the garden are two fountains playing, whose jets are like so many diamonds tumbling again into the sea of precious stones. Then the old castle itself, half covered with ivy, much of it turning red, which looks so well on the old grey walls, and the courtyard within the two towers on each side, all green with ivy again.

I am writing to you now in my bedroom, which is called Queen Elizabeth's room, because she came here, I believe, and left her name behind her, and I expect every night to see her ghost dangling from the crimson damask canopy which screens my humble head. Then I turn to another look-out and see the grand avenue which leads to the castle, a quarter of a mile wide and three miles long, a nice little walk of a morning down to the gates before breakfast. (Really I didn't know I was such a dabster at description!)

I should like to stay here all my days, but on Monday I am inveigled off to another old castle, not by a fierce ogress, however, but by the duchess of Cleveland, who invites me to Raby Castle. I thought I should not be able to manage that, for it is quite a journey, but when I heard that you could drive a carriage and four into the reception room, and drive out again, I thought I must see it, whether or no.





CASTLE ASHBY



I have been here six days and can't get away. It is fatal to come, because it is impossible to go.

Yours, H.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ASHRIDGE, Oct. 1867.

*Dear Pater:*

Since you say you like descriptions, I will launch into a little one of what I have been doing since I left Castle Ashby. I went to Raby, and I must say that if you intend to lie straight in your grave, you had better see Raby first. It is one of the finest old castles in England, old beyond telling, as I should not think of saying if you could see it, for the grey walls carry conviction with them.

But first I must record a disaster truly disgraceful for two old travellers like Kuhl\* and myself. I lost my luggage, nothing very extraordinary, either; for as we went across country and not straight from London, we had no end of changes, and not a luggage ticket (by which I mean a label) could be found, from the beginning to the end of the journey. Between York and Darlington, which is the chief end of the line, there was a slight misunderstanding, if you can properly apply that term to the loss of all one's petticoats and belongings. In short, I had to wait three hours at Darlington for the blessed boxes, which had been on to Newcastle, to be returned, and lucky was I to get them then. The waiting was not so much as being thrown out of all hours, for as there was no carriage to be obtained at the station further on (which is only a little village), and as one had been sent from Raby at the time I was due, there was nothing for it but to send a messenger and ask them to be good enough to send a second time, which was no joke, seeing it is a distance of several miles.

\* Her maid.

But at last I arrived at my destination. The first gate, the second gate, then the third gate were all passed, and we came in view of the castle; and never shall I forget the first glimpse of it, and thankful was I that I had lost my luggage and so was to see it first by moonlight. The moon shone upon the moat, the stags were bellowing in the Park, the flag was flying like the ghost of a flag, and it was a picture! Then we crossed the moat, the horn was blown, the gates flew open, and we whisked through three or four courts and then came what produced the strangest effect of all: we were driven into the reception room and landed in front of the most cheerful blaze ever seen, which was not amiss after a long, cold drive. It was then about eleven o'clock, and you better believe that I had a dinner in my own room and whipped into bed and didn't show myself in the ducal presence till the next morning. Then, however, I rose with the lark (larks don't rise in old castles till half-past nine), and on descending and finding the whole party assembled, and a goodly party it was, I discovered that I knew every one of them except one. Rome is certainly a wonderful place for bringing you in contact with everybody.

Well, I had a delightful visit at Raby, and then I came here to Lady Marian Alford, who is more darling than ever. On Monday I go to the Duchess of Buckingham for a few days, then Lady Ashburton claims me for a few more.

Yours, H.

WOTTON HOUSE, AYLESBURY, Oct. 24, 1867.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I don't know when I have been so late in getting back to Rome. I am afraid the Pope can't do without me much longer, besides, a good general should be on the spot in time of danger to encourage his



RABY CASTLE





men, and, what is much more to the purpose, keep them from running away to join Garibaldi. I am now with the Duchess of Buckingham, but not at Stowe. The Duke being summoned to Balmoral to attend the Queen, she is here and will remain till his return.

If I came to England often, I should be quite spoiled. I never had such a heavenly grace of enjoyment, but it wouldn't do for long. I should quite lose the power of work. It is altogether too lazy and luxurious a life for a poor artist. The poor artist must fly to her clay pit and her tin tea kettle, and that right soon. I go from here to Lady Ashburton, then to London for a bit.

Yours, H.

From Melchet Court (Lady Ashburton's place) Miss Hosmer decided to go to Ashridge.

It is of this place where the artist passed so many happy days that a recent writer says, "It has a great past, a beautiful present, and a marvellous history." It dates back more than seven centuries, to the monastery of *Bons Hommes*. When the monks were dispossessed (in 1500) the lands fell to the Crown. Edward VI bestowed it upon his sister Elizabeth, and it proved to her, for a time, a quiet refuge, but after she became Queen she never cared to return to it as a residence. The present princely mansion was built upon the site of the old monks' convent, the ruins of which contributed material for it. It came by descent into the possession of Viscount Alford. His widow, Lady Marian Alford, was its gracious hostess during Miss Hosmer's frequent visits. At her death it passed to her son, Lord Brownlow, the present owner.

The front of the castle extends a thousand feet from tower to tower, and looks upon velvety lawns, bright gardens, and avenues of stately trees, with parks and woodlands in the distance. There still is shown a tree planted by Queen Elizabeth during her residence there. Among other relics of her which are still preserved are her toilet articles. Lady Marian was wont to tell an amusing incident in connection with them. It seems that Miss Hosmer was one of a party gathered there, when from among the treasured souvenirs under lock and key, the brush and comb of the Queen were brought forth. At the same time was shown a tiny lock of long, red hair, and one of the family exclaimed, "What a pity we have never been able to find more than three strands of the Queen's hair, though we have tried over and over again." "Oh," said Miss Hosmer, "give me the brush. I'll produce another." Thereupon she drew the comb slowly across it, and one long, red hair appeared, to the amazement of all, but most of all to that of the artist herself, who declared it was the uncanniest thing that ever happened to her. It was added to the precious lock, now numbering four strands.

Among the guests when Miss Hosmer was at Ashridge, was the Honorable Mary Boyle, called one of the wittiest women in London society. For the entertainment of the friends gathered together, she wrote and read to them a sketch descriptive of the assembled party, calling it "Court and Camp of Queen Marian." In this she included Miss Hosmer as one of the "loyal subjects of Her Majesty," and described her as "quick, impetuous, laughing, dark-



ASHRIDGE





eyed, diminutive, irregular in feature, her whole face and form full of fun and movement and quick transition, which in no way affected her heart that was as steadfast as she herself was motatory. Nothing could conceal that inner fire of the spirit, that glowing light of genius, which shone through the transparent covering that encased' the inner soul of Berretina." \*

Miss Hosmer, whose pen was as ready as her wit, replied to this in some verses which are here given. Needless to say, they created quite as much amusement as did the production of Miss Boyle.

## THE GHOST FROM BUNKER HILL

being a continuation of

## COURT AND CAMP OF QUEEN MARIAN

—o—

*Dedicated*

(without asking)

to

MY GRACIOUS QUEEN

by

BERRETINA.

## THE GHOST FROM BUNKER HILL.

### I.

We sat alone, my lamp and I,  
And it were hard to tell  
Which looked the brightest of the two,  
Myself or my carcel——

\* Berretina—little hat (a favorite nickname).

## II.

“What say ye now, my friend,” quoth I,  
And stroked his radiant rim,  
“To one more social evening coze?”  
Says he, “I am in trim.”

## III.

“Then, cheeriest soul upon the globe,  
Send forth thy cheeriest ray;  
’Tis understood you go not out  
If I consent to stay.

## IV.

“We’ll have an intellectual feast,  
Consume your midnight oil,  
While I devour, with ‘Court and Camp,’  
The spice of Mary Boyle.”

## V.

And as I read my fancy drew  
Uncertain poised the while,  
A something very like a tear,  
And very like a smile.

## VI.

And then, with pleasant memories, she  
Unveiled the regal scene—  
I kissed a soft white hand, and swore  
Allegiance to my Queen.

## VII.

And, musing thus, one eyelid closed,  
The one became a pair—  
A demi-nod—and then, methought,  
A rattle in the air.

## VIII.

“Good lack,” thought I, “’tis passing strange!  
Mine ears deceive, mayhap;  
No well-bred spirit now intrudes  
Without, at least, a rap.”

## IX.

But vain my logic, and in vain  
My senses doubted still  
There stood the spectre on one leg—  
The other leg was *nil*.

## X.

Thrice from his maxillaries he  
Emitted ghastly tones;  
And thrice he waved impatiently  
His metacarpal bones.

## XI.

And thus, in hollow accents, spake—  
For reasons plain to see,  
Because, like other skeletons  
Still hollower was he——

## XII.

“And is it thus my recreant niece  
Preserves my memory green?  
And is it thus,” quoth he, “she swears  
Allegiance to a Queen?”

## XIII.

“Was it for this that seventy-six  
Her bravest blood did spill?  
Was it for this I fought and bled,  
And fell on Bunker Hill?”

## XIV.

"My martial Ancestor," quoth I,  
"From patriot ire refrain,  
And sit, lest with that missing leg,  
You get a fall again."

## XV.

"These stiffened bones, my recreant niece,  
No other posture know;  
I stand erect, as when I stood  
To meet your country's foe."

## XVI.

"From forcing you to bend the knee  
My conscience would recoil:  
Is it from principle, or want  
Of lubricating oil?"

## XVII.

"It irks me much an honored guest,  
Who once as conqueror shone,  
Should stand; so, prithee, take that nail,  
And hang your bones thereon."

## XVIII.

"Correct, I pray you, recreant niece,  
Correct your speech and air:  
How fares your sire, it fears me much,  
You very little care."

## XIX.

"Oh, osseous Ancestor!" quoth I,  
"Your pardon I must beg:  
Say not, in virtue of that nail,  
I do not care a peg!"

## XX.

“Your words offend me, and they fall  
With graceless point from you:  
Unto,” quoth he, “my battered front,  
At least respect is due.”

## XXI.

“Think not thy recreant niece forgets  
Thy bellicose renown,  
When all thy grateful country knows  
You fought against your Crown.”

## XXII.

“I hold your wit in just contempt,”  
Quoth he, with vengeful brow,  
“Your very lame and heartless jests  
Ill suit my humor now.”

## XXIII.

Quoth I, “But jovial we must be,  
I see no help for it,  
Since, so unstinting, you engraft  
Your humor on my wit.”

## XXIV.

“Enough!” quoth he; “my words are few,  
Before the dews distil,  
These now insulted bones must lie  
Once more at Bunker Hill.

## XXV.

“Go kiss the Sceptre and the Crown,  
Forgetting what the symbols mean;  
Play out the bitter farce, and swear  
Allegiance to your Queen.”



## XXVI.

And then a pause. Quoth I, "You view  
One side, and nothing more:  
One word from me"—but that one word  
Was grave as gay before.

## XXVII.

"We own her Queen, because our hearts  
Grow human 'neath her sway;  
We question no command, secure  
That none could lead astray.

## XXVIII.

"We bless the Sceptre, unsustained,  
Yet firmest in the land,  
Ruling a realm of smiles, self-poised,  
So open is her hand.

## XXIX.

"We bless the Crown of goodly deeds,  
Unseen, as, one by one,  
Like lilies planted in the shade,  
They blossom in the sun.

## XXX.

"We kiss the Robe, and inward pray,  
As lovingly we bend,  
On us a little portion of  
Her mantle might descend.

## XXXI.

"We kiss the lips, we kiss the hand—  
The softest hand e'er seen—  
And own, in love and loyalty,  
Allegiance to our Queen."

## XXXII.

What then transpired I may not say,  
 For sleep stepped in between;  
 I went to shadow-land, and swore  
 Allegiance to my Queen.

## XXXIII.

That happy dream! it haunts me still,  
 Like poppies twined with flowers;  
 And what is shadow in my sleep  
 Is substance in my waking hours.

It is of Miss Boyle that Mrs. Browning wrote from Florence in 1847,\* "Miss Mary Boyle, niece of the Earl of Cork, authoress and poet, a very vivacious little person with sparkling talk enough, ever and anon, comes at night, at nine o'clock, to catch us at hot chestnuts and mulled wine, and to warm her feet at our fire. A kinder, more cordial little creature, full of talent and accomplishment, never had the world's polish on it. Very amusing, too, and original, and a good deal of laughing she and Robert make between them."

## TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Mr. Crow:* ASHRIDGE, Sunday night.

I am trying to catch Mr. Story, to see if he can tell me anything about affairs in Rome. Nobody is going back at present, and I fear that we should have great difficulty in getting there. Unless I hear more tranquillizing accounts of the bullets I shall delay my departure a few days; besides, *affairs of state* detain me.

\* *Life and Letters of Robert Browning*, by Mrs. Orr, Vol. I, pages 223-225.

The other day Lady Marian was speaking of her fountain (the photograph, I mean), with which she is greatly pleased, and she said, "I must tell you something about the Fountain. When the Princess Mary was staying in my house at Prince's Gate last winter, the Queen came to see her, and as soon as she got into the house she said, 'But where is Miss Hosmer's Fountain? I want to see it.' So," said Lady Marian, "when I get it I am going to exhibit it and invite the Queen to see it, and shall get Lady Ashburton to let me exhibit the two Fauns \* at the same time.

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ASHRIDGE, 1867.

Between exhibitions and friends I have had no time either to eat or sleep, and when I give up the former occupation you must infer I am pretty busy. In fact it wore me out and made me ill-ish, and so Lady Marian just tucked me under her arm, and as it chanced where she was going to visit they were all my friends, too, and glad to see me, we have been enjoying the country together. Then we wound up here for another little rest, and by this time I am equal to anything. I am to join Lady Ashburton next week at Melchet Court, going to dear Mrs. Sartoris again 'twixt now and then. I had a letter from Lady Warwick inviting me to the Castle, for they were there much later than usual this year, but I was tied in many ways and could not get free.

I enclose two articles about my Pompeiian Sentinel, the success of the exhibition of which astonished me.

"Perhaps one of the most interesting and at the same time one of the least well known works of Miss Hosmer is that of the Sentinel of Pompeii. This

\* The Sleeping Faun and the Waking Faun, then in process of finishing.

is the first work of the artist which presses severity of style to very sternness of subject and expression. It would be a remarkable achievement in any studio, and is even more remarkable as the work of a woman who has hitherto chiefly embodied the sprightly and the graceful.

The figure is of colossal size; the legionary stands with firmly planted feet that seem to grasp the ground, both hands clasp the staff of his spear, and his face, which is that of a veteran, and recalls the soldiery physiognomies that we see on the Pillar of Trajan, has the settled expression which denotes that expectation is past, and that he has nerved himself to await the inevitable in a state of inaction that is most repugnant to one who has been used ever to confront death with all his energies in unrestrained exertion. The attitude, it need not be said, is not that of a formal sentry of our own period; the suggestion of the possibility of motion is given by the advanced foot, which is still so corrected by the direction of the sloping spear as to indicate at the same time the impulse and its subjugation. The sentinel knows that Death is coming, but he scorns to fly. He will remain and meet him face to face. Herein consists all the poetry of the conception, and the artist has done justice to it."

This graphic description was given in the *London Times*, in August, 1867:

"In the outer wall to the right of the sea-gate of Pompeii, on the road which leads to Herculaneum, is a niche in which, at an early period in the exhumation of the buried city, the excavators found a skeleton, in the plain armor of a Roman soldier. Helmet, lance, and breast-plate may be seen hanging near the entrance to the second room of the Museo Borbonico at Naples.

The sentinel had kept his post till overpowered by the sulphurous vapor of the falling ashes. There, in the niche of the wall, skeleton, lance, and armor had remained undisturbed from the 23d of November, A.D. 79, when the city was overwhelmed by the ashes and showers of dust from Vesuvius, till the 20th of April, 1794, when the niche and its contents were laid bare in the process of excavation. The story of this sentinel, thus faithful to duty unto death, appeals powerfully and directly to the imagination, and has been taken as the subject of an impressive design for sculpture. Miss Hosmer, the favorite pupil of Gibson, already well known in this country by her Puck, her Zenobia, her Beatrice Cenci, and other works exhibited at the Royal Academy and International Exhibitions, has modelled a colossal figure of this faithful Pompeiian legionary, now exhibiting for a few days at Mr. Martin Colnaghi's Gallery in the Haymarket. The figure is eight feet in height, clad in helmet and corselet of bronze plates modelled after the originals, leaning upon his lance in vain resistance to the deadening influence of the sulphurous fumes of the falling dust and ashes. His eyes are already closed. The blood in his veins thickens and runs slow. Looking at the figure in profile, we see that he already staggers and can scarce sustain himself by aid of his lance, hard clutched and pressed as a point of support against his knee. Besides his helmet and corselet he wears only a short tunic and sandals, showing the instep and toes, so that the limbs are freely displayed, and there is at once the least possible concealment of the figure and the least possible advantage derived from drapery.

The perfect simplicity and sincerity of the treatment give to Miss Hosmer's design the impressiveness which befits its subject. Under the paramount sense of soldierly duty, the thews and sinews of the



strong sentinel are braced to resist the stupefying vapors which are beginning to overpower sense and strength. He has closed his eyes, apparently, more to aid the concentration of his powers than to exclude sights of horror, which through that thick cloud of falling ashes could hardly have been within his ken. The muscles of his limbs are in strong tension, the bones firmly set, giving emphasis to the impression that the man's energies are bent up to their very utmost. It is a worthy embodiment of duty in face of death. Without any intention of left-handed compliment, it deserves to be called a masculine work, grave, earnest, and energetic, without contortion, effort, or sense of over-strain. . . . In these days, when so much is thought or said about woman's work, it is a satisfaction to call attention to the creation of a woman who has not merely held her own, but taken high rank among the sculptors of her time . . . and has in the course of her career fully justified the interest she at once inspired in that pure and simple man and single-minded artist, John Gibson, from her first introduction to him as 'an aspiring and high-couraged young American girl, with a passionate vocation for sculpture.'"

## TO WAYMAN CROW.

ASHRIDGE, Nov. 1867.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

First of all let me say that I am taking the revolution in Rome very easy here, and am not sorry to have an excuse for prolonging my stay this side the Channel. But letters have come now from the seat of former war, and I find there is no sound reason why I should longer absent myself from my post, and I am off. The next time I shall date from Paris, *en route* to the clay pit. I have a letter from Ercole,

my studio, house, and stable are intact, nothing taken possession of, but one of my men, a blocker-out, was going up the Via Tritone when a bomb exploded and injured his right hand so that he was obliged to have the middle finger cut off. Then John, my valiant groom, was set upon by two men as he was going home one evening, and robbed and stabbed, but fortunately the dagger went through his coat only.

I paused a bit, hearing all this, but now, with the French, order has returned. As for the Pope, he was never so strong as now, and the papal troops, whom it was the fashion to laugh at, have shown themselves valiant soldiers and have made themselves respected. As for the Romans, they were more loyal than the world gave them credit for being, or else were afraid their "season" would be spoiled, I don't know which. In return for their loyalty, they will have a tremendous rush this winter, everybody will be wanting to see where these events transpired. So much for Roman politics.

I am glad you like "Hosmer and her men." \* I did it by way of a joke, but it has had a great success, and I don't know how many photographs I might have given away if I had had them.

Last Sunday I was at the Zoölogical gardens, craning at lions, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder and thought that I must have been baiting the bear unbeknownst, and that the policeman had come to arrest me; but on turning round I discovered Mr. Story, who had come to England to model the statue of George Peabody. Mr. Peabody is a very good subject, but oh, the modern costume, I do not envy him! I happened to have my letter from Rome, the first for a month, which I read to him, the first news he had had for weeks.

Yours, H.

\* A photograph of Miss Hosmer in her studio, surrounded by her workmen.



HARRIET HOSMER AND HER WORKMEN



Upon going to London, Miss Hosmer found it inadvisable to continue her journey to Rome. She was summoned back to Ashridge by Lady Marian Alford and, with characteristic jokes and nonsense, she thus responded:

## THE LOST BALLAD OF THE MELON-COLORED MAID.

### I.

Fierce howled the blast, the wainscot shook,  
The casement rattled in the gale,  
While like arrows thick and fast  
Came deadly sheets of blinding hail.

### II.

Far flashed the lightning, and in twain  
The starry vault of Heaven was rent;  
Far boomed the thunder, waking all  
The echoes of the firmament.

### III.

Thick darkness reigned—the forest trees,  
Uprooted, prone in dust were laid,  
Yet all unmoved, unheeding sat  
The melon-colored maid—

. . . . .

### VI.

Thrice muttered she, and thrice  
She stroked her pallid cheeks,  
E'en in her woe observant of  
The number of the Greeks.



## VII.

Then slowly oped the portal,  
And shuddered all dismayed,  
The trusty menial, to behold  
The melon-colored maid—

## VIII.

Yet stirred she not, the maiden,  
Nor even twirled a thumb,  
But when she spake, from other worlds  
The accents seemed to come.

## IX.

“My faithful Kuhl,\* because I know  
That very *Kuhl* you are,  
I prithee fetch the carving knife  
And cleave my jugular;

## X.

No longer can I bear against  
This crushing weight of woe,  
The rails are blocked, the Dilly's stopped,  
To Rome we may not go.

## XI.

And there, alas! my helpless babes  
No mother's face shall view!  
Who aids them now, of me bereft?  
The youngest thirty-two!”  
 . . . . .

## XIV.

“Arouse thee, gracious lady,  
Some missive I have here,  
Mayhap I bring a little ray  
Of comfort and good cheer.”

\* The German maid.

## XV.

“Now out upon thee, woman!  
And leave me as I am.  
How dare'st thou, minion, bring to me  
Another telegram?”

## XVI.

“Methinks, my gracious lady,  
This is unlike the rest;  
It bears the postmark Grantham,  
And M. A. and a crest.”

## XVII.

“Ha! say'st thou, faithful Kuhly,  
And dost thou truly tell?  
And dost thou see it is a crest,  
And can'st thou rightly spell?”

. . . . .

## XIX.

And then with trembling hand  
The document she tore,  
And as she read she looked around  
As pleased as sad before.

. . . . .

## XXI.

“Now blessed be all the Dillys,  
The babes may ‘go to pot!’  
My lady bids me hie to her  
And, Kuhl, why should we not?”

## XXII.

When spake the maid, “If, Madame, you  
Excuse the place I'm in,  
Nor show just cause why I should not,  
A somerset I'll spin.”

## XXIII.

"Good Kuhl," quoth she, "I do admire  
The spirit you have shown,  
And by the great Saint Vitus  
You shall not spin alone."

## XXIV.

Whereat, but quicker than  
By lightning trees are rent,  
They both began a-spinning  
And heels o'er head they went.

## XXV.

The feathers flew, the dust up-heaved,  
Ne'er vigor was displayed  
Like that which suddenly inspired  
The melon-colored maid.

## XXVI.

The clock struck twelve, the carpet all  
In shreds was in the air;  
Still on they spun without a thought  
Of pausing anywhere.

## XXVII.

The distant cock with windpipe shrill  
Crowed out the hour of three;  
The bats looked in and cried, "Look out!  
What whirring can that be?"

## XXVIII.

The morning dawned, but never sun  
Lit up so strange a scene,  
Three little mounds of dust revealed  
Where furniture had been.

## XXIX.

Naught else remained, the field was clear,  
Triumphant spun the two;  
The higher shone the orb of day,  
The faster still they flew.

## XXX.

At last paused she, the maiden,  
And spake, but scarce betrayed  
That weight of sorrow which had crushed  
The melon-colored maid.

## XXXI.

But, with a twinkle, "Kuhl," quoth she,  
"To me it doth appear,  
With deference to the Pope, we've had  
A Revolution *here*."

## XXXII.

"I pause for I bethink myself  
The post leaves here at three.  
But spin thou on, I prithee,  
And do not rise for me."

## XXXIII.

"I pause a moment, only  
The better to begin  
Another kind of spinning;  
A little yarn I'll spin."

## XXXIV.

And may the gods so help me,  
Such skill may I display,  
That none shall say my yarn  
Was worsted in the fray."

## XXXV.

She spake and poised aloft  
 Her quill—then let it drive  
 With force gigantic through—let's see—  
 Through verses thirty-five.

And here they are, my Lady,  
 And Saturday, arrayed  
 In winks and cheery blinks, you'll see  
 The melon-colored maid.

Eventually the artist reached Rome and wrote:

ROME, Dec. 5, 1867.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I write now from headquarters, where I arrived a week ago, and have already got into the traces and draw in harness just as if I had never been away further than the Obelisk in the Piazza Trinita. We had a very good journey from Paris, but the quantity of snow on Mt. Cenis made me think I was somewhere in the region of my own native land.

I am going on with my Faun,\* and haven't felt so well, dear me, I don't know when, not since the dear old Lenox days; and I mean to do a deal towards filling my studio this winter. It is two years that I haven't been very prolific, that is, in results to show at the present moment. I found all my belongings in first rate order here, and have settled for the last outlay I make in Paris, or anywhere else, for the furnishing of my apartment.

Gallant† is in splendid condition, and N———‡ and I have had a whisk over rails, this afternoon, getting ready for foxes. On Sunday afternoon we propose to ride to Mentana, to see where the Garibaldians were gobbled up. People are beginning to drop

\* The Waking Faun.

† Her hunter.

‡ The American consul, Mr. Cushman.



in, but *forestieri* cannot be said to abound. It will be a late season, but a good one, if the French stay to ensure tranquillity; all depends upon that. They are going, but no further than Civita Vecchia.

Yours, H.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Jan. 1, 1868.

First of all, dear Pater, let me wish you the happiest New Year that ever fell to the lot of mortals, and in number *more* than ever fell to the lot of mortals!

It is a long time since I have written, but the truth is I have been immersed in a design which has bothered me not a little, and I have applied myself to it with the true Hosmer and bull-dog pertinacity. Suffice it to say, I have accomplished it very much to my satisfaction, and will soon send you a drawing of the immortal work. Furthermore, I have been doing the sociable. General P. and daughter have been here, and I am bound to be civil to any one who comes from St. Louis, for I have met with friendliness and encouragement from there as from nowhere else. I went to see the Motleys the other night, and he, though suffering from a boil on his neck, insisted upon coming down to the door with me. "Pray," said I, "don't think of such a thing as coming out with your boil." "Alas," said he, "I can't come without it." . . .

Yours, H.

LADY BLOOMFIELD TO MISS HOSMER.

HOTEL COSTANZI, Feb. 15, 1868.

*Dear Miss Hosmer:*

Here is the extract which I promised you. I hope it will give you pleasure as it did me, showing that

your beautiful statue has not only given momentary pleasure, but left a lasting impression upon a highly cultivated and refined mind. That you may long have health and strength to work is the sincere wish of

Yours most truly,

G. BLOOMFIELD.

My friend says, "And so you have seen Miss Hosmer! Her talent must be wonderful, and so far as the Sleeping Faun goes, I can enter into it, for the statue was sent over to the Dublin Exhibition and delighted us all. She had so completely embodied the poetic notion of a Faun, that it made me understand for the first time that he was intended to be much more than a hobgoblin of the forest. She gives her beautiful figure the delicate charm belonging to a lover of Nature. The small pointed ear seemed ready for acute and distinguishing perception, and his sleep so light that a rustle in his beloved trees would awaken him. But how dull am I, to explain what you have been seeing yourself so lately; it is only the image of what people do, when they are constantly munching at crumbs of memory."

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Mar. 26, 1868.

*Dear Pater:*

Although a day after the fair, this is to wish you many happy returns of your birthday. So you have reached the venerable point of sixty. I used to think that sixty was pretty old, but not being so young myself as I was when I was born, I look upon sixty now as about ten years this side of the prime of life. I wish I could model such statues now as I shall be able to make when I am sixty. One has all one's experience by that time, and head enough to use it to the best advantage.

We have had Admiral Farragut here, and he is a dear old fellow. So simple and bears his honors so modestly. I dined with him on Saturday last at Miss Cushman's. Consul Cushman had presented him on the same day to the Pope, and on Monday night Mr. Hooker gave a party in his honor, at which all the world and his wife figured.

I must tell you a great piece of news: my chandelier, that immortal (but until now invisible) piece of furniture, has not only turned up, but has remained up forty-eight hours in my *salone* and I must say it is the sweetest thing in the way of a glim that I ever did see. With that, my furnishing comes pretty nearly to an end, thank the gods! Next year I shall begin to hoard up, having furnished my studio, my house, and my stable.

I am still devoted to my Faun,\* though a few days more will see him cast. He goes to England to Lady Ashburton, who has his mate, the Sleeping Faun. Did I tell you that next year she and I are going to get up an artistic little exhibition of both the Fauns, and have them seen to advantage? I only wish they were ready now, but somehow or other there are certain things that will take their time to grow and blossom, just like the trees and the flowers. Now I am becoming poetic and sentimental, so had better stop, but first let me say that Rogers spent sixteen years on his "Italy" and Gibbon wrote part of his history over five times. . . . Yours, H.

No record of the artist's life would seem complete without a word from the hand of the friend to whom her letters are mostly written, and this one serves to show the keen and sympathetic interest which he took

\* The Waking Faun.

in everything concerning her work, and the enthusiasm which helped to carry her on to better things. When her monument of Benton was completed and sent to St. Louis to be placed in Lafayette Park, Colonel Benton's daughter, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, was invited to come to St. Louis to unveil it. She was accompanied by her husband, General John C. Fremont, known as "the Pathfinder," from his early explorations in the Rocky Mountains.

Colonel Benton himself had acquired the name of "Old Bullion" because of his persistent condemnation for thirty years (while in the Senate) of paper currency and his advocacy of gold and silver as a medium of exchange.

#### WAYMAN CROW TO MISS HOSMER.

*My dear Hatty:* ST. LOUIS, May 28, 1868.

Hip! hip! hurrah! "Old Bullion" is on his feet at last, and he stands magnificent! Yesterday was a proud day for St. Louis, a proud day for you, and I need hardly say it was a proud day for me. The weather was everything to be desired, combining spring and summer. Lafayette Park, (some forty acres in extent,) is almost as beautiful as the *Parc Monceau* in Paris, and was in full spring attire. The day opened bright and glorious. It was made a general holiday throughout the city. All places of business were closed, and flags were flying on the public buildings, as on many private houses.

At two o'clock I called in my carriage for General and Mrs. Fremont and took them to the park, entering the grounds just before three o'clock, the hour set for the opening ceremonies. The city is full



THE STATUE OF THOMAS H. BENTON





of strangers, and the crowd was so great that the police had difficulty in making a way for us. An aged colored man, Ralph Harrison, who was a body servant of Colonel Benton's, was provided with a chair near the platform. The ceremonies proceeded as reported in the papers which I am mailing to you. When the speeches were over I escorted Mrs. Fremont to the base of the statue, she touched a silken cord, and the veil fell, revealing the monument. It was gracefully done, and when she caught sight of her father's features her eyes filled with tears. As she stood there the band played "Hail to the Chief," and the cannon gave thirty salutes in honor of Benton's thirty years in the United States Senate. The bronze was like gold and the afternoon sun equally bright, with a background of blue sky hardly to be excelled in Italy. When the guns ceased Mrs. Fremont walked slowly around the statue, viewing it from every point, the police keeping the crowd back with difficulty. At last she said, "I was prepared to like Miss Hosmer's work, but this surpasses all I had expected; she has caught my father's very expression and his attitude." She approves the drapery and says he wore his cloak much as you have arranged it. She begged me to convey to you her thanks and say that she will write to you. General Fremont said the statue, "as a work of art, was the best one he had seen in America." At six o'clock our carriage was brought up and made the circuit of the monument again. Mrs. Fremont in parting kissed her hand to her father, and both she and the General bowed to the crowds pressing on each side as we drove away.

I hear from others to-day that the universal expression of opinion was favorable. Old friends of Benton found the likeness good and the position one of his own. Of course the criticisms will now come, but

with Gibson's letter to fortify us we can say, "Lay on, Macduff." By the way, I gave Mrs. Fremont the autograph letter of Mr. Gibson.

Now let us leave the things that are behind and press forward to those that are before. . . .

Yours truly,

WAYMAN CROW.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Pater:*

ROME, June, 1868.

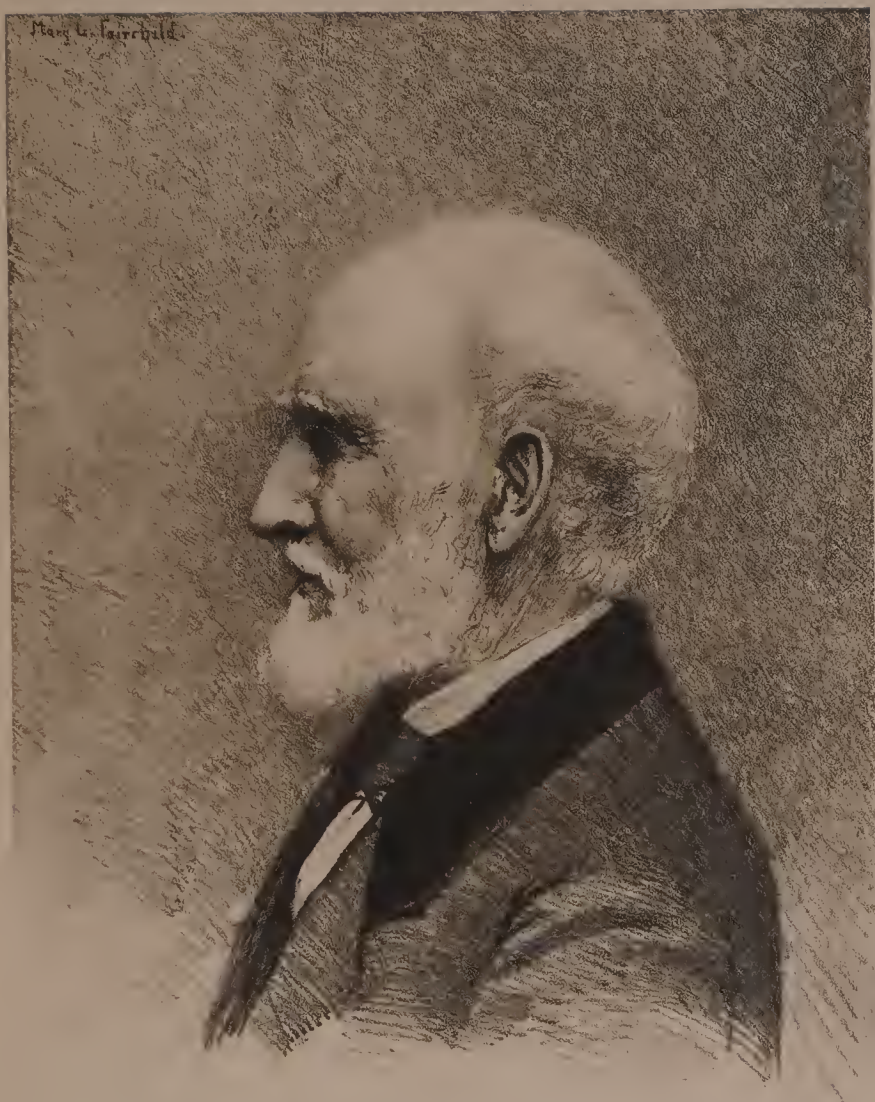
To-day I learn with infinite relief how well the statue of Benton has been received in St. Louis. You know I was prepared for rubs. Portrait statues are ticklish things, particularly when the artist is bold enough to represent a modern without trousers, substituting drapery. I am grateful to Müller for putting my work into such beautiful material.\* Now probably this very day another ceremony† comes off, the result of a deep conspiracy against you. I little thought the time would ever come when I should conspire against *you*. All I can say is, that the bust ought to be a statue and that statue of gold, to repay you for all the trouble and care you have taken for, and of me, you, my best friend. Where should I have been without you?

Yours, H.

Miss Hosmer had modelled a bust of Mr. Crow, which she desired should be a complete surprise to him. She deputed her friend Mr. James E. Yeatman to carry out all the details of its presentation to the Washington University in St. Louis; a college founded by him, and whose welfare he had always

\* Bronze.

† The unveiling in St. Louis of Miss Hosmer's bust of Wayman Crow.



Weyman Perry





at heart. The following letter describes the execution of her plans:

MR. YEATMAN TO MISS HOSMER.

ST. LOUIS, June 19, 1868.

*My dear Miss Hosmer:*

You may now write, "Veni, Vidi, Vici." The day has passed, the bust has been presented, all has gone well. Last evening the commencement exercises of the university took place, and the giving of the diplomas. There had been an alcove built on the platform, at the rear, lined with crimson brocade, in which the pedestal and bust had been placed with crimson curtains in front to conceal it. This created no suspicion, but was thought to be intended as a background for the chancellor's chair. The front seats were occupied by the president and members of the board of trustees, among whom was Mr. Crow, and by the professors of the university. After the speaking was over and the diplomas had been delivered, the chancellor moved his chair to one side, a student advanced to the platform and drew aside the curtain revealing the bust. It was such a surprise that it was received with a burst of applause. When it ceased I arose and made the presentation. Mr. Crow was the most surprised man of them all, and I may also say the most gratified. My remarks occupied less than five minutes, and I did not mention either your name or that of Mr. Crow till the very last, when they were received with a round of long and loud cheers. The president, Dr. Eliot,\* made an appropriate reply, accepting the gift in the name of the college, and giving its history and its arrival in this country entirely unknown to any one except to himself and to me. So you see your instructions have

\* Rev. William G. Eliot.

been carried out. The secrecy and non-formality added greatly to the interest of the occasion, and showed that you were an artist in other things than sculpture. There were many pleasant incidents connected with it. Dr. Eliot referred to Mr. Crow as having framed the wise and broad charter, and to his substantial donation, which was the initial one in founding the university. The likeness is considered perfect, and I must congratulate you upon its success in every way. I have written you thus in detail, as I know you will be waiting to hear. . . .

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES E. YEATMAN.

One of the St. Louis journals in referring to the occasion, said:

“The marble bust of Wayman Crow, presented to the Washington University by our eminent American artist, Harriet Hosmer, was unveiled last evening in presence of a distinguished gathering of those connected with the college and interested in art. Among them were Wayman Crow and James E. Yeatman. Until the bust was unveiled Mr. Crow had no knowledge of it and his pleasure equalled his surprise. The bust, of white marble, rests upon a polished pedestal of a darker shade, supported by a carved pediment, the whole rising to a height of six feet. On the base of the bust and on the right and left sides of it, respectively, are carved

WAYMAN CROW

Rome M.D.C.C.C.LXV—Tribute of Gratitude.

Harriet Hosmer Sculpt.

These inscriptions are its history, in them the epitome of the reason which moved its production. The

face wears a calm and noble expression, a look full of meaning, an indescribable something which shows the work to be no less the language of the artist's heart, than a faithful likeness of her friend."

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ENGLAND, ADISCOMBE, 1868.

*Dear Pater:*

You see I flit round the spheres as if I had already shuffled off this mortal coil and had taken to wings and wet clouds. I must report myself from the British Isles, though I have nothing to write but gossip and greeting. For the first time since my first experience of the Channel, it was as smooth as a lake. And here I have been, most of the time since last Monday at the prettiest, cosiest place, belonging to Lady Ashburton, within driving distance of London, where I am doing the lazy to my heart's content. I was going to write you yesterday, to secure to-day's steamer, but this must wait for the next raft that passes, for just at the epistolary juncture Lady Marian arrived and the post wouldn't wait.

While seated at the breakfast table this morning a letter was brought to me beginning "dear cousin," and it turned out to be from Dr. Henry Bellows (the Reverend). I copy a passage which bears upon a subject near to both of our hearts. He says, "Your letter from Paris reached me yesterday, and before I am twenty-four hours older I want to say that I think nothing can be better than your design for the Lincoln Monument."

Did I ever tell you about Mr. Gibson? In the beginning he was immensely pleased at my competing, and said, "Now if any objection should be made to your receiving the commission on the ground of your being so young an artist and a woman, I will guaran-

tee them that the execution of the work will be in every respect worthy of the subject." So much for one, whose judgment and taste were that of the first sculptor in Rome. I did not know how far the accidental circumstance of my being a woman would favor or injure my cause. I'll leave that for you to determine, as also how far I would exert myself, in the event of my being the favored one, to justify your confidence in me to produce a work of art of which I should not be ashamed.

Yours, H.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

LOCH LUICHART, Scotland, Oct. 1868.

*Dear Pater:*

Coming from an excursion I find your welcome letter. I am sure that England is the place for being set up, and Scotland is still better. I am up here at the jumping off place, and you would think it winter if you could put your nose among these hills. I shall stay another ten days and then meander south to London, dropping in by the way upon several friends who are holding out their hospitable arms to catch me. I am staying with Lady Ashburton, having come last night from Coulin, Lord Warwick's beautiful Highland home. They are just returning to Warwick Castle, it having been put in readiness for them after the fire. Here we have a truly jolly party. Lady Marian arrived last night, and Lord Brownlow (her son) was already here with divers others, and people are coming and going all the while, so we have great variety. . . . You should be here to eat some trout out of the lake, fresh every morning, so fresh that you can almost feel them wriggle down your throat. Then the grouse season has begun, and

there are plenty of birds. This is indeed the land of plenty as well as of beauty. . . .

In spite of the weather the air is delicious, and so are the peat-water baths.

Yours, H.

TO MISS DUNDAS.

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 1868.

*My dear A——:*

. . . To-morrow we take real wings for Italy. We have been dawdling here for divers necessary and what seemed *unnecessary* reasons. Our respective maids and our irrespectful luggage have gone on, and, if all goes well, will speedily be in Rome. Having been outwardly disturbed and inwardly tossed by a hateful passage across the Channel, I put my foot down first upon the toe and then upon the heel, that *I* would stick to the land, for one, between here and Rome. I trust it is in consequence of my ever luminous example that Miss Cushman has decided upon the same way, which is over Mt. Cenis, and therefore we shall be some little time in getting to our journey's end. Then we shall stop in Florence a couple of days which will bring us into the twenties, quite *forestieri*-like and not like an artist.

Good-by, and hold me,

Yours ever,

H.

The methods of bargain and sale, forty or fifty years ago, on the Continent, are well remembered by travellers of that day, so this letter will seem familiar. A friend, upon leaving Rome, had asked Miss Hosmer to make some purchases for her, offering a price less than a very exorbitant one which had been demanded of her; and Miss Hosmer writes:



ROME, Nov. 1868.

*My dear friend:*

I am sure you will be as much amused as I am, to know that I have been able to execute all your commissions at your own price; such, however, is the fact, decided only yesterday. Old Minetti was difficult to manipulate. The three interviews before the desired result was obtained would have diverted you. The first was when I made him your offer, it was pretty to see his indignation. Did Miladi mean to insult him by offering just one-half his price? Did I, the Signorina who knew him so well, suppose for an instant that he could take one price when he had named another? His face became quite a psychological curiosity when I told him it was precisely *because* I knew him so well, that I had made the offer; the offer of £20 for the frame and little cabinet, was a still deeper insult! I then saw clearly that a *colpa* would ensue if I prolonged the conversation, so explosive was his wrath, and I departed, quite encouraged, for in general, you may set it down as a rule, in the Roman States, that the more ungovernable the rage, the greater is the probability of final concession. Fortunately I was negotiating for a *pezzetto* for myself, which gave me the opportunity of repeating my visit in a few days, when I imagined mental equilibrium might be restored. On my part, no allusion, however remote, was made to cabinets, although he had very speedily taken occasion to uncover it. I ignored its very existence, transacted my business, and had said "Addio, Minetti," when, not being able to see me depart without airing a subject so dear to his soul, he mildly insinuated that he might take £800 for it, to which observation I deigned no reply, and drove off. The next morning, however, he sent to know if I would see him on a subject of *importanza*; to which I, knowing it is fatal to display

any degree of eagerness in business transactions, responded, no, but I would come to his *magazzino* in a day or two. So yesterday I went, and in the blandest of tones he informed me "if Miladi would make a *piccolo crescimento* she *might* have the three things." "Not a *crescimento* of an *ombra* of a *bijocco*," said I, still more blandly, at which, with more words and gestures than *we* could squeeze into a year of ordinary conversation, he concluded you should have them for £520, and that, I think, is fair. Now I have faithfully reported the whole story. . . .

Yours, H.

## CHAPTER IX

1869-1871

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Jan. 4, 1869.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I am making a statue of the Queen of Naples. I don't know that you ever saw that photograph of her with a cloak wrapped about her, called the Gaeta costume? She came to me the other day dressed exactly as she was then, spur and all. It will make an interesting statue, for the subject is invested with so much that is historic. I forgot to say there is a pile of cannon balls at her feet, and upon them I shall get her to write her name and Gaeta and the year. The costume is perfectly classic, and she is so beautiful and artistic looking that she lends herself wonderfully to art.

I have been thoroughly dissipated for the last fortnight, a succession of dinners has been going on, and the wonder is how the poor frail stomach can endure all that is put upon it. Its yoke may be easy, but its burden is not always light. Mine, thanks to the Constitution of the United States and my own, rises, as Benton has it, "to equal the occasion." Among the people here are Mr. and Mrs. Childs of Philadelphia. They gave the most magnificent dinner at the "Europa" last Tuesday that I have ever seen anywhere. It was gorgeous, profuse, and sumptuous. Last night they dined with me. I had the Long-fellows to meet them, the H's and the A's of Boston.

I christened my *salone* upon the occasion, and all declared it the loveliest of rooms. . . .

Yours, H.

The following extract is taken from a letter written by a friend in Rome at about this time:

“I think the public will pronounce that Miss Hosmer has succeeded in giving elegance and grace to a modern dress, in a life-sized statue of the beautiful Queen of Naples. The costume is that actually worn by the unfortunate queen during the siege of Gaeta. It is a riding-habit nearly concealed by a large cloak, the ample folds of which adapt themselves to the sculptor’s purpose quite as well as any ancient drapery. The pose of the Queen is erect and slightly defiant, defiance less of the foe than of the danger and death that surround her. While the right hand rests upon the folds of the cloak, where it is thrown across the breast and shoulder, the other points downward, to the cannon balls that lie at her feet. The head, surrounded by a splendid coronet of hair, is slightly thrown back. It is well known in Rome that during the Queen’s residence here, she was a frequent visitor to Miss Hosmer’s studio, and sat many times for the statue, thus adding the value of a perfect likeness to a noble work of art. It is an extremely handsome head, somewhat disdainful and breathing the utmost firmness and resolution. The Queen’s hair is celebrated for its length and sable beauty; when she lets it fall, she might drape herself with it like Godiva. Massed in a bold, broad braid about her brow, it forms a natural crown more beautiful than goldsmith’s skill could supply. In the statue it has the effect of a diadem, while the rich folds and tassels of the cloak might be taken, without any stretch of imagination, for a royal robe. Royal

indeed she was at Gaeta, immovable under the deadly shower of Cialdini's shells, more than at any other moment of her short and hapless reign; and the sculptor has had a happy idea in placing for sole inscription, 'Gaetae Maria Regina.' Of the riding habit, only the part nearest the throat is seen, and a small portion of the skirt below the folds of the cloak. A slender, nervous foot, broadened by the firmness of the tread, is in advance, and the braid and lacings of the modern *bottine* are so arranged as to give it almost the appearance of a sandal and harmonize it with the remainder of the costume. The work vindicates at a glance the high reputation of the artist, and bids fair to be her masterpiece."

Miss Hosmer's great friendship with the Queen of Naples perhaps drew her attention more interestingly to all that was artistic in her family, and in writing of three of the Bavarian kings whom she had known, she said:

"No sovereigns of modern times, perhaps, have influenced art in a manner more direct and personal than have Ludwig I. and Ludwig II. The city of Munich is a worthy monument to the old artist King, Ludwig I. He it was who caused to be erected many of its finest buildings and its art galleries, and who enriched them with gems of painting and sculpture. He it was who established the great bronze foundry which at one time was regarded as the finest in the world, and he fostered art by generously aiding all artists in whom he recognized talent. More artist than statesman, King Ludwig was never so happy as during his frequent visits to Rome, when his beautifully situated villa, at that time a possession of the Bavarian crown, became a centre for those who cared for and appreciated art. More than once was I



invited to share these symposia when he exhibited with delighted pride some new art treasure which he had unearthed during his rambles about Rome. Not unfrequently his Majesty honored me with a visit in my studio; on one occasion bringing and reading to me an original poem, for the king was something of a poet too, and wrote very pretty verse; indeed, I have known even a Poet Laureate write worse. Most interesting, too, was his conversation touching upon all topics save politics. I well remember a talk upon the well-worn subject of the relative difficulties of painting and sculpture, in which he maintained that the art we love best appears to us the most difficult, because therein are we most critical and fastidious; a very good argument.

His successor, King Max, possessed few of the qualities which attract artists. He visited my studio when in Rome, but I remember little of him. Ludwig II., that weird figure in history, artist, poet, above all musician, to whom, by reason of his appreciation of Wagner, the existence of 'the music of the future,' as the king himself designated the school, was so greatly due—having seen the young king, I associate him always with the verses of the folk-lore, lore he loved so well. His lithe and graceful figure, his charm of manner, his pleasant voice, his handsome face, recalling much of the beauty of his distinguished cousin, the Queen of Naples, all these outward gifts he possessed in supreme degree. Clothe him in the shining garb of a Lohengrin, and without further metamorphosis we have the ideal hero of romance. And like a true hero of romance and a dreamer, as he was, he loved to steal away from the outer world and live apart in a world of his own. We can picture to ourselves that lone auditor in the vast theatre, sitting in solitary state, the stage ablaze with lights and all else in darkness, for it was a common occur-

rence for the king to command the performance of an opera for himself alone. Or we can fancy him lying in that lone boat, floating wheresoever the winds listed, upon the fateful Starnburg See. Or we catch a glimpse of that fantastic, gilded chariot, wild and weird, plunging through the snow in the dead of night, 'like a shooting star,' as it has been well described, the king its solitary tenant. Strange fancies these, truly, fancies which cost him his throne. But whatever were his shortcomings as a ruler, and they appear to have been many, just as Ludwig I. fostered the arts of painting and sculpture, so is the world of music indebted in like degree to Ludwig II. All the world knows of his friendship for and his belief in Wagner. He it was who enabled Wagner to pursue his studies untrammelled by financial anxieties; who, at his own expense, placed upon the stage the great works for rehearsal, and who was content to share the ridicule which at that time attached to Wagner's name. Nor is it possible to resist the thought, that as he supplied Wagner with means to complete his works, so his own romantic personality, his beauty of face and figure, his kingly presence, supplied the model for more than one of the great master's striking and fascinating impersonations.

The name of the young king has now passed into history, and his memory, linked in sympathy with that of his artist ancestor, Ludwig I., will be cherished, not as that of statesman, but as of one who loved and fostered the gentler arts. He was beloved in spite of his eccentricities, of his lavish expenditures, and his disregard of kingly duties. And after the terrible tragedy, as his body lay in state, his people gazed through tears upon their dead king who preferred death to the doom which he foresaw."

TO MRS. CARR.

ROME, Sep. 1869.

*Dear C:*

Oh, I have just had a document, Browning's last unpublished poem! It seems that the Storys, Mr. Browning and his sister (Sarianna), Lady Marian Alford, and Sir Roderick Murchison, all found themselves staying with Lady Ashburton at her place in Scotland, so they got up a Round Robin, written by Browning, which was despatched to me. Here it is:

LOCH LUICHART, DINGWALL, N. B.

Dear Hosmer; or still dearer, Hatty—  
Mixture of *miele* and of *latte*,  
So good and sweet and—somewhat fatty—

Why linger still in Rome's old glory  
When Scotland lies in cool before ye?  
Make haste and come!—quoth Mr. Story.

Sculpture is not a thing to sit to  
In summertime; do find a fit toe  
To kick the clay aside a bit—oh,  
Yield to our prayers! quoth Mrs. Ditto.

Give comfort to us poor and needy  
Who, wanting you, are waiting greedy  
Our meat and drink, yourself, quoth Edie.

Nay, though past clay, you chip the Parian,  
Throw chisel down! quoth Lady Marian.

Be welcome, as to cow—the fodder-rick!  
Excuse the simile!—quoth Sir Roderick.

Say not (in Scotch) “in troth it canna be”—  
But, honey, milk and, indeed, manna be!  
Forgive a stranger!—Sarianna B.

Don't set an old acquaintance frowning,  
 But come and quickly! quoth R. Browning,  
 For since prodigious fault is found with you,  
 I—that is, Robin—must be Round with you.

P. S.

Do wash your hands, or leave the dirt on,  
 But leave the tool as Gammer Gurton  
 Her needle lost,—Lady Ashburton  
 Thus ends this letter—ease my sick heart,  
 And come to my divine Loch Luichart!

W. W. STORY, his mark X.

EMELYN STORY,

EDITH MARION STORY,

M. ALFORD.

Signatures of In order of infraposition

I am, RODERICK MURCHISON,  
 SARIANNA BROWNING,  
 ROBERT BROWNING,  
 L. ASHBURTON.

Sept. 5th, 1869.

Miss Hosmer, with her well known playfulness,  
 replied:

*My eight beloved friends:*

ROME.

They think perchance, those loving friends  
 Who made that lucky hit,  
 That though stuck fast in Roman clay  
 I do not care a bit.

Had I the pinions of the dove  
 Of which the poets sing,  
 How quickly would I flee away  
 And cut a pigeon wing.

To say, I breathless revel in  
 My occurrent glory,  
 Is what, good lack, my William, is  
 A truly precious Story.



LOCH LUICHART LODGE





Or willing paddle in the sea  
For numerous friends of mine  
When wailing cry out, eight of them,  
To send, to 'Em-a-line.

I know that house as well as church  
Is full, laws me, of *tiede* \*  
Now all day, enough to make  
One's very mustard s'Edie.

Believe me if I had my weigh  
Though Fortune is a chary 'un  
The scales I'd turn, to take in turn,  
A turn with Lady Marian.

You don't believe it, do I hear?  
You don't believe it true,  
Well then if some among you doubt  
Just see Sir Roderick Dhu.

Alas such bliss, such earthly bliss  
Is not in store for me,  
I weep hot tears, that it may not  
My Sarianna B——.

Tell him who stole my early love  
And while these tears abound  
Rob' erst by name, to cherish me  
As he goes Robin' Round.

And tho' fair hostess, though it seem  
I'm seeming to be ill,  
Yet sight of thee and of thy Loch  
Would make me Chubbier still.

\* Warmth.

It may not be—may not—alas  
Is the refrain I sing,  
Yet comforts me this fling at thee,  
This little Highland fling.

Always, my eight dear friends,

Your very lovingest,

Sept. 13th, 1869.

H. G. H.

A visitor in Rome gives another studio picture, and writes:

“ Miss Hosmer’s studio is one of the most beautiful in Rome. On entering it the first thing which attracts attention is a large fountain, which occupies the centre of the room, and is the model of one ordered by Lady Marian Alford, of England, which now adorns her conservatory in London. Two side rooms open from this central apartment, and all three are lined with the graceful works which have made their author famous. Puck crouches there, the very embodiment of diablerie; his graceful form seems instinct with the subtle spirit of nature’s life. That life which stirs in every rustling leaf, quivers in every blade of grass, and floats in every changing shadow. It was Puck which won for Miss Hosmer her first celebrity in Europe; its originality and beauty attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, who at once purchased a copy of it, and it has since found its way to many art galleries of the Old World and the New. Zenobia, the captive and fettered Queen, stands apart, unfettered in soul and unconquered by fate. Beatrice Cenci lies near, overcome by weariness, as on the night before her execution; but even in her sleep the bitterness of her despair and her utter sense of abandonment never loose their hold upon the helpless girl. In strong contrast to this earthly misery

is the Sleeping Faun, who reclines on a bank in serene repose, so full of calm and peace that one is sure none but a soulless being could fall into this dreamless slumber. Not far from this Faun stands one of Gibson's own works, the Amazon, full of vigor and womanliness, and glowing with the warm, life-like tint which that master loved to give to his marbles. The latest work of Miss Hosmer is a full-length statue of the ex-Queen of Naples, 'the beautiful Queen,' as Mrs. Browning called her. To it she devoted two years of careful labor."

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, Dec. 2, 1869.

*Dear Pater:*

Well, it is no longer summer, though I had got to feel that it was always August here, and winter is along with its whirl once more. I do not find Rome so full as usual at this season, but many are coming later. As to priests and prelates, the town is black with them. Mrs. Kemble is here, delightful as ever. She really is the most wonderful woman I know. All my Lenox enthusiasm and admiration return when I look upon her, or listen to her. Miss Cushman, too, is on her way, and Miss Lloyd is one of her party.

Apartments are going up fabulously, and I look with considerable complacency upon my snug little home costing me twenty-eight scudi a month. You see, though it did cost something to furnish, once furnished, house rent comes easy, and it certainly is the only thing to do if one intends to stay here.

I am beginning to think my summer here has done me good, and Mrs. Story said on first seeing me, "Well, Hatty, I prepared a good scolding for you, but I never saw you look better."

Lady Marian comes in another three weeks, and

the Empress of Austria is on her way to stay some time with her sister the Queen of Naples. . . .

Yours, H.

ROME, Feb. 1870.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

I have just received an order for a monument to be placed in the cemetery at ———. It is to be of bronze and that red free stone of which I am so fond. I have been in correspondence for some months with the members of the family, but knowing that there are slips sometimes in monuments I have said nothing about it till now it is quite settled and may be spoken of. So I don't think I shall see my native land this year. I am as busy as a whole hive of bees, one bee is not sufficient to represent all the irons I have in the fire. One is in Munich, about some casting to be begun, and I should go thither any way to see my Queen.

Boxall,\* my early love and my late one too, was here for nearly a month, and of course I flirted a deal with him. He is as delightful as ever and quite as matrimonial. In fact, I was plighted to him before a justice of the peace, and I told him that positively I never found myself in such a plight before.

The Queen of Naples ("the lovely Queen," as Mr. Longfellow calls her) is looking uncommonly handsome. She sent for me last Sunday to show me her new horse, a present from her sister (the Empress of Austria whose own pet saddle horse it was), and really it is the most beautiful thing I ever saw on four legs. . . .

Yours, H.

Miss Hosmer's readiness to oblige a friend, even to the gratifying of a whim, is shown in the following letters, which refer particularly to the Empress of

\* The venerable Sir William Boxall.



Austria, of whom she saw much in Rome, when she was there visiting the Queen of Naples.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ROME, March 17, (1870).

*Dear Pater:*

This letter is to be devoted entirely to business, and the next one shall be devoted entirely to gossip for I owe you two, but I am generous and shall give you three before I consider my debt paid!!! This is a commission I am going to ask you to execute for me in the best style of Art, as it is for the Empress and the Queen (Austria and Naples understood.) They want half-a-dozen SHAKER HATS!!!! That in large letters, for I am sure it will make you laugh. Those royal ladies are going to appear this summer in that style of head-dress, and I have no doubt that Shaker hats will afterwards be in great demand throughout Austria and Bavaria. These hats, which, I hear, are to be found in Lebanon, are supposed to be the real thing, though you may know of others nearer home just as good; but the Lebanon ones are those called for. They must be of the finest quality possible, and light, for that is a *sine qua non*. And now comes the important feature. It appears they have green veils of silk attached to them somewhere. I presume to a portion of the brim, though I confess my mind is not clear on that point. But lightness and the green veils seem to be the great attraction. Now could you help me to attain to these HATS? I am sure you can, if any one can, and I shall be a thousand times obliged to you, and so will be, the handsome ladies in question. Now here is the size of the hats in general, but a trifle bigger, or a trifle smaller, three of them had better be—the other three, the exact size of this cord, which, for fear it should get

lost, I had better state is twenty-two inches (English). When said hats are ready to depart, I shall ask you to have them packed so that sea air will not injure them, and have the box addressed to Sherlock & Co., Liverpool. I will send you within a week the fuller address, so that there will be no mistake. Meantime, will you give the hats a start towards fabrication, as they are wanted as soon as may be. Pray for Heaven's sake don't omit the green veils. Are they not sewn in the inside of the brim, so as to fall round the neck? I don't remember, but please have them as they are worn.

I must close or lose this post. You ask if I am coming home this summer. I think it quite an impossible thing. I am going to see the effect of the hats, and then to England. . . .

Yours, H.

ROME, Sunday night I know it is,  
and I believe it is June 6, (1870)

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

How long it is since I vowed I would not get into my bed before writing you a line, and then—well, I have gone to bed (because I couldn't sit up all this time) and somehow the letter has never got written. I received yours about the hats. With you, I was immensely amused at the idea that the "homelier" they were, the more desirable they appeared to the Shaker mind. Well, when I found that you could only procure a *bonnet*, still worse a *scoop*, I thought it wasn't worth while to have such objects sent over, and have written to the Queen to tell her so. I remember the real grocer's brown sugar scoop, but somehow I still have it on my mind, that centuries ago I used to see hats with a green veil all round, or have I witnessed the apotheosis of some Shaker in a picture, and was the hat the ideal of a bonnet? How-

ever that may be, I am a thousand times obliged for all the trouble you have taken, just as much as if the result had been that the Empress was seen seated upon her throne in one of the pious scoops.

Speaking of art, I enclose a photograph of my new horse that won the steeplechase, and this is my new groom, and "New" is his name; a first rate man he is, and a beautiful rider. I hope you observe the stars and stripes (in the picture), printed stars and "strips" in the programme, don't say I am not patriotic! Mrs. B. said she broke her new parasol cheering the national colors.

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Sep. 21, 1870.

Now the oracle becomes garrulous. I am fairly upon the war-path or in the path of war. When I last wrote you I did not think that my next letter would contain a staggerer. Of course you know what that staggerer is, probably know it to-night. Rome belongs no more to the dear old gentleman with the Tiara!!! Having written those words I read and re-read them, they are so impossible to realize. I, skeptical to the last, as one always is who has heard of a possibility for eighteen years, would not credit the fact that the Italians were really coming, though they were outside the gates. But yesterday at five o'clock in the morning began a cannonading which made us open our winkers pretty lively, and keep them open as big as saucers until near eleven o'clock, when a hole was knocked in the wall and in marched Victor Emmanuel's troops.

All the fighting was at the Porta Pia, which you recollect is very near my house, so we had the full benefit of the noise and of the cannon balls too, as I found when I attempted to see a little of the fun outside my own walls. When the cry arose that Na-

poleon's Villa was on fire, my curiosity overcame my prudence and I went into the Via Pia, spyglass in hand; but I was soon brought to my senses, for a shell burst within a stone's throw of me and a piece fell not two yards from my feet. A great cry arose of "*Indietro, indietro!*" and I, with the rest of the crowd, left for home, and had not turned the corner by more than a second and a half when another shell burst at the very corner and cut open a man's head who was so near me that he was touching my dress. Pretty lively, wasn't it?

So I concluded home was as good a place as any, and stayed here as long as I could, but presently sallied forth again, being hailed by two friends, and crept round corners till I got to Rossetti's house in the Porta Pinciana, where we had a grand view of things, with a ball whizzing round our ears every few minutes to add to the excitement of the occasion. We had, however, to make ourselves scarce again when a bomb fell three roofs from ours, and I then began to think I had had enough of the smoke and din of battle, and had better retire gracefully while I had a whole set of bones in my body.

No one thought the fighting would be so serious, as the Pope had declared he should make only a "moral protest," for which five minutes of actual warfare was as good as five days. After just five and a half hours, the cannonading ceased and Rome became *Italian*. We can scarcely believe it, and such rejoicings as the Romans are waking up to, are perfectly unnatural in this quiet Papal city. How many times I have thanked my stars that I was here! I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I write in a disjointed manner, for my head is entirely dazed with what I have seen and heard. You will have a better account than I can give you, in all the papers for the next month, probably, and this is only a sort



of excuse for my telling you that I am here and not killed, but very lively indeed.

In the afternoon everybody went out to the Porta Pia, and you would never have recognized the place. The gate that the dear old Pope has been whittling at for years, his own pet portal, looks like a piece of perforated card, and a strange thing happened that set afloat all sorts of sensational stories. A shell took off the heads of two statues, each side of the gate, and sent them rolling along the pavement. The statues were those of St. Peter and St. Paul. The bodies were not injured. Of course those who so desired, read the omen as indicating that ecclesiastical rule was ended forever. The fresco of the Madonna is pretty well punched, and there are so many trenches to skip over that one wants four legs instead of two. The Napoleon Villa (just inside the gate) has suffered most. A bomb set fire to it so that all that was combustible went "*per aria*." The iron gate is twisted into all kinds of shapes, and the garden wall riddled. I got into that garden and there saw a sight I shall never forget,—a dead Zouave all covered with dust, his hands and face like marble, and a most frightful gunshot wound in the lower part of his face, which must have killed him on the spot. There were very few killed, tho' a number were wounded. But it is so impossible to get at the truth of things in this confusion that I believe nothing as yet. The entry of the soldiers was most exciting, to the number, some say, of 40,000, some say 60,000.

This has been such a summer of astounding events that one's mind fails to grasp any idea that does not savor of the miraculous, and one is so stunned by all that has transpired in France that the drama of yesterday seems but child's play. What is to be said of the subjugation of France and the imprisonment of the Emperor? We can't take it all in. The fact is



so vast and brings such consequences. One thing, however, seems to be pretty generally believed, that the Republic can't last, and when it falls many say that the Italians will have to march out of this. The Pope is strong yet. We saw the opening scene yesterday, but we have still to see the second act. We do not know yet whether the Pope will stay or go, but wherever he is, he has the sympathy of millions of the faithful, and if they can manage to put their sympathy in the tangible form of an army from somewhere, Italy will be just exactly where she was in the olden time. The government was forced into this, but I believe did not wish it, foreseeing the troubles it would involve. Playing with the Vatican is a dangerous business.

I am still going to England. I have said so many times that "I am off," that it becomes ridiculous, but I shall go unless I come in for another brush in these unsettled times. We have been entirely cut off from the civilized world for nearly two weeks, and know absolutely nothing, but to-morrow shall be better informed. Any way, if Victor Emmanuel is to enter Rome in a hurry, it is a sight I would not miss for worlds.

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Dec. 1870.

This is the night before Christmas, so I leave you to guess at the date, and I can't let this evening go by without wishing you a merry one, tho' you won't get my wish till we are well on towards another. It is almost Christmas day now, for I have just come in from a party, which things go on as usual. Though of all the quiet, flat winters, this one bids fair to be superlative; you never saw Rome so quiet. Apartment let-ers are grumbling, and house let-ers are growling, and people are beginning to say that if

this is the result of the new government, they would rather have the old one back again. This winter in its dulness will do more for the Pope than a whole army, and I am every day more and more convinced that the thing is not going to work.

The King has made the great mistake of delaying his coming. He ought to have been here three days after his army. He is Italian, after all, and the idea of coming here and confronting the Pope's scowl is a thing he shivers at. I could not have believed such a thing unless I had heard it, as I did, from a person who is well acquainted with the King, has been behind the scenes throughout the whole performance, culminating in the 20th of September. He is a Liberal, all for Victor Emmanuel, and yet he was forced to admit the truth of it. The Romans have heard so often that the King was coming, and then have been doomed to disappointment, that they talk less about it now, and one sees their ardor is a little cooled. Certain it is that among the Nobs (of the Romans) the very small number is for Victor Emmanuel. Most of them remain loyal to the Pope. They refuse to accept the offices proposed to them by the Italian government because they will not take the necessary oaths, and altogether it is very rough riding for the Italian Ministers. Now the report circulates that the King is coming on the 8th or 12th, but I shall believe it when I see him; and as soon as he comes, the Pope goes, but not far, and will enter Rome again as soon as the usurper has disappeared, which will be in three days after his arrival. All hope of bringing the Vatican to terms seems distant, and Antonelli, who knows the Romans, counsels general mourning, no ceremonies in the churches, not a whisk of a candle towards an illumination, nothing to attract *forestieri*, and all that touches the pocket, the seat of the Italian conscience. My opinion is that V. E. has already

had enough of Rome, but he will have more of it, and I am no good guesser if Italy does not tumble to pieces upon the Roman question.

Well, that is more of politics than I usually treat you to, but you may like to hear how things look now we are all liberal here.

Mrs. Kemble has just arrived: Of course this dreadful war prevents many from getting here, for it is a long roundabout *giro* through Germany. . . .

Yours, H.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Pater:*

ROME, Dec. 30, 1870.

Ever since the flood (I don't mean old Noah's, which he got up when he had nothing better to do, but Pio Nono's when he *had*) I have meant to tell you about the same. I sat down as soon as I had dried my stockings, to write you pages upon hydraulics, but so much has happened since, that I must let some of those pages slide.

That inundation was truly awful. It is said that for two centuries, such a visitation has not been known. The Corso, Ripetto, and portions of the Babuino were only navigable in boats, and most of the shops in the Corso have lost fifty thousand francs apiece, on an average. The waters rose with astonishing rapidity, yet I still think that in any other place than Rome, where people have a way of sitting down and expecting the Madonna to help them, they would have saved three-fourths of what was lost for want of a little energy and discretion. I was cut off from my studio except through the Hotel Terny, but with the luck that often pursues me, the water came just up to my stable door, which is a trifle lower than the studio, and then went down again, so it did not injure me.

It gave an excuse for Victor Emmanuel to bodkin himself through these holy walls, and he took advantage of it. He came quite on the sly, took a drive through the Corso, and on to the Pincio, and was off the very same day, glad enough, they say, to get out of the place. Whatever the Liberals may say, the fact remains that Victor E. finds himself in a very difficult position in Rome. None of the Romans will accept office under the new government, and this very day the report circulates that the Syndic and Municipality have resigned in a mass. The Pope stays in the Vatican, is determined to make himself a prisoner, and in fact has never been out of the palace and gardens since the 20th of September. The majority of his subjects are loyal to him, in spite of their talk about Liberalism, and I would bet upon the Pope now, especially when we consider the great amount of discontent throughout Italy. A revolution in Sicily has to be put down every now and then, and my impression is, with this Roman question in hand, which is the most difficult question Italy has had to deal with, that her hands may become more full, one of these days, than she can manage.

The Prince and Princess of Piedmont came the other day, and society (Roman) is completely divided as to who shall speak to them and who shall not. Papalini or Liberali you must be. You can't be both. He was at the hunt to-day, and is no beauty. She, they say, is pretty and altogether charming. I haven't seen her, not even a glimpse, though one of her gentlemen of honor informs me I am to have a visit from her. But I am faithful to my violet-eyed heroine of Gaeta.\*

And now we are all bowled over by the news of the capitulation of Paris. A year ago, how unintelligible those words would have been! Verily the past six

\* The Queen of Naples.



months have been those of miracles, and now we shall all stand with ears and eyes open, to know how affairs are going to settle themselves. Poor France is squelched, and I am sorry for her, and should have infinitely more compassion if I did not feel that she was unpardonably aggressive in the beginning. Prussia is now cock of the walk, the arbiter of Europe, the great German Empire.

Well, we got up an eclipse here to enliven us, but they beat us in Sicily, whither Professor Peirce wended his steps, all the way from Cambridge. He told me that I had better go and get a squint at it also, but, says I, "Oh Professor, there is sea on the way, and when I know there is sea, I stay on land."

Then we have had General Sheridan here, whom I tried to entice out with the hounds, and told him I would give him a mount, but the weather was such it would have been more discreet to go bobbing for eels. In all the years I have been here, I never knew the like of this for rain. Most of the artists are grumbling this year, but I am not so badly off as I might be, and the last bomb that came was the order for a large Zenobia, and a Puck, for Chicago.

This year I am certainly off betimes. First of all I am going to the Queen of Naples at Munich, then to England and back again to Munich on business. Very few *forestieri* are here. Apartment let-ers are tearing their hair to such an extent that wigs fetch a double price.

Well, I should think you must be tired. . . .

Yours, H.

Miss Hosmer, who knew the Empress of Austria well, related that when she came to Rome to visit her sister, the Queen of Naples, as the latter was one of the artist's good friends, she of course saw much of her. The Empress paid her the honor of making the







THE STAGHOUND

first call upon her at her studio. She said, "The fame of her beauty was European, and when I saw her I felt that this fame had not been exaggerated. One day, being in the Queen's boudoir with these two distinguished ladies, who were looking particularly picturesque, I thought mortal eye had never witnessed a fairer duet of loveliness, for the Queen was as beautiful as the Empress, both possessing that nameless grace which we all recognize and which no one can describe, an air of highest distinction. One charm of the Empress was her beautiful voice, sounding like a sweet silver bell. . . .

One of the prettiest stories I ever heard of her was connected with a visit to a certain insane asylum. Her Majesty was shown through various wards, but one door was closed. Upon asking why she was not allowed to enter the ward, one of her ladies in waiting explained that there was a patient inside who fancied she was the Empress of Austria. 'Oh, I understand,' said the Empress, 'Pray let me see her'; and, on being admitted, humored the poor woman's fancy, and treated her with all the consideration due herself."

Miss Hosmer had a beautiful photograph of the Empress with one of her great staghounds\* lying at her feet, and still another photograph which she gave her of herself and a favorite horse, for it is well known that Her Majesty was an enthusiastic lover of horses.

"What do you think of that photograph?" said she.

\* One of these Miss Hosmer modelled.

"This photograph does not do your Majesty justice," Miss Hosmer replied.

"Oh," said the Empress, for her modesty was as great as her beauty, "don't look at me, look at the horse."

The last time she heard her musical voice was when she said to her, "If you come to Vienna, I will show you my horses and my dogs and all my pretty things."

TO ———.

*Dear ———:*

ROME, (Feb.) 1871.

Well, what do you think of Paris now? Three weeks to decide its fate! But I take it the fighting is all over, and now there will be a clamoring among the diplomats. The world, I should think, had swallowed an effervescing draught, and here are the revolutionary consequences.

You ask about the effect of the Italian troops in Rome. The place will be spoiled (for artists); why not leave one little spot upon earth unmolested? Plague on the world that wants to be forever going on. But I have no faith in this state of things lasting. The dear old Pope won't perform any of his parts in the theatre of St. Peter's or anywhere else. Stays behind the scenes in the Vatican, a prisoner under his own frescoes, and is obliged to pick out a vine and fig tree from among them, to sit under. So wags the world.

Yours, H.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Pater:*

ROME, Sep. 2, 1871.

I do not know where you expect me to be, in France, Germany, England, or all three, but certainly you do not expect to find me turning up in Italy.

Yet here have I been, having never turned down, though I believe north is usually represented by the opposite figure of speech. I don't remember when my last letter to you left me, but when I was ready to be off I found the moment was not propitious for passing through Paris with Kuhl\* as one of the proscribed nation, so I waited, fully believing that things would get better, instead of which, they have got worse and worse, and now I am stuck for yet a little longer, though I am going to make the *giro* still, incredible as it may appear. If I go later, I come back later, so it is as broad as it is long.

Now who of us would have supposed that that cocky nation, the French, could have been so laid low? My sympathies, I must tell you, are on the other side, simply because it seems to me the war was so uncalled for, and that the occasion was seized only to strengthen a rather tottering position, supposing of course, as *he* believed fortune would be on his side. My style is a little involved and ambiguous, as you see, for it might be death to the transit of my letter to insert names and relate facts! But all eyes must have been opened in America as well as here, at the astonishing course the war has taken.

Well, now let me leave war and take up peace.

I oscillate between Rome and Albano. We have had a delightful summer, not very hot, and you know how I like Rome all to myself. . . .

Yours, H.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

ASHRIDGE, GT. BERKHAMSTEAD,

Wednesday, Nov., 1871.

*Dear Pater:*

Here I am, safe and sound, having accomplished the journey as easily as possible. Found Lady

\* Her German maid.



Somers just gone, which was a mutual vexation. Lots of other people are here, coming and going.

Lady Marian \* whispered to me that she was supposed to leave on Friday, herself, so that nobody was coming after that time, and she was going to keep till Monday, for me. She is as sweet as ever; and is the perfection of everything lovely and stately.

I had this morning a summons to Castle Ashby, with postscript added by Lady Alwyne, which I enclose. I consider it artistic.† As I end, up drives a carriageful of newcomers. No travelling dresses here!

Yours, H.

With rusty pen &  
rustier fingers I've  
nothing to say but—  
COME, COME, Come,  
come, come, come, come and so on  
through imperceptible waves of sound,  
your longing & loving  
F. C.

\* Her hostess, Lady Marian Alford.

† The postscript.

## CHAPTER X

1871-1876

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Dec. 1871.

I wrote you from Paris, on my way to Munich, where I had a delightful week with the Queen of Naples. They live at the Castle of Garatshausen, two or three hours from Munich, a charming place on the Lake of Starnburg. I never saw her so handsome. It is quite a delight to look at her, and she was so pleased to see me, I don't know when I have had a warmer welcome. The King, too, received me with open arms, but beat me at chess every night in the most merciless manner. I went for three days and stayed seven. The Queen made me ride all her horses, and drove me about herself in the mornings in her carriage with the most faultless pair of little ponies, round as apples. The country is beautiful about the lake. In the afternoons a ride, and such scampers over the fields! I had never a scrap of riding gear with me, but I was arrayed in her own royal togs, and good riding made up the rest. In the evening always chess with the King, and having forgotten almost all I ever knew about the game, you may imagine I cut but a sorry figure. Now and then in a sort of wild and desperate way I used to make a hit which made his Majesty stare, but it made me stare much more, I promise you. When I came away there were three of us sorry, and I promised to repeat my visit next summer.

I stayed a day in Munich, afterwards, and talked bronze with Herr Müller, and dined with him. So ended my autumn jaunt, and I came over the Brenner home.

Yours, H.

Miss Hosmer later said, "The romance of my life was centred in Garatshausen and the Queen of Naples. My intimate friendship with this lovely woman was an episode to be remembered. In writing of it, to Lady Alwyne Compton, she said in response to my letter, 'It all sounds like a fairy tale.'"

In connection with Miss Hosmer's statue of the Queen, it may be interesting to recall that this Bavarian Princess, Maria Sophia, when eighteen years of age, was married by proxy to Francis, Crown Prince of the Two Sicilies. Soon afterwards she joined him in Naples (in February, 1859) and in May, by the death of his father, he became King of Naples, but his reign was short. Victor Emmanuel, aided by his brilliant statesman Cavour, was already marching on to his greatness, and in May, Garibaldi took possession, as dictator, of the Two Sicilies and made an easy progress to Naples. Francis struggled until September to hold his kingdom; then, convinced of the futility of resistance and to avoid bloodshed, he withdrew with a portion of the army to Gaeta, the "Gibraltar of Italy," as it was called.

The Queen, who had from her first coming won the hearts of their subjects, shared his ill fortunes and his hardships. She was adored by the soldiers, and was quite as much at home on the ramparts of the fortress as was the King. A picture of her at this

time has been preserved by the writer Clara Tschudi, who says:

“With her Calabrian hat and wrapped in her ample cloak, the Consort of Francis II. was beautiful and fantastic as she walked to and fro among the guns, encouraging the soldiers. In her picturesque and martial garb she passed about under a veritable rain of balls, inciting their defenders to a stubborn resistance. In the midst of danger she kept her lofty gayety of spirit and inspired confidence in the men. To the wounded, her devotion and her tender care were unceasing.

The siege lasted until the following February (1861), when Gaeta was cut off from the world and finally reduced to ruins. The ill-fated sovereigns were then forced to go to Rome and accept the hospitality of Pius IX. They took up their residence in the Palazzo Farnese, and for some years passed their winters there and the summers in Austria or Germany. In 1868 their only child, a daughter, was born in Rome, but lived only six months. In 1870 they went to Paris, where they made their home.”

The beautiful Queen had reigned but eighteen months, yet long enough to be praised by all Europe for her brave defence of the fortress, and to be called the “Heroine of Gaeta.”

*Dear Mr. Crow:* ROME, Feb. 22, 1872.

Having had the sniffles and having been stared in the face by death and a pocket-handkerchief, I have naturally thought of my latter end, and my latter end has naturally suggested my periodical piece of literature—my will. (I have been going to write this ever since last summer.) I shall simplify that document amazingly. I wish to re-write it, and it will be pretty

concise. This is the substance of it, and if you would put it into proper form and then tell me what is to be done, I wish to do it before I turn up my toes, for life is short and toes are precarious and you cannot tell what one toe may bring forth: vide . . . (the will).

That is all I have to say. Now that is short and I hope sweet and that expresses everything. Whatever I leave, the aforesaid may take immediate possession of, as soon as that upward tendency is perceived in my toes, and do whatever they like with the same. It will not take long to draw up a copy of that document, and then I will sign it in the presence of proper witnesses, if you will tell me how many and who they must be, and then I will send it to you for safe keeping.

Now, exit Will——iam.

Yours, H.

TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

ROME, Aug. 16, (1872).

I do not know when I have been more shocked than when I read in the "Times" of "the destruction of Melchet Court." Lady Ashburton's beautiful place, which was but barely finished, the paper says is two-thirds destroyed. She was very ill, in danger of her life two weeks before, and was only recovering, just in time to see the place ruined. One thing, however, was providential; it was in the daytime, and all her art treasures are saved. They are enormous, and she has such precious things—a Raphael, a Titian, Rubens, Reynolds, and a perfect gallery of art. . . .

Your H.





MELCHET COURT



TO WAYMAN CROW.

PARIS, WESTMINSTER (HOTEL),

*Dear Mr. Crow:* Tail end of August, 1872.

Though you see the name of Westminster, you need not fancy I am in the Abbey; quite too busy to be there just yet. But I am not quite so far north as I said I would be at this time. I shall make it up by going fast now. I am bound for the jumping off place in Scotland, and stop on the way at Glasgow to unpack and set up a statue at Ballakilrain Castle, if you know where that is.

Paris has not yet got up and shaken herself. They are about resurrecting the Vendome Column, and they have done much towards stopping up the holes made in such buildings as the Palais Royal, part of the Tuileries, and other sundry small apertures, but a cloud still seems to be hanging over the city, and will hang for many a day to come. . . .

Yours, H.

BUXTON, ENGLAND, Oct. 10, 1872.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

You see where I am, I am deep in Buxton baths. It sounds as if I were an invalid but you would scarcely think so if you saw me. I do credit to my purveyor. Well I came here because Lady Ashburton who had been strongly recommended to take these waters, was wavering in the balance and my great weight turned the scales in favor of coming, so here I have been longer than I intended, quite fascinated by the pretty place and the cozy life. Then the baths are delightful, and I have become quite gelatinous in them.

I have vainly endeavoured to make some visits since I got into these parts, but they have all ended in smoke, and I must shove the most of them over till

next year. I shall soon be going south and will throw out an anchor or two on the way. The weather is awful but we don't mind it. It is more moist than the baths, and our garments consist entirely of umbrellas. I suppose it is the style of weather till next May. Give me Italy instead, for those months. . . .

Between bathing and drinking the waters and napping, there is actually not a moment left for anything but eating. We have to do that, to enable us to do the others. But that exercise rounds our day as well as our bodies, and then we go to sleep again. That is our programme and that is why I have not written to you long since.

Yours, H.

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Dec. 9, 1872.

I am only just back in the studio and believe I have never been so late before. Unlike Lamb, if I go late I stay late. Rome is crowded, every corner is grabbed, and the Hotels are overflowing. . . .

Yours, H.

After another winter of work Miss Hosmer returned to England in the summer, and writes:

*Dear Pater:* LONDON, KENT HOUSE, July, 1873.

Here I scarcely breathe, have been on the go this whole day, busy in town all the morning, then by rail half an hour to a delightful luncheon, and back again to cut round until a late dinner; and here I am with not even one leg to stand upon. Am invited to meet the Royalties at Ashridge this week, but am going to Melchet until Cæsar\* is finished, then London again, and Ashridge later. With all my banging about I thrive like a green bay tree.

\* One of the fine Saint Bernard dogs belonging to Lady Ashburton, both of which she modelled.

You can untie about four hundred and eighty-two Gordian knots for me, and I want you to come to the rescue. Did you ever hear of the house that was so old, it didn't know which way to fall, and so it stood forever? or of the old lady who had so many ailments that she didn't know which to die of, so she plagued her relatives to all perpetuity? Well, I am at this moment due in so many places that I stay here because I do not know where to begin. . . .

Yours, H.

This letter from John Forster was in answer to one which Miss Hosmer wrote in the name of a friend, to thank him for a slight service:

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON W.,  
LONDON, Nov. 19, 1873.

*My dear Miss Hosmer:*

Your letter gave me singular pleasure, and as for your not claiming me for an acquaintance, I think that very strange, when, for my own part, I am bold enough to claim you as nothing less than a very old friend. I have heard of you so much, and always so pleasantly, in past years; and, in these present years and days I hear of you so continually still, that I seem to know you a great deal better, in all that makes knowledge worth having, than half the people I see and talk to. I wish you could hear your old friend Sir William Boxall speaking of you. But what more do I need, to tell me really what you are, than this delightful little letter which you write to me, filled with all that expresses most perfectly a true and generous nature. It is not your fault that it gives me too much praise. You derive that from your friend,\* who so unselfishly exaggerates into absolute service every small attempt to serve her, and of whom

\* Lady Ashburton.



I need not say to you, that in liberality and generosity of character she far transcends any one whom I have ever known. I am literally ashamed of her acknowledgments for such small help as I give, and of which the pleasure that attends the giving of it might well suffice for its own reward. Here my library, this gloomy November day, is gladdened, brightened, and fragrant with the most precious flowers—her gift, and such things have no stint or measure with her! Be sure that nothing I can do for her will ever be wanting—I only hope it may some day amount to a service not unworthy of one so noble. My dear Miss Hosmer, if you come to England, you will let me see you as an old friend, and meanwhile think of me as

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN FORSTER.

After another lapse of time the artist writes:

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, Feb. 2, 1875.

I was invited to Warwick for Christmas, but not having the seven league boots, couldn't go. I shall be wending my way Englandwards again when summer really comes, which means about August. I have been doing a little drama, and it was printed for the Princess Margherita. Hearing that I have embarked in the drama, you may think I am about to abandon sculpture. I am not, but I don't think I ever made so good a hit in the marble line as I did in my new quill-driving several nights ago. You know Mrs. Story gets up theatricals every year, and she has often asked me to write them a play. I never had a sufficiently strong attack of inspiration till now, but the ghost of Shakespeare came to my aid, and here is the programme. You may gather a little what it means, and I will send you a copy soon. It went off triumphantly, and "the illustrious author" was

loudly called for at the close. But the "illustrious author" got ahead of the audience and sent out a quill rather more than six feet high, as the real author of the piece. So much for Thespia!\* It was entitled, "1975—a Prophetic Drama," by Chi-lo-sa (who knows), and given in Mrs. Story's apartment in the Barberini Palace. The scene was laid in the mummy room of the British Museum, among the mummy cases, the occupants emerging one hundred years later. The actors were:

First Mummy, Mr. Plowden.

Second Mummy, William Story.

The Charioteer, Mr. Richmond (the painter).

The Prima Donna, Mr. Sturgess.

Egypt, Miss Edie Story.

The costumes were nothing if not original. The overture a capital parody by Professor Vera upon the Music of the Future.

Miss Story did all her part beautifully, but especially the concluding lines:—

How deftly are the ages planned,  
 Each following each, yet none o'erspanned.  
 Wisely the magic circle wheels,  
 For each his age the wisest feels.  
 Happy illusion! who would learn  
 His wisdom could to folly turn?  
 Who feel his skill could be surpassed?  
 Who feel his light could be o'ercast?  
 What heart so brave, what brain so wise,  
 As dreams that aught beyond it lies?  
 More wise to think—more wise—more blest—  
 Superior wisdom but a jest.

Yours, H.

\* Miss Hosmer has coined a feminine name from Thespis, the founder of the Greek drama.

Again a year of work and play, then this letter:

*Dear Mr. Crow:*

ROME, April 26, 1876.

I have just received yours of the 7th, and write to assure your paternal heart that I am as safe as ever, after what, in anybody else's case, might have been certain death, but with that singular good fortune which ever attends me, proved to be nothing more than a good *stretching*. It was too awful, though, to speak of otherwise than seriously, for I must tell you that every one thinks my escape naught but miraculous. Among all the falls I have had, this is one which I, myself, felt involved me in the greatest peril. I was in hopes you would never hear of it. Had I thought there was a chance of your doing so, I would have written at once to reassure you, as indeed I was about doing, because I heard it was reported in the "Times," and in consequence I had some English letters.

Well, after all this preamble I will tell you how it happened. To give emphasis to my words and also to serve to brush up your Italian, I give you the benefit of the enclosed account of the "*Caccia*." On that Monday, the meet was, as you see, at Cecilia Metella, and I went out as cocky as anybody. It had rained during the night, which probably hastened the catastrophe. We had pottered about for an hour or so, when we got into a run, and in crossing one of the gullies which abound upon the Campagna, the accident occurred. It is true that it was in hunting, but it was not in jumping, and might have happened during the quietest ride. The hounds were running and I happened to be leading, over this particular place. There was a bank to run down, and another bank to run up, and the path was so narrow that only one could go at a time. In running up the bank, Bruno \* slipped, and fell on the off side, I, of course,

\* Her favorite hunter.

with him. That wasn't much, of itself, but what was much was that my foot caught in the stirrup and there I hung. I hear you say, "Never ride that horse again," but, my dear friend, if it had been any other horse in the world but Bruno, who is good temper and judgment itself, my brains would have been dashed out upon the spot. As I say, there I hung, and with every step the horse took my head between his heels. It is awful to think what almost any other horse would inevitably have done, but, to take a little credit to myself (because everybody gives it me), I did not lose my presence of mind, but spoke to him as I always do when I want him to stop. Seeing that I was not frightened, he wasn't, and although he did not *stop* (as this account says), he did not run, but hearing my voice, and hearing me call his name, he almost turned round to look at me as he moved on. What I feared was that he would run, but during this interval I managed to turn and free my foot, so down I came, having, however, been dragged some thirty yards. I expected instant death, and can only pronounce my escape as nothing short of the miraculous. All lay in the horse knowing my voice so well and not getting frightened. If I had ever harbored any intention of parting with Bruno, which I never did, I should as soon think now, after this event, of parting with my own flesh and blood. He had my life in his power, and his good sense and good temper saved me.

Well, my dear sir, perhaps I had better stop here, but if I did, you would not have the whole story, and you shall have it to the end. Having seen me safely deposited on the ground, Bruno went off as hard as he could, after the hounds. I got up, shook myself, decided I was not hurt, and New\* coming back in about five minutes, with the horse, I got on, continued the run, and had one of the best of the season; not

\* Her groom.

only that one, but another, and did not get out of my saddle till half past five o'clock, feeling none the worse for my adventure. The next morning, however, I found that I had sprained my side a little, and had to keep quiet a couple of days, when a few mustard poultices set me all right. I hurt my shoulder, too, and feel it a little still, but am only grateful that it is no worse. Those who witnessed the fall say it was terrific, and I am glad you were not of the audience.

Yours, H.

TO THE SAME.

ROME, April 30, (1876).

*Dear Pater:*

I have your letter telling me of Miss Cushman's death. Dear, sweet soul she was. It is a great sorrow to me that I shall not see her again. She was one of my staunchest, truest friends, and her love to me, and mine to her, date back to my earliest days in Rome. There are few like her. How her sweet presence will be missed!

Yours, H.

In the summer Miss Hosmer went as usual to England and among other visits, in the autumn, made one to the (ex) King and Queen of Naples. At their instance she sought permission of Lady Warwick to take them to the historic Castle, and this is the reply:

LADY WARWICK TO MISS HOSMER.

WARWICK CASTLE, Nov. 25, 1876.

The conference is over, dear Hatty, and the deliberations have not involved quite so much thought as the Eastern question. My husband says he will be delighted to receive your friends and more es-



pecially yourself, at luncheon on Saturday as proposed. It will be very nice getting this little peep of you, and I am trying to overcome my awe of distinguished foreigners. We will send carriages to meet you at the station, if you will send me a line to say by what train you come, and we will ask one or two friends who possess a French tongue. I do hope the day will be fine and bright, for our beauty depends so much on sunshine. It has also occurred to us, dear Hatty, that if it is very inconvenient to you to come this next week, we might leave orders with the steward to have luncheon and receive you as if we were here. So you must do in this exactly as suits you best, though I own I should be very sorry to miss you, and a peep at the beautiful Queen.

Ever yours affectionately,

L. WARWICK.

Lady Warwick to Miss Hosmer after the visit:

WARWICK CASTLE, Sunday, Dec. 3, 1876.

*My dear Hatty:*

I am glad to have these letters to forward, as I was particularly wishing for an excuse to plague you with one from myself, and at the same time to beg a favor. We are regretting that we did not petition their Majesties to leave their autographs in our guest-book, as a memorial of their, to us, charming visit. I have that of the Queen and Prince Consort in it, when they were here in 1858, also that of the Queen of Holland, and I should like so much to have the signatures of their Majesties likewise, if they would be so kind as to grant them. If written on a sheet of note paper and placed in an envelope without folding, they would do beautifully for the book. I have yours elsewhere, very preciousy treasured, but if you will kindly add it to that of their Majesties

and also that of *Monsieur l'aide-de-camp*, it would complete the remembrance of yesterday's very pleasant day.

'I wish the sun had shone on us, and though we should have liked to show all possible homage and respect, there were many things not as they ought to have been, for our fire\* has left us so terribly *dépourvue*. It was a most tantalizing little peep of you, dear Hatty, and I am sorry to be going away just now, though I suppose in any case you could not have come to us at present. We shall look forward to a real visit next year.

Believe me meanwhile, with affectionate love from us all,

Most truly yours,

L. WARWICK.

I suppose their Majesties would not add their photographs? We are all greatly impressed with the Queen's beauty.

TO WAYMAN CROW.

*Dear Pater:*

KENT HOUSE, LONDON.

. . . I have been having a gay time the last fortnight and seeing some pretty sights. I have been staying with the King and Queen of Naples† and have just returned from them. One day we made an excursion to Warwick Castle, where Lord and Lady Warwick and family, with guests, were waiting to receive them, all in fine style, and a pretty sight it was. First luncheon served, then the castle

\* A disastrous fire which had much damaged the old castle some time before.

† Who were then in England.

shown by Lady Warwick herself and not by the comely housekeeper whom we remember. Two days later I conveyed their Majesties to Castle Ashby\* where also was a most pretty reception. . . .

Yours, H.

Miss Hosmer was by way of often seeing Carlyle while staying at Kent House, for accompanied by his watchful friend Froude he was a frequent visitor there. Upon being questioned about him she said:

“One day being at his house in Cheyne Row, the conversation turned upon art, and Carlyle, always more philosopher than artist, delivered himself of the following original remark:—

“‘Yesterday I visited an exhibition of Japanese Art, and there beheld figures thoroughly bestial in form—Art is not dead yet.’

“‘Is that your idea of art, Mr. Carlyle?’ said I.

“‘Well,’ said the great philosopher, ‘they looked natural.’

“‘Now that is the equivalent,’ I returned, ‘of saying that what looks natural is artistic. I thought that art meant the study of beauty as well as of nature.’”

The artist then went on to say, “There are many besides Carlyle who think that what looks ‘natural’ is not only admissible but desirable in art. Some years ago two or three gentlemen, composing a committee for erecting a bronze statue of one of their fellow citizens, called upon me and requested me to undertake the work. ‘We want the very man,’ said they, ‘just as he looked in life, and we will send you his coat and his trousers and his boots. He had the

\* Lord Northampton’s place.

largest feet of any one in our country; he was known by his large feet.'

" 'Perhaps we might tone them down a little,' said I. 'When we model a crooked nose, we try to straighten it a bit; when we model a too large mouth, we silyly make it a trifle smaller; in short, try to infuse a little beauty into our work; why not reduce the size of the feet a little?'

" 'Oh no!' exclaimed they, 'that would not do at all, it would not look natural, and our people would sooner look at his feet than his face.'

" 'Then,' said I, 'why go to the expense of the face, why not make a mould upon his boots, cast the boots in bronze, and place them, alone, upon a pedestal? That would form a monument at once economical and unique.'

" It is probable that my suggestion displeased the committee, for I have never heard anything more of the statue from that day to this."

Then she added, "When we look around and consider the matter, how many objects which surround us in our daily lives, and which look 'natural' to us, are beautiful? How many could we safely introduce into art? Think what advantages the old Greeks enjoyed in that respect! Their eyes could rarely rest upon an unlovely object. Their attire was grace itself. The athletes in the arena supplied the splendid models which have come down to us as the Apollo, as the Campidoglio Faun, as the Dying and the Fighting Gladiators, as the Laocoön, as the Mercury and Mars in repose, and others. Every article of furniture with them was an object of beauty; their

race the finest that the world has ever seen; their very sun the most resplendent; and beauty was their chief delight."

These words of the artist show that, like her master, she was a devout disciple of Grecian art. Schooled by Gibson, her taste was formed upon the Greek models. To her they were the highest development of beauty. Her own works were modernized by her own originality, but they still retained the grace and perfection of the Grecian outlines, and she has left some of the purest modern examples of Greek art.

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After the winter of 1876-77, the summer again found Miss Hosmer in England and among other visits she made one to Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, whose wife (as Lady Gertrude Talbot) had been one of her earliest friends in Rome. Here were gathered, among others, Lady Ashburton, her daughter the Hon. Miss Baring, afterward Marchioness of Northampton, the Stuart-Wortleys, the Herberts, and Earl and Lady Brownlow, this last a sister of Lady Pembroke and famed throughout England for her beauty; she, too, was a friend of the early Roman days. It is to be regretted that no letters of this interesting visit are available, for the artist was wont to call Wilton "perhaps the most classic place in all England." It may be recalled that this home of the Herberts existed for some centuries as the Abbey of Wilton, till it fell to Henry VIII., who bestowed it upon the Herberts. Its rare architectural beauties and its accumulated treasures



of art appealed most forcibly to the artist. The present building has grown from the early monastery, of which the picturesque cloisters and the massive walls still remain, into the noble pile enriched by many famous artists and men of genius. Holbein designed the portion known as the "Holbein front." Inigo Jones built the stately drawing-rooms, among them two of marvellous proportions—one called the "double cube" room, because built in the shape of a double cube, with lofty painted ceiling and walls entirely lined with Vandykes, some of them said to be the finest things that painter ever did. The other room, half the size, but of like proportions, is known as the "single cube" room, and the walls are also covered with full-length family portraits by Vandyke. The bridge by Palladio is easily to be seen (and never to be forgotten) from the windows of the mansion, also the Italian garden, and the group of venerable cedars of Lebanon, said to be the first ever planted in England.

In returning from Wilton House, Miss Hosmer visited "Broadlands," the former home of Lord Palmerston, his beautiful place in Hampshire. It was then the residence of Mr. Cowper-Temple, the nephew of Lady Palmerston, and interesting because of its wonderful collection of pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, called, perhaps, the largest and finest in England.



WILTON HOUSE



## CHAPTER XI

1878-1888

MISS HOSMER returned to her studio for another busy winter, and writes:

TO MRS. CARR.

ROME, May 23, 1878.

*Dear C:*

Yes, that visit to Melchet Court\* was certainly a bit of rosy light, a fortnight never to be forgotten by us and never to cease thanking our beloved hostess † for.

You ask if I know Lord Houghton. Yes, don't I know and love him? He is one of my particular pals, full of fun, of knowledge and of kindness. I shall never forget meeting him at Brahan Castle when he rose (the room full of company) as I entered, and, putting both arms round me, kissed me first on one cheek and then on the other. I said it was a "Roman custom," and we laughed well. . . .

Brahan Castle was the very quaint old home of Lady Ashburton's mother, Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, the daughter of Lord Seaforth. She was the original of Walter Scott's Ellen, in "The Lady of the Lake," and she was a great friend of his. This Castle is within a few miles of Loch Luichart Lodge, and in

\* Two of Miss Hosmer's fountains, The Mermaid's Cradle and The Dolphin, are in the Italian garden here.

† Lady Ashburton.

other days its hospitality was often claimed for overflow guests from the Lodge. Of the ancient Castle many interesting legends remain and one curious mystery is said never to have been solved. One of the windows (visible in the picture) has apparently no inlet to the building. It is said that repeated searchings have not revealed any opening into room or closet in the old masonry to correspond with this very real window to be seen in the outside wall half concealed by ivy. The secret chambers and staircases, the underground ways and subterranean outlets, all add to the fascinations of this venerable pile.

The artist went again to England in the summer, where she received this letter:

MRS. SARTORIS TO MISS HOSMER.

WARSASH, TITCHFIELD,

Thursday, 26th Sep., 1878.

*My dearest Hatty:*

What is this which Hardinge writes me? That you have given your wretched skull another knock against a chimney-piece and have been laid up again at Lady Marian's? My dear little Hat, I am so troubled about your precious pate that the anxiety quite for the moment swamps my vexation at not seeing you. You can't think how disappointed dear Lord Lyons was. You would, I'm sure, have been touched if you could have seen how he watched the arrival hours of the trains, which, alas, came in one after another with no Hatty! He himself is a model of true friendship, for he actually took an excursion train which was two hours longer on the road than the regular ones, in order to get here a little earlier. Rhoda





BRAHAN CASTLE



Broughton is here too, it was their introduction to each other, and has, on both sides, proved eminently successful.

How can you ask if you may come back. Don't you know how welcome you are here? By all means come whenever you can, dear, and for as long a time as you can, for I am indeed,

Your affectionate old friend,

ADELAIDE SARTORIS.

P.S. We have been blowing up all the old Roman ashes with many a sigh of tender regret. Write directly how you are and what really has happened.

Your A.

While in England came this letter in answer to one asking about a certain artist:

SIR WILLIAM BOXALL TO MISS HOSMER.

OVERSTONE PARK, NORTHAMPTON, Oct. (1878).

*My dear Hatty:*

Your welcome letter, without date, came to me on Friday when I arrived in London. I had been away for some days, and left London again for this place on Saturday.

I am growing so old that I have no power over time, and I cannot longer take the old fellow by the "forelock," so that he has become my master. Added to this, I found myself unable to help you as to the choice of such an artist as would suit. It was, you must know, no easy matter for me, generally a solitary prisoner, I have lost the chance of meeting such a "*rara avis*" as would be really required. When are you likely to be in London? You know what pleasure it would give me to meet you there, and we then could talk over the matter.

I am wandering out of London to find the days and spirit of my youth, but I have no hope. An unlucky *contretemps* prevented me from going to Ottery on Saturday, and as I had heard an unauthenticated story that a siren of great loveliness was to be seen delighting the waters of Seton, I had resolved to pay a visit to her so bright and phenomenal, if only for an hour, but I was summoned back to Welbeck. Thus I am now here for four or five days. Pray let me hear from you, and let me know if you are as happy as ever. If you really remain at Seton it is most probable that in the beginning of next month I must go to Ottery to see my friend Sir John Coleridge. He is one of my oldest and *best* friends, and is in his 86th year. Before he leaves this world I must see him.

Forgive this stupid letter, and pray let me hear from you.

Yours affectionately,

W. BOXALL.

After rather more than a year, Lady Eastlake wrote:

TO MISS HOSMER.

7 FITZROY SQUARE, 29 Jan., 1880.

*My dear Hattie:*

It is long since you have seen my handwriting, tho' I have seen yours, when I have missed the pleasure of seeing you. . . . You will have heard all there is to hear of our dear old Sir William Boxall, from Mary Boyle, whom I kept supplied. I can say that I am glad he is at rest. The unrest has been great, though it subsided in the last few days. He had genius and was a man of independent thought, with part of two natures in him; the one gentle and help-

less, the other most determined. He was one of the few human creatures I have known who did not care a straw about money. I have lost an old friend in him. By the way, there is your portrait, and a capital one, left in his painting room. It was painted for the *other* dear master, who, I suppose, never claimed it. Mrs. ———, his niece, would, I know, be glad that you should have it.

My history is too long since we met, so I won't begin it. The latter part of it is wrapped in darkness, for the sun has hardly shone here for three months. For once we have had those fogs which foreigners do us the honor to think we have always and all the year round. I am tired of cold and gloom, but I shall never leave England again, except for the final Happy Land, for which I am getting rather impatient. Now, dear Hattie, I kiss you warmly, and I am ever your affectionate old friend,

ELIZABETH EASTLAKE.

The death of Miss Hosmer's lifelong friend, Mr. Wayman Crow, on May 10, 1885, came as her greatest sorrow. From this time records of her life are even more broken and fragmentary. Work and play succeeded each other as fancy dictated, and it needs not to chronicle more than a small portion of the years that were passed happily among friends alternately in her English and in her American homes, with an occasional return to Rome.

After another sad loss, the artist writes:



TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

LONDON, April 13, 1888.

. . . Yes, dear Lady Marian's death was the most painful shock to all of us. It seems impossible that we shall see her no more. I do not think any of us yet realize that she is gone. She filled so large a space in so many lives, that her death robs many of their kindest friend and sympathizer. I lost the oldest friend I had in England, when I lost her. She was ill barely twenty-four hours, and the stroke of paralysis, which proved fatal to her, rendered her unconscious from the first. In all the years I knew her, she was my fast and true friend. . . .

Your H.

Lady Marian Alford, one of Miss Hosmer's most appreciative and generous patrons, was both artist and writer. To her fostering care The School of Art Needlework at South Kensington owes its establishment. Her volume "Needlework as an Art" is well known. In her conservatory at Alford House, Prince's Gate, London, is placed Miss Hosmer's Fountain, with the nymph sitting aloft and piping to the water-babies below, who sport in their marble basin among the broad leaves of aquatic plants. As they listen, you listen, the water making a musical tinkle, a slumberous murmur, the whole a poem.

Competition being opened for the Crerar Lincoln Monument in Chicago, a design and model were submitted by Miss Hosmer and she received the following letter from one of the Committee:

"I cannot refrain from congratulating you, and

most heartily, upon your model for the Monument. Prepared as I was for the best result, I was yet astonished at, and delighted with, the great dignity, nobility, and poetic ideality of the composition. Of the figure of the Sibyl I had heard the highest commendation already, from Lady Ashburton who declared it to be the finest modern statue she knew. In this encomium I most heartily join and the whole group is really an inspiration."

Miss Hosmer herself once said: "By far my greatest effort is the one which I have partially completed, The African Sibyl foreshadowing the freedom of her race. It is colossal in proportions as the figure, if standing, would measure fully eleven feet in height. An African maiden is seated with, on her left arm, a scroll. The right hand is finishing the last word of Lincoln's famous utterance: 'If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.' Her face is just sufficiently averted for her eyes to rest on the words. Clinging to her knee is a negro boy, his face brightening as he reads the handwriting, and his shackles just fallen from his arms, are lying broken on the ground. This I consider the triumph of my desire to incorporate classic beauty of outline and grace with a modern subject, in a manner that will, at a glance, tell its own story. It is a foundation on which to erect the new school which has been my constant dream. . . . Browning came to me for a photograph of this group to show to Tennyson, who said, 'It is the most poetic rendering in art, of a great historical truth, I have ever seen.'"

Another friend of the sculptor writes a description of the design and its motive which is entirely sympathetic, as follows:

“When addressing the Chicago Women’s Club, Miss Hosmer dwelt upon the value of persistent work, without which no great results could be achieved. This design of hers furnishes the most striking illustration of the truth of her assertion, for it tells of steady and well-directed effort. The result of her labors is a revelation. The artist has succeeded in solving that most difficult problem, the treatment of a modern subject in a poetic manner.

In this group she has created an ideal work, embodying a lofty conception of a great National theme, in a manner to stir all hearts. It tells its own story in simple and impressive style.

The thought pre-eminent in the sculptor’s mind is Lincoln, the emancipator and martyr. The figure of Lincoln dominates the group; his earnest gaze is resting upon a figure placed upon a pedestal somewhat lower than his own. The inscription beneath his figure, ‘God Sent Me a Vision,’ supplies the key-note to the whole composition.

The figure which the vision unfolds to him is that of the African Sibyl, seeress and prophetess, foreshadowing the freedom of her race. The idea suggested by the vision is dawning upon his mind. While the artist has faithfully reproduced his well-known features, they appear idealized by the force and grandeur of the thought which illuminates them and which he soon will translate into action. In spite of the attitude of repose, the figure expresses a world of energy. Through the vision of the Sibyl, the idea of freedom for the slave awakens in his mind, and the possibilities of the race are revealed to him.

The Sibyl lifts her eyes to Lincoln, and divining the thought awakened in his mind, inscribes upon her tablets the now classic words: ‘If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.’ She is clothed in a tiger-skin, typical of a ruder civilization, and wears a head-dress



THE AFRICAN SIBYL





into which are introduced elephant tusks, indicating the Orient. Grand, with all the possibilities of her race embodied in her powerful frame, and all the hope of the future expressed in her countenance, she foresees the triumph soon to come.

Clasping her knees a negro child in chains, symbolizing the degradation and suffering of the race, looks pleadingly into the face of the liberator, with an expression so pathetic that it brings the tears to our eyes. The child, as if by instinct, perceives in the faces of Lincoln and the Sibyl the hope and promise of freedom.

To the left of the monument, upon a pedestal similar to that of the Sibyl, reclines the figure of Mourning Victory with averted face and head bowed down in sorrow; foreseeing the dearly-bought triumph, she casts her veil over her insignia, the trumpet and the laurel crown. The drooping wings and attitude of grief form a marked contrast to the inspired look of hope on the face of the Sibyl. As we look upon it we seem to hear in the far distance the muffled roll of drums and the funeral dirge, a Nation's sorrow for its illustrious dead.

The African Sibyl in her strength and grandeur, does not possess ideal beauty in the Greek sense. The Victory, in her majestic beauty, presents to us the purest Grecian type in all its refinement and nobility."

Later during a visit in America, Miss Hosmer was tempted further West, and wrote:

TO MRS. CARR.

DENVER, COLORADO, June 20, 1889.

*Dear C:*

I thought I would do a little skipping, and so skipped out to Denver, a sudden move, but I had

been greatly urged to come and give some "Art Talks" to the university students here, so telegraphing my reply, started after twenty-four hours' preparation. We travelled two nights and one day (from Chicago), arriving on Saturday morning. On Saturday evening I appeared before my audience, without the faintest preparation. However, they said the whole thing went off well, even to my bestowal of prizes upon the art students. The next day I gave another very informal art talk, to two or three hundred more students, and the following Monday went off to Leadville.

There I was taken in as partner in a gold mine, and then and there presented with shares of stock in it! We had a charming party, and returned on Wednesday. On Thursday we went into the heart of the Rockies, up the Loop, a wonderful journey, but here comes a pause. Owing probably to a chill I got on the way, I took to my bed on returning, and when I tell you that for several days the doctor came three times a day, you may know I was pretty ill. In fact, I did not know how ill, until trying now to pull up again. Everybody is kindness itself, and they send me the loveliest flowers, but I have missed all the hospitalities which had been arranged for me, the reception of Mrs. Evans (the governor's wife) among the rest.

A copy of my African Sibyl is wanted here.

Your H.

Later occurs a page in Miss Hosmer's own hand:

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING  
buried in Florence June 1861.

ROBERT BROWNING  
buried in Westminster Abbey December 1889.

“Parted by death,” we say—they, in that land  
Where suns spring, blossom and decay,  
Crowned with the halo of a new content,  
Our little planet in the firmament  
All lost to view, smile at our words,  
And hand in hand wend their eternal way.

HARRIET HOSMER.

## CHAPTER XII

1891-1908

LADY ALWYNE COMPTON TO MISS HOSMER.

THE PALACE, ELY, Feb. 16, 1891.

*Dearest Hatty:*

Your letter was a delight, all sweet with old memories, that will rise as we talk or think of each other, like the sweet scent of violets when we rode in that wood at Lunghezza. The sky, the hills, the sunset lights are there, but I fear you will agree with Dr. Luard, who told me the other day that you must go six miles from Rome to find Rome. The Storys are there, to remember with you, but otherwise I think you must feel like a ghost, a "*revenante*." I wish, but dare not hope, you could find time to talk to me a little. I trust you may be too busy and too full of work to feel the changes that, by all I hear, have furnished Rome with commonplace streets by the yard. But there is still some Campagna, for a lady who has just been here told me that not long ago she went to the top of the Coliseum, and as she was gazing over the Campagna and the Appian Way, she heard a stout American lady, who had puffed up behind her, say: "What a vast country there is yet unbuilt!"

We are hard at work, Lou, Florence, and I, copying letters written by Alwyne's mother when she was about nineteen. They are wonderful, brimming over with life and fun and cleverness. They *are* letters;

one of them has filled twenty square pages of my writing. Every now and then she writes pages in Italian, and quotes Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, and her dream was always to go to Italy. The last of her letters tells of her marriage, and she says: "Do you know, through all the engagement, who has been father, sister, brother, uncle, everything to me? Walter Scott!" I am glad I saw the Villa Negroni, where they lived, and where she died, before it was effaced by the railway station.

We have some letters of Aunt Anná Jane, too, written from Rome the year after her sister died (1831). Alwyne\* was five, and sometimes they talked of his being a clergyman; "but if ever he is," she says, "I'll eat my books, it will be a curious concern." She thinks he is too fond of dress and too anxious to be a *soldier*!

Meanwhile, being a bishop, he sends you his "dear love" and says he had much rather have seen you than to have had your messages. You really must come, or we shall be so old you will not know us. You will be like the little boy, who, when he saw an old photograph of me said, "Was that really you? You were ten times as pretty *then*."

Did you find your Queen of Naples, after all these years, still watching in her cloak? I can hardly believe you have never been at Castle Ashby since that day, the darkest and rainiest we ever had there. The life there seems so very far away now and one misses Marian and so do you, I know, always more and more. The last service she attended was in the cathedral here. I do not believe you have ever seen it, and you cannot think how beautiful it is.

Will you be like an Indian native lady who regretted that she could not accept an invitation

\* The Bishop of Ely.



to a party, "on account of inexplicable inconvenience"?

Good-by, dearest Hattie.

Always your very affectionate,

FLORENCE COMPTON.

The choir boys, at their supper here, after acting the "Midsummer Night's Dream," gave us this riddle:

"My first is a great friend;

My second is in a pack of cards;

My whole is where boys like to come.

"Pal-ace."

Again work takes the artist back to Rome, where this letter came to her:

ROSLAND, HAMPSTEAD, June 8, 1892.

*My dear Miss Hosmer:*

This capricious English weather sends one back regretfully to those delightful Roman days, to enjoy once more the great bath of sunlight on one of the Seven Hills, to smell the mint and thyme as we tramp over the Campagna with Augustus Hare and his Toynebee Hall contingent,—or see the great bunches of roses hanging on the walls of William Story's Studio garden, as if it were the end of June instead of April, or look down upon the city from the Colonna Gardens and feel the delicious fragrance of the orange flowers lulling like an opiate, every tired nerve.

How is the Mermaid getting on? She is not only in herself very unique and original, but she is very characteristic of you, she possesses that subtle charm which separates you from most of the sculptors of our day. I went to the Royal Academy yesterday and staid just fifteen minutes. I did not want to stay longer and came away feeling that Emerson

was quite right when he said, "the day of sculpture is over; it is fit only to be the handmaid of Architecture." But I did not feel so when looking upon your Mermaid Fountain in your studio. There was the charm of the woman first. She is very beautiful and striking and there is the mother brooding over the happy, sleeping baby and as Michael Angelo's critic said of his Night, "Since she sleeps, she lives"—and there is the song she sings, (or pipes) to him, it is the "unheard melody" which Keats said, is sweeter than those heard, and that ingenious idea of his sleeping in the curled-up tail, adds just the little touch of earthliness which gives him the charm of the sea and separates him from our work-a-day world, as your Sleeping Faun has the spell of the forest upon him. Whoever gazes at them in those beautiful gardens of Melchet, will get a moment's rest from care, a bath in the Fountain of Beauty, and from the enchanted waters come like Achilles, "arrow-proof and brave"; that, I take it, is the principal office of beauty here. Did I tell you what Mark Twain said that day, of the Sleeping Faun? "I have generally observed that the artist had a particular point from which he wants you to look at his work and from that point it looks well, but this, I find, looks well from all points." . . .

Yours,

C. S. P.

A friend said:

"In a winter twilight two or three years ago, the interesting possibilities of latent impressions were touched upon, and Miss Hosmer related how, once, in her early youth, soon after going abroad, a merry party of friends proposed to make the journey on horseback, by night, from Rome to Florence, a distance requiring some three nights. This ride, taken for 'a lark,' as Miss Hosmer said—and said as

merrily as a girl of sixteen, and with an air of not being even at sixty, in the least averse to 'a lark'—was taken in a perfect effervescence of festivity. 'But through all the nights as we rode,' she said, 'I was watching the fascinating effects of light and shade. The way the stars twinkled through the leafy boughs of the forest; the wonderful play of light and shadow in the *silhouettes* of the trees cast on the turf in the open spaces; and what,' she questioned, in her eager, bird-like way,—'what do you suppose I have done with those stored-up impressions of more than thirty years ago? I hardly realized that I had them, but I have worked them all into the design for my Gates.'

It is a most interesting instance of the way impressions lie latent in the brain of the artist, to start up like writing in sympathetic ink when the magic of occasion touches the spring."

In 1891 Miss Hosmer received the commission for her statue of Queen Isabella. This she executed in Rome and returning to the United States in 1894 she went to San Francisco to unveil it. From there she writes:

TO MRS. CARR.

OAKLAND, CAL., Mar. 8, 1894.

Dear C:

Day after day and night after night, I have wanted to write, yet every minute seems more than filled. People are generally kind to me everywhere, but never have I been so spoiled as here. It is impossible to tell you how hospitable the people are, and the longer I stay, the more so they grow. Dinners, luncheons, breakfasts, speeches, club receptions, everything delightful. I have such a large circle of friends that

it seems I must have lived here all my life. I heartily wish you had been here for the unveiling.

I have invitations from all parts of California, and nothing but time limits my movements. I shall leave here for the East again at the end of the month.

Your H.

The following letter from San Francisco voices the general feeling of those most interested in obtaining the statue of the Castilian Queen for their city; and the description is vividly true:

*My dear Miss Hosmer:*

May I express the deep gratitude felt for your Queen Isabella? Her greatness grows upon one. With rare gift you tell us so much that speaks to our highest sense with no ordinary power.

You have given us an Isabella Victrix! She is indeed a Queen, but she is also a Victory, even as the Venus of Milo is a Victory. Isabella, standing as she does, the representative of all that is best in the ideal queen, unites kinghood and womanhood, and is the embodiment of triumphant thought, of Victory. Upon the cushion at her feet Columbus knelt, as with weary and sinking heart he pleaded his cause. The attentive eye lends him new courage. He tells his strange, fascinating tale of lands beyond the seas, reiterating his logical theories of the Indies touched by strange waters, as yet existing only in his imagination. A land of pomegranates and spices, with continents to the West bathed in perpetual sunshine, gilded with mines of gold and outlined by rivers of precious stones; a new kingdom for the Cross so recently triumphant in Granada. The Queen listens, the spicy breezes touch her brow, her poetic and spiritual nature are stirred, until heart, brain, and noble resolve crystallize into action, and *that*

supreme moment you have placed before us! Its inspiration penetrates her whole being, she rises from her throne, places her right foot upon the step, while the left one is held firmly to the spot of inspiration, unwilling for the moment to take a common step; but with latent energy of action stayed, there is yet a spring that sends its power throughout the figure, reaching forward and compassing the centuries. Four hundred years, marking triumph and victory, were present then as now. The birth of the idea was the victorious moment. The past and the present join. The dream and its realization, the pledge and its fulfilment, meet under the stroke of your hand. No need of the words from her queenly lips, "I will assume the responsibility for my Crown of Castile, a crown that may be bereft of its jewels; here they are, coin them into money, yet small price do I pay for the gems you offer to place at my feet."

In every outline, in every lineament, the dignity, grace, and goodness of the Queen speak as she becomes great through the power of a great thought; a creator, as it were, another creation; this country, this last, rarest jewel in the chaplet of nations! The sublime conception, the reality, is immortalized by our country-woman. Heartily do I congratulate this fair state upon the possession of its Isabella of Castile.

Jan. 19, 1894.

H. W. R. S.

After Miss Hosmer's visit to California an acquaintance writes:

"She has done much for us in many ways during her short stay among us. There is always the inspiration that comes from association with a master mind, the uplifting that ordinary mortals experience when brought in touch with a genius. There have



been many social entertainments in Miss Hosmer's honor, but they have been more than mere surface events, for she has given a depth and tone to each one, making it wholly original in its way. How well it would be if we could all be as bright, as witty, as thoroughly in touch with life as is Miss Hosmer. She has such an original way of telling a story, such a bright sparkle of the eye, such a rare appreciation of the best points when it touches human nature, and all because she is so happy herself. Life to her has meant success. That is always the way; life has neither beginning nor end for a genius; it is only a span of time. 'I called on you thirty years ago, but I suppose you have forgotten me,' said a gentleman at Starr King's reception last night. 'You did?' said Miss Hosmer; 'well, call on me thirty years from now, and I shall remember you.' Such a speech from a woman of sixty-five! That is one of the advantages of genius—we may be old in one sense, but never in another."

While in San Francisco it was objected that Miss Hosmer's criticisms upon their public statues were unjust, to this she replies:

"I did unreservedly criticise, as I shall ever criticise and deplore, the limited range of our art as displayed in our public parks and squares. Be it observed that I now allude solely to the statues within 'the Park proper,' claiming that they truly represent the character and style of sculpture which generally decorates all our parks and squares. Our ideas of art are apparently confined to portraiture—ideal art has vanished. Poetry in art, as poetry in practice, is little in accord with our too utilitarian age.

We erect a portrait statue to one of our heroes, clad in the outrageous costume of our time, and

then feel, in a general way, that we have done something for art. We have done something for history, if you will, but all we do for art by the erection of these bronze photographs is to banish true art farther and farther from its legitimate realm. For what is the meaning of art? Its true signification implies creation, and, may I ask, what opportunity has the most imaginative sculptor when executing a work of modern portraiture, fettered by the necessity of adhering to an uncouth costume, to display the creative faculty or his sense of beauty and grace? Never since the creation of the world has a costume been devised so utterly ungracious and ungrateful as that which the public demands from us sculptors—intolerable in practice, more than intolerable, more than grotesque, in art. Art must appeal to the mind through the eye, and as a grotesque movement upon the stage travesties the noblest thought, so would the uncouth costume of our time paralyze and travesty the genius of Phidias himself.

Let us glorify our heroes by all means, but why may not historic and ideal art be combined in a manner which shall equally content poet and historian? Of this order of art is Daniel French's Monument to Millmore, one of the most beautiful works in the Columbian Exhibition. Here the sculptor presents to us not only historic truth, but beauty of form and sentiment, pathos and outlines of harmony and grace; in short, tells us the story of Millmore's death in a poem, not in a betrousered obituary.

This is the order of art which delights while it instructs, and if the mission of art be not still to instruct and elevate, while it delights, let it be abolished as a spurious growth upon the civilization of the nineteenth century. Our artists wait only for the public taste to demand such art. When the public have sufficient taste to demand that art, it will be seen

that our artists have sufficient taste to supply the demand.

Another point. As a disciple of classic art I am supposed 'to inveigh against the modern realistic school.' Not in the least. Give us everything and the fittest will survive, but against the term 'realistic' as opposed to the 'classic school' I rebel. Never was a grosser misapplication of terms. 'Realistic' I take to mean 'real,' 'true to nature,' and therefore I claim that what is known as the classic school furnishes the most commanding examples of realistic art—who, save Nature herself, reality itself, could conceive of the form of *The Fighting Gladiator*, or of the *Dying Gladiator*, or of the *Venus of Milo*—or of the *Neapolitan Psyche*—or of the *Praxiteles Faun*, or, greater than all, of the sublime forms expressed in the *Elgin Marbles*? These statues, one and all, are portrait statues—wrought by the ancient masters with a patience, a knowledge and a keenness of vision, of which few artists are now capable. But one and all reflect Nature in her noblest, happiest mood, which should be the end and aim of all art, not Nature travestied as the result of human accident, or ignorance.

Deprived of these magnificent monuments of human genius, we could form no conception of the beauty of which the human form is capable. Think what advantages the Greek sculptors enjoyed as compared with the status of art in our time. Their models were furnished by a race supreme in the world's history for physical perfection. Their climate, their games, all their modes of life, fostered and developed this perfection of form. The study of physical beauty was reduced to a science. No athlete was permitted to contend an unlimited number of times for a given prize, lest certain muscles should be unduly developed. Art was in its prime, because Nature was in her

prime. Their intellectual status was on an equal plane, yet it is the sensational fashion of our time to condemn their physical beauty as 'tameness,' their serenity of deportment as 'monotony.'

But scoff as we may, what is known as the classic school has proved the true and lasting fount of inspiration of all great art. Michael Angelo so closely studied the famous Herculean Torso in the Vatican, that now by courtesy it is called 'Michael Angelo's Torso.' After the contortions of the Bernini school, arose by revulsion of taste the more modern classic school, of which Thorwaldsen was the bright, particular star, and so will it be to the end. Schools will arise in which grotesqueness will be called 'originality' and caricature 'nature.' But after all these schools have completed their little cycles, lovers of all that is beautiful and true in nature will seek their inspiration from the profounder and serener depths of classic art."

After the death of his wife William Story wrote to Miss Hosmer:

PALAZZO BARBERINI, ROME, Dec. 14, 1894.

*My dear Hatty:*

I cannot tell you how gladly I received your dear and tender letter of October 8. It was the first line I had had from you since I lost my beloved wife, and I could not help wondering that I had never heard one word of sympathy and sorrow upon this, to me, irreparable loss. I did not believe that you had forgotten me, and that you did not share with me this terrible bereavement, so I consoled myself with the thought that you must have written and that your letter had miscarried, as now proves to have been the case. Oh! my dear Hatty, I feel utterly shipwrecked. . . . If you want to know what I am, read "An old



Seventy-four Frigate" in "Blackwood" for August—that is what I am—a mere wreck. . . . I have made a monument to her, which will be placed in the Protestant Cemetery, but it is not as yet quite finished in the marble.

I have been spending the summer at Vallombrosa with E—— and her family, and wandering with them through the pine groves. All that was possible to do for me, they have done. But—however, I will not go on.

. . . Now I am back again in Rome, but I have no heart to do anything. W—— is here, and, I am happy to say, has his hands full of work in his studio; and admirable work it is, full of vigor and power, originality and grace.

And what are you doing, and when are you coming back to us?

. . . Good-by, dear Hatty. All send their love and hope that we shall see you here this winter.

Ever your affectionate

W. W. STORY.

Later, after the sculptor's own death, a member of his family wrote to Miss Hosmer:

"How large a piece of your life lies buried in that Poets' Corner of the little cemetery in Rome. One cannot remember the time when you were not looked upon as a daughter, by the two dear ones now lying side by side under the cypress trees. . . .

After the dear one was brought to Vallombrosa he seemed to gain strength for a time, and he was so happy sitting out in the beautiful woods, surrounded by his grandchildren, up to the last day—a golden autumn day it was. Then before another one had dawned, his spirit had fled, in sleep, without a sigh—his face calm and smiling. We covered him with the lovely leaves of Vallombrosa."



It was in October, 1895, that William Story died, and Miss Hosmer wrote among her other words of ardent praise, "As a modeller, William Story was unexcelled by any modern artist. His statue of Alcestis is the finest example of his skill in drapery, and he has left behind him a most noble array of works which for knowledge, refinement, and poetic grace stamp him as one of the greatest artists of our time."

Her long, unbroken friendship with the Storys was ever one of her most faithful and tender memories of the old Roman days.

In the life of Frances Power Cobbe\* written by herself, in Vol. II, is a very truthful and captivating picture of her friend Harriet Hosmer, as she appeared to that eminent Englishwoman some years before. She says, "She was in those days the most bewitching sprite that the world ever saw. Never have I laughed so helplessly as at the infinite fun of that bright Yankee girl. Even in later years, when we perforce grew a little graver, she needed only to begin one of her descriptive stories to make us all young again. I have not seen her since her return to America, nor yet any one in the least like her. It is vain to hope to convey to any reader the contagion of her merriment. Oh! what a gift beyond rubies are such spirits!"

Always quick to champion a friend, after the death of Frederick Leighton, Miss Hosmer wrote to an American journal:

\* Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1895.

Feb. 25, 1896.

A paper of the 16th February, contains a paragraph suggesting that "the late Lord Leighton must have been very extravagant," to have left so little of this world's goods, "when we consider the vast sums he must have received for his works." Firstly, I doubt if Leighton ever received "vast sums" for his works. Those halcyon days are limited to the Athenian, not to the 19th century period of art. Secondly, it is due to the memory of Leighton, and upon the authority of a life-long friend, to state that more than half his annual income was devoted to his less prosperous brethren in art. No artist ever appealed in vain to Leighton for aid. Well do I remember that so long ago as 1853, when he was making his studies in Rome for his picture of Cimabue and Giotto, and before fortune had in any way smiled upon him, his name was synonymous with helpfulness and kindness to those less fortunate than himself. And so it was to the end. It was enough for Leighton to know that others were in greater want than himself, and his purse was theirs; and it was this kindliness and generosity of heart, this finest quality, which endeared him to his friends and which excited their admiration far more than even his most brilliant achievements.

HARRIET G. HOSMER.

Miss Hosmer thus wrote of her first meeting with Sir Frederick Leighton and of their long friendship:

"*'E' permesso?*" said a pleasant young voice, the owner of which paused for a moment at the top of the little narrow staircase which led to my modelling room in the Gibson studio.

*'Entra pure,'* said I, and a young man of two

or three and twenty, very good looking, suggestive of the young Raphael style, stood before me.

‘Unless you prefer a foreign tongue,’ said I, ‘let us try English.’

The young man laughed, and after a few words of greeting explained that Mr. Gibson had given him permission to draw the skull of a horse, which was hidden away behind the old green curtain, serving as a background, in the little studio. Pietro, the studio lad, was summoned, and the skull having been produced and arranged in a proper light, the newcomer sat himself down and began his work, and then and there commenced an acquaintance and friendship which ceased only when, long years after, Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, with much pomp and ceremony, was laid to rest in London’s great Cathedral of St. Paul. For young Leighton it was, unknown then to the world, yet that day taking a step in his sudden ascent to fame, for the drawing was a study to serve in his painting Cimabue. This was perhaps the most carefully designed and executed of all his works, upon which he labored unremittingly, and which, when exhibited and purchased by the Queen, landed the artist, at one bound, upon the top wave of prosperity. As the whole work was executed in Rome, and as during these two years I saw much of Leighton, I followed the Cimabue in all its phases and felt an especially personal interest therein when it came about that the Gonfallier was to ride a horse which at that time I chanced to own, very good looking, but which, I told Leighton, ‘got nearer the “brush” in his studio than he ever did in the hunting field.’

Following upon the success of his picture, to the regret of all his Roman friends, Leighton was recalled from Rome, but before leaving, his brother artists with whom he was deservedly popular, united

in a farewell dinner in his honor, to which I contributed a basket of flowers. Later in the evening, when he joined the circle in Mrs. Sartoris' salon, and thanked me for remembering him, I said, 'When next I send you a basket of flowers, you will be President of the Royal Academy,'—a pledge which in the fulness of time was realized. Soon after this he closed his studio in the *Via Sistine* and transferred it to Paris. As parting gifts in memory of old times, he presented me with a charming drawing of Angelo, who had served as his model for the young Giotto in the picture of Cimabue, and also with the study of the horse's skull, bearing the hilarious inscription, 'Skull of Os.'

His next picture, painted in Paris, was not so successful, partly because the subject was probably less sympathetic to him, and partly because the success of 'Cimabue' had wounded the susceptibilities of certain brother artists. But non-success had no depressing effect upon Leighton. A friend, standing near him, wrote me from Paris, 'Fay' (his familiar name in the Sartoris circle) 'is no whit discouraged by the failure of his picture, but says, 'Next time I mean to do better.' (Quoted verbatim from Mrs. Sartoris' letter.)

During this time I saw but little of Leighton, save on the occasions of his flying visits to Rome, when he always dined with me. One of these occasions I well remember, and recalled it whenever I entered his London home. On the day of his visit, I was transferring my lares and penates to the Palazzetto Barberini. While the apartment was in the condition attendant upon such domestic events, our dinner was served on a packing case, and two smaller packing cases served as chairs. During this elegant repast Leighton described to me the house he intended to build, 'as soon,' said he, 'as I can earn the money



to pay for it, but I must earn it first.' After dinner, securing the lid of a box, which he balanced upon his knee, he sketched his intended plan, in every respect as it was afterwards executed.

Few can so successfully form plans for the future, and few can so patiently wait for their fulfilment. 'Toil, constant toil' was Leighton's watchword. Every portion of every picture he ever painted was studied from life, with a labor of love few artists know. Throughout his career he strove to raise the standard of art, and few have held its banner aloft so nobly as did he. That his health should finally fail under the constant pressure of his artistic, official, and social duties, was no cause of surprise to the friends who knew him in daily life, but he was hopeful to the last. Not many weeks before his final return to London, he wrote to me from Algiers, where he was seeking rest, 'You, who know me so well, can understand how irksome to me is this enforced idleness, but the doctors assure me that there is no organic trouble and that a little rest will set me right.' Then he went home to die.

Leighton will be remembered as a distinguished artist, but he will be longer remembered as an ideal President of the Royal Academy. In that capacity he had no peer, possessing in largest measure every quality and accomplishment essential to his position: profound knowledge of art, executive ability, refined and cultivated taste, delicate tact, an accomplished linguist, familiar with foreigners, a ready and polished speaker, courteous in manner, with a distinguished presence and a kindly heart, whose highest pleasure was to aid and encourage those who were less fortunate than himself. His eminence as an artist and the distinction conferred by his office invested the ceremonies attending his burial (which has well been described as 'one of the Pageants of the Year') with



unusual solemnity. But it was the memory of his many attaching, personal qualities, to those who knew him best, which invested it with its pathos."

In her volume on the late Lord Leighton, Alice Corkran tells that when a young art student at Rome, he was generally known to his friends as "The Admirable Crichton." "For," says Miss Corkran, "to his amazing endowments Leighton added the genius which consists of taking infinite pains. One of the handsomest men of his generation, learned in the classics, speaking five languages with fluency, the best dancer in Rome, the possessor of a fine tenor voice, brilliant in conversation, amiable of disposition, he yet cultivated the humbler virtues of punctuality, hard work, economy, and sobriety."

" 'The most perfect character I have ever known,' was the verdict of Watts the painter."

MRS. DUNDAS TO MISS HOSMER.

*Dear Hatty:* CANNES, Feb., 1896.

Leighton's death brought back many memories of long ago—memories in which you had your part. I am sure you must have felt it deeply. After those early Roman days, except in a London crowd, I seldom met him, but hearing that he had asked after me, I went to his studio.

We talked of you and of what you were doing. They will not easily find another president\* capable of filling Leighton's chair as he has done. So few men are free from family ties and ready to devote their lives to the business of the Academy. Then, he was cosmopolitan, a very universal man. Critics, especially French ones, say that he should have been

\* For the Royal Academy.

a sculptor rather than a painter, but it is as president that his name will go down to history. Hardly any of one's contemporaries change more, than did the young man whom we knew as Fred. Leighton change into the massive, dignified "Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A." I saw him last October in Venice. I was coming up the Grand Canal one fine morning, and my gondola crossed another hurrying to the *Accademia*, in which sat Leighton. A smile and a bow were all that passed. He did not look ill, one would not, as the Celtic seers say, have seen the shroud already waist high about him, but I suppose his last malady made rapid progress.

I have heard of your Queen Isabella. It is a charming story of her giving her jewels to fit out Columbus. I hope it is true, because I should like a woman to have a good share in the finding of the New World.

Yours, ever,

ANNE DUNDAS.

P.S. Leighton's "Clytie" is fine. You know the way he had of sometimes polishing and finishing till the force and reality were gone; well, this his farewell to the Academy walls, is left in the rough, what he probably called, "unfinished," and therefore is more powerful than anything that I have seen of his for a long time. Clytie kneels, despairing hands stretched out towards the golden clouds that hide her sun-god. There is a yearning for the unseen in it, which makes it very fit to be the painter's own "Swan song." It is a touching picture, seen *after* his death.

A.

Miss Hosmer had received many medals and decorations, but did not mention them except upon being questioned. In 1896 it was that she said:

"I have never worn my decorations but a few times in my life, and then only to oblige a friend. I do

not regard them as 'decorations,' they are simply souvenirs of friends; friends who happened to be rulers of men. They were given to me personally not through ministers or consuls, and it would not have been polite for me to say, 'Your Majesty, this is pretty, but I don't know what it means.'

The biggest one you might think to be two or three; there is the sash, then the Russian coat-of-arms and the large cross, which all go together. The sash is made of the Russian colors, red, black, and yellow, in heavy moire ribbon five inches broad. The large cross is quite barbarically magnificent, fully three inches across and about four inches long, of Russian diamonds, not at all the same thing as Koh-i-noors! The setting is chiselled silver and ornamented with small brilliants. The cross is a pendant, and hangs from the coat-of-arms, which was originally done in rose diamonds. Unfortunately this was stolen, and when I had another made to replace it, I could not afford the diamonds, so it's only in carved silver now. It was the Empress of Russia who gave it to me, the old Empress; I think she was the first Empress who ever came to my studio. An imperial old lady, in those days so infirm that she was brought into the studio in a Sedan chair. What a picture she made, the little old lady with her white hair and her flashing eyes and her must-be-obeyed air, sitting in that magnificent chair, between the two stalwart Cossacks who carried her! She was the wife of the Czar Nicholas of Crimean days, the great-grandmother of the present Emperor.

I have no souvenir of another royal visitor, the Prince of Wales,\* but he has two of me, my Puck and my Sleeping Faun. It was during one of his first visits to the continent that he bought the former. He was travelling with the Empress Frederic (then Crown Princess) and her husband, and just mar-

\* Afterwards Edward VII.

ried. The whole party came to my studio, and the Prince was quite taken with Puck, and nothing would do but he must buy it. Afterwards General Ellis (then Colonel) told me the Prince was not allowed to make any purchases on this trip except with his own pocket-money, so the Puck came out of his pin-money! Later I saw quite a good deal of his sister, the Crown Princess (afterwards Empress Victoria) who was a good artist herself and invited me to come to her studio in Berlin and see her works, for she was a sculptor too. Her sister, Princess Alice of Hesse, mother of the Russian Empress, I saw a good deal of, at one time. It is said she was the favorite daughter of Queen Victoria, and I do not wonder, for she was a sweet creature, with a lovely face, though something tragic about it. She was also an artist, and had asked me to let her come and model in my studio. All the arrangements were made when she was summoned home by the illness of one of her sons, afterwards the Grand Duke of Hesse.

But to go back, I have two gold medals mounted on red ribbons, granted by Italian Academies, one for the *Incouraggiamento di Arte*, the other from the *Accademie Udine*. Then there was my Bavarian medal mounted on blue and white ribbon, the Bavarian colors. It is a triangle of brilliants set in cut steel, I don't know what it means, any more than the big Russian cross, but when those queer settings are used, it is probably for some historic reason. I prize it as the gift of the old King of Bavaria, a delightful old gentleman who used to come every winter to Italy.

The Royalties of Europe, when they were tired of being royal, came there for a holiday, and as art was the business of life in Rome, they floated around the studios, and many of them floated into mine at one time or another. Some of them came *incognito*. Only two came to my studio in that way. One was Maxi-



milian, passing through Rome on his way to Mexico, poor fellow; one of his gentlemen, lingering a moment after him, told me who my visitor had been. The other one was the Queen of Holland, not the Queen Mother, but the Queen before her, old King William's first wife.

It was old King Ludwig who brought me his little medal one day and pinned it on, telling me to wear it as a souvenir of his visit, and I've never forgotten him. He practically built modern Munich and was a true artist. He was handsome, too, though he did have a large wen right in the middle of his forehead, so that he wore his hat on the back of his head. His successor, Max, was not attractive, but Ludwig II was charming. So I have known personally three kings of Bavaria. Yes, I knew the dear old Pope too, Pio Nono, and Cavour and Garibaldi. It's sometimes a surprise to me to find how many people I *have* known!"

Miss Krout to Miss Hosmer, with a handful of daisies:

*My dear friend:* IGHTHAM, KENT, 1896.

I have just returned from a delightful visit to Ightham. Perhaps you know it, one of the old, old villages with tiled roofs and latticed windows and timbered houses of three hundred years ago. There is a quaint old church with a tomb to Dame Selby, who gave Lord Mounteagle information concerning the Gunpowder Plot, also divers of her descendants. Strolling about the churchyard I found in one sunny corner the grave of your dear friend Adelaide Kemble Sartoris. I gathered for you these daisies which I enclose. Her daughter, Mrs. G., is living in Ightham, dearly beloved of all the village folk. The nightingales, skylarks, and cuckoos were singing as I walked



for miles through the lanes, among the hedge-rows. . . .

Affectionately yours,

M. H. KROUT.

MR. SHORTALL TO MISS HOSMER.

*Dear Miss Hosmer:*

CHICAGO, Apl. 7, 1897.

. . . I have just returned from a *giro* including the West Indies and the "Spanish Main," Venezuela, a five-weeks' jaunt. In the island of Barbados, in the city of Bridgetown, in the Council Chamber therein, and in a niche in the wall of the same, stands conspicuous, what do you think? Your "Puck!" You have no idea how delightfully surprised I was, how delightfully familiar it appeared; as we approached it more closely, we read the inscription upon the base.

"Presented to the Colony of Barbados by Lady Briggs, in memory of her husband, Sir Thomas Graham Briggs, Bart."

Could anything be more deliciously sentimental?

I thought you would like to hear of this. I know of no one who would be better qualified to appreciate it. . . .

Yours sincerely,

JOHN G. SHORTALL.

An old friend of Miss Hosmer's, in writing of her, recalls one of her innumerable jokes. She says:

"What most impressed me in my walks and talks with Miss Hosmer, was her wonderful exuberance of spirits. She was as happy and care-free as a child. The present was full of delightful plans for work to be carried out in a bright future extending limitlessly.

Not a thought of old age or death apparently entered into her dreams. In our occasional walks together, she was always bubbling over with fun. Not long ago, in Cambridge, as we were nearing home, we came upon two ladies who were evidently tourists, with pencil and notebook in hand. One of them approached, and, addressing Miss Hosmer, begged to be directed to the homes of Longfellow and Lowell. As we were not far from the house of the former, Miss Hosmer offered to point it out and walked on in advance with her. Thinking them beyond hearing, I volunteered a little extra information to the other young girl, who thus became my companion, and said in a low voice, '*There* is a woman well worth seeing, whose genius is acknowledged both in Europe and America, Harriet Hosmer.' She expressed genuine enthusiasm at seeing a person of whom she had heard so much, and many of whose works she had seen. While she was gazing admiringly at the artist's strong, well-developed back, the latter turned quickly from the Longfellow gate, came towards us, and waving her hand at me, in a pronounced stage whisper said, 'Perhaps you are sight-seeing, young ladies, if so, you will be glad to know that you have been talking with the distinguished Mrs. Somerville.' Then bowing cordially to them, she took my arm and whisked me away from my awe-struck admirers before I had time to realize her joke. She told me later that her first thought had been to present me as Jane Austen or Mrs. Browning, but, fearing her audience might be well up in dates, had selected the other name as safer. No doubt the aforesaid audience congratulated each other upon having met two such noted women in one morning.

E. C. H."

TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

WATERTOWN, Aug. 28, 1898?

I have a letter from the Baroness Adolphe, which I want to show you. She says of the "Martyrdom of an Empress" exactly what I thought she would, that it is a romance, containing certain well-known facts, and the rest fiction. The Baroness was a great friend of the Empress.\* She says that Countess Trani, the Empress' sister, told her that she knew of no friend of her sister's who entertained her in Brittany or who was with her as described in the book. I also asked the Baroness Adolphe if it were true that the monument to Guy de Maupassant in the *Parc Monceau* in Paris really had a modernly dressed young Parisian seated at the foot of the column reading one of his novels? I read the description in a paper but could scarcely believe that art had dropped so low. The Baroness says it is quite true and that when she walks there (for her house is in the *Parc*) she avoids the place, not to have her eyes offended by the sight! So much for art in the 19th Century.

Your H.

TO MRS. ROBERT EMMONS.

*Dear M:*

THE PALACE, ELY, Oct. 3, 1900.

You see where I am, and I only wish you could look out of my window and see this glorious old cathedral pile, which might well take your breath away. It is gorgeous. Of course I expected great things, but what I see is beyond expectation. Lady Alwyne and I came on Saturday from Castle Ashby, whither I return next Saturday. She, having every place of interest in England at her fingers' ends,

\* Of Austria.



ELY CATHEDRAL





pointed out, as we came along, Fotheringay (where Mary Stuart was beheaded), and having to wait at Peterboro' for the Ely train, we visited the cathedral, which I thought splendid till I saw Ely. Arrived at Ely and having got a view of the outside of the cathedral, we had tea in the garden, in sight of the wondrous plane tree, where my Lord Bishop\* joined us from London, and then we went inside the cathedral.

But the chief impression on my mind will always be connected with the service yesterday morning, it being, too, the first time I ever attended a full cathedral service. Being a guest of my Lord Bishop, I had a seat in the choir (not, however, on account of any assistance I could render the vocal part of the service)! but, as you know, from inside the screen (a seat of honor) I could see everything, and hear too, and thought I had never seen anything so fine. And who do you think preached the sermon? Canon Stanton, whom I knew years ago in Italy. He came to the Palace afterward to tea, and we talked over dear old Rome. How circles meet, sooner or later!

5th.

Yesterday both my Lord Bishop and Lady Alwyne took me over the cathedral, which is 1040 years old. They pointed out all the objects of interest, which are many, and more discovered under their guidance. Then the palace is almost as interesting as the cathedral itself. One of the circular staircases, three feet wide, is all worn away, by feet which have been travelling it for centuries. On Monday we went over to Cambridge, which is, as you know, full of architectural wonders. Then to tea with one of the high dignitaries, and had a most delightful afternoon. How splendid the old chapels are! . . .

Yours, H.

\* The Right Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton, Bishop of Ely.

After Miss Hosmer's death Lady Alwyne Compton wrote:

ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, CANTERBURY,

*Dear Mrs. Carr:*

Jan. 15, 1911.

It was about 1860 that Hatty first made the acquaintance of my sister-in-law, Lady Marian Alford, who soon loved her with an affection that grew and spread to all the family. Lady M. came with her great love of all that was beautiful, and her overflowing sympathy, just when Hatty most needed it.

She might have become rather defiant and too eccentric among those who did not thoroughly understand her. Lord Alwyne and I were in Rome with Lady Marian, during the winter of 1861, and saw Hatty every day. It was the winter of the siege of Gaeta, and when it fell, and the King and Queen of Naples took refuge in Rome, Hatty was fascinated by the grace and beauty of the Queen, and afterwards made a statue of her in her Austrian military cloak. When Rome became the capital their Majesties went to Paris to live.

I enclose one of Hatty's bits of fun; they always came so spontaneously. . . .

Yours, sincerely,

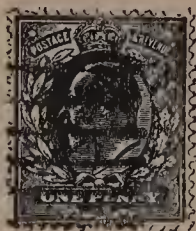
FLORENCE COMPTON.

After the visit to Ely these lines were written to Lady Alwyne Compton, of whom the artist had borrowed four postage stamps:

Alas! I've justly earned a name  
Which most the honest dread,  
Four times convicted to my shame,  
Under a separate head.



With others' goods and chattels, I  
Feloniously decamped,  
And by that act, cannot deny,  
My character is stamped.



But what is worse, from near and far  
The fatal truth is spread;  
Such things stick fast to one, and are  
As soon as published read.



But yet the little I can do,  
I haste to do, my friend,  
For fourpence I received from you,  
And four puns here I send.



Again Miss Hosmer returned to Italy for a short time and wrote:

TO MRS. CARR.

*Dear C:*

ROME, Feb. 3, 1901.

I do believe you even enjoyed your "very stormy passage," (to Cuba), well some folks are made for the sea, otherwise what is the sea made for? Altho' we are pretty quiet here, a good deal has been happening in other parts of the world, particularly at the Isle of Wight. Think of the dear old Queen being gone and Edward VII instead! But in how short a time will all this seem natural enough. I believe he will make a good king because he has got two of my statues!

I was lost in admiration of you, that you were able to write on that boat. I can see you in the spirit world with a halo of pens around your brow. But writing up there in the clouds wouldn't be half so effective to my mind, or half so difficult, for you could always pick a quill out of your wings and it would fly of itself. I shall ever remember that boat-letter as an episode of the nineteenth century! . . .

The last paragraph that I have seen about art in our country says that a duty of 25 per cent. is to be put upon "paintings, statuary, and bologna sausages." Phidias was lucky to have lived and died when he did.

Your H.

Later, in writing from England, she says:

*Dear C:*

MELCHET COURT, Oct. 1901.

. . . We have had a delightful visitor here, Lady Portsmouth. Since her widowhood she farms it, and has invited me to take a hand. I told her if I had to lead my life over again, I would be a farmer. She said if she had to lead her life over again, she would be a sculptor. So you see each one thinks the other's profession the best.

H.

*Dear C:*

MELCHET COURT, June 16, 1902.

I have been on a little visit to Compton Wynyates, as the family were there for Whitsuntide. I shall never forget how beautiful the sunshine was, one afternoon in particular, when all the grass was velvet. . . .

H.

Miss Hosmer passed so many happy days here that this reference to Compton Wynyates will bear an additional word, it being unique as a moated manorhouse of the twelfth century. The name comes from the vineyards formerly covering the enclosing hills. While it retains many of the principal features of early years, it has been restored and kept in fitting condition by the present owner, the Marquis of Northampton. The quaint old pile is tucked away,



among the folds of grassy, tumbling hills, which rise six or seven hundred feet above it. The mansion, built in form of a quadrangle (though a singularly irregular one), is of the same brick seen at Hampton Court, except the gables, which are half-timbered. The wood is darkened with age and the bricks and mortar have grown hoary, as becomes an old fortified place. The drawbridge has disappeared. The moat has been partially filled and planted with flowers of every hue, in most effective masses. They almost encircle the smooth stretches of well-kept lawn, which show up so picturesquely the dull red building. The curious and wonderful chimneys are its most distinguishing feature, and are said to have been transported without a single breakage, in panniers, on the backs of donkeys from the distant castle of Fulbroke.

Again Miss Hosmer met with a grievous loss, in the death of her beloved friend, Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

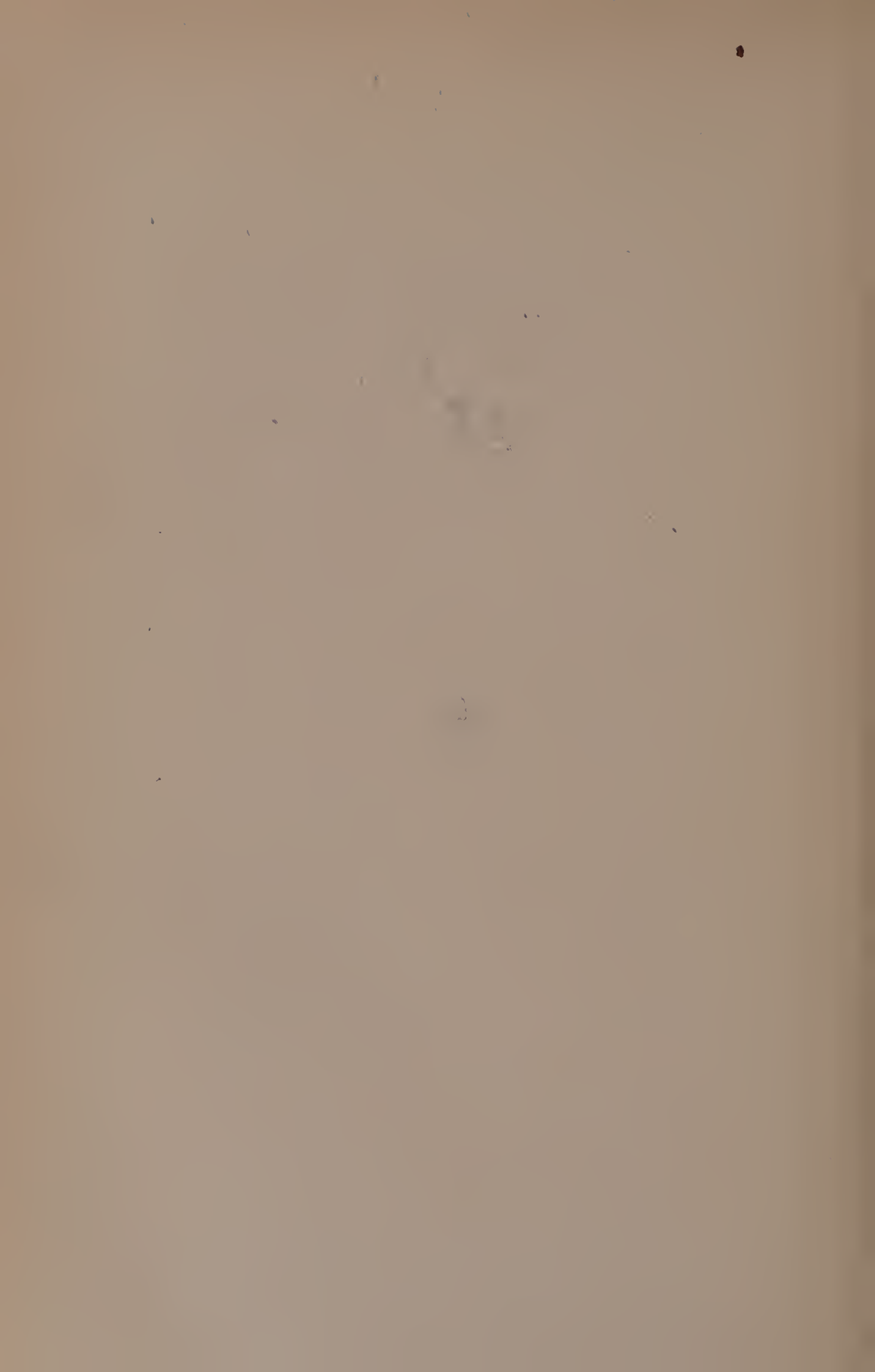
In the London *Spectator* of February 7, 1903, Edward Clifford wrote:

“A very remarkable personality has just passed from our midst in Louisa, Lady Ashburton, a Highland chieftainess of the Seaforth family. She was connected by ties of close and intimate friendship with Thomas Carlyle, with Robert Browning, and with Edwin Landseer, who were all warmly attached to her. For many years she was surrounded by the most eminent and interesting people of the time, and her sympathies were not only religious and philanthropic, but artistic and literary.”

Nor is this a name which can be lightly passed over



COMPTON WYNYATES



by one who loves England, for not only was Lady Ashburton the staunch friend and generous patron of Harriet Hosmer, but she was one of London's most liberal benefactors, perhaps her greatest philanthropist among women. Among many others her charities at the East End have linked her name indissolubly with the Victoria and Albert Docks and the welfare of their brave seamen.

Miss Hosmer once described her first meeting with Lady Ashburton, thus:

"On an eventful day of the year 1867 came a lady to the studio bringing a note of introduction from a mutual friend. I have a distinct recollection of stonily gazing at the lady when she presented herself, and of so remaining, gazing, with no thought of advancing to greet her, for, as I gazed, it seemed to my bewildered senses that the Ludovisi Goddess in person, weary, perhaps, of the long imprisonment of Art, had assumed the stature and the state of mortals and stood before me. There were the same square-cut and grandiose features, whose classic beauty was humanized by a pair of keen, dark eyes, expressive now of amused surprise; then came a lovely smile, and then a rich, musical voice of inquiry, arousing me to the situation. And here I may add, by way of parenthesis, as greatly amused was I, but less surprised, when, in after years, the lady laughingly characterized my deportment that day as 'most peculiar.' Did not a wave from the Fortunate Isles bear to me a prophetic whisper of this beautiful woman? No! and we talked of art, and of Rome, and of our common friend, as strangers talk who meet for a pleasant hour, then go their ways.

Those who at that period of her life knew Louisa,

Lady Ashburton, for she it was, then in the height of her splendid beauty, will recognize the portrait. Born of a great race, she looked her greatness, but her chief charm lay neither in her nobility of presence nor in her classic outline of feature, but in the ever varying radiance of expression, which each moment wrought undiscovered charms in the lovely face, as sunlight playing over a flower renders it ever more beautiful than before. And to those rare gifts was added the perhaps still rarer one of an exquisitely modulated voice, rich and musical, with every inflection of which the human voice is capable. Such was the personality of the lady whose acquaintance I made on that auspicious day, and which ripened into a friendship that throughout her life knew no shadow of change."

If Miss Hosmer had failures or disappointments, she never knew them as such; they were only stepping-stones to greater effort, to higher attainment. Certainly, too, she was one of the happiest and merriest of beings. She once said:

"The other day I had a compliment paid me which was as rare as flattering. Speaking of nonsense, I was indulging in it and apparently was diverting Mrs. Dundas, whereupon she said, 'Oh, Hatty, I wish you would be buried here, it would be jolly only to look at your grave.' 'Thank you,' said I, 'I would rather live, though I had to be wise.'"

In late years, Miss Hosmer was much given to reminiscing. She delighted to recall the clever and interesting people whom she had known in intimate friendship. Those who were so fortunate as to be present when she was in one of these moods, de-



lighted still more in listening to her brilliant sketches of character, personality, genius, wit, and humor. The last, perhaps, made the most vivid impression upon her, because of her own fun-loving nature. To her all life was sunshine, even the clouds were golden and rose-hued, yet beneath all this lived an earnest spirit and lofty determination to do her best and to see only the best in others. Her grateful, loyal, and generous nature drew from others of their highest, making her very presence a benediction.

Lord Leighton said in one of his addresses:

“Believe me, whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us, will dignify and will make strong the labor of our hands; whatever of noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will also chasten and exalt it, for as we are, so our work is.”

Assuredly these words were made true in the life of Harriet Hosmer.



## APPENDICES



## APPENDICES

### APPENDIX A.

#### THE BENTON STATUE.

It will be seen from the following correspondence that Miss Hosmer was the artist selected to design the first public monument ever erected in the State of Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, June 15, 1860.

MISS HARRIET G. HOSMER,  
Watertown, Mass.

*Dear Madam:*

The undersigned, in behalf of the commissioners appointed by the Legislature for the erection of a bronze statue, in this city, of Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, have the pleasure of informing you that you have been unanimously selected as the artist to execute the work.

The commissioners have confidence in believing that from your hands St. Louis will receive an addition to her objects of art which will be worthy of the great statesman, worthy of the age, and worthy of an American artist.

The committee trust to have the opportunity, at an early day, of conferring with you in regard to the details of the contract, and the manner in which the subject shall be treated. Meanwhile they have the



honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servants,

J. B. BRANT,  
WAYMAN CROW,  
M. L. LINTON, M. D.,  
*Committee.*

WATERTOWN, June 22, 1860.

*Gentlemen:*

I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 15th inst., informing me that the execution of the bronze statue in memory of the late Col. Benton, for the city of St. Louis, is entrusted to me. Such a tribute to his merit would demand the best acknowledgments of any artist, but in the present instance my most cordial thanks will but insufficiently convey to you a sense of the obligation under which I feel you have placed me.

I have reason to be grateful to you for this distinction, because I am a young artist, and though I may have given some evidence of skill in those of my statues which are now in your city, I could scarcely have hoped that their merit, whatever it may be, should have inspired the citizens of St. Louis to entrust me with a work whose chief characteristic must be the union of great intellectual power with manly strength.

But I have also reason to be grateful to you, because I am a woman, and knowing what barriers must in the outset oppose all womanly efforts, I am indebted to the chivalry of the West, which has first overleaped them. I am not unmindful of the kind indulgence with which my works have been received, but I have sometimes thought that the critics might be more courteous than just, remembering from what hand they proceeded. Your kindness will now afford me opportunity of proving to what rank I am entitled as an artist, unsheltered by the broad wings of

compassion for the sex; for this work must be, as we understand the term, a *manly* work, and hence its merit alone must be my defence against the attacks of those who stand ready to resist any encroachment upon their self-appropriated sphere.

I utter these sentiments only to assure you that I am fully aware of the important results which to me, as an artist, wait on the issue of my labors, and hence that I shall spare no pains to produce a monument worthy of your city, and worthy of the statesman, who, though dead, still speaks to you in language more eloquent and enduring than the happiest efforts, in marble or bronze, of ever so cunning a workman.

It only remains for me to add, that as I shall visit St. Louis before my departure for Europe, farther details may then be arranged. I have the honor to remain, gentlemen,

Respectfully yours,

H. G. HOSMER.

To Messrs. J. B. BRANT,  
WAYMAN CROW,  
M. L. LINTON, M. D.,  
*Committee.*

## APPENDIX B.

### ZENOBIA.

Perhaps the best criticism of Zenobia was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1864.

“In dealing with this subject Miss Hosmer has united womanly dignity and delicacy, with the best qualities of the firm masculine hand. A captive Queen compelled to grace the triumph of her conqueror, forced to deck herself in her royal robes, and

to move at another's will, a Queen who has proved her right to her throne by grand statesmanlike qualities, both moral and intellectual;—this is the group of ideas which Miss Hosmer wished to call up in our minds. Has she not done it? Motion, but reluctant motion, is expressed in the graceful limbs; a grand dignity in the attitude of the broad, powerful shoulders, and the firm column of the throat; lofty resignation in the bent head; while pride and sorrow struggle in the knotted brow, the level eyelids, contracted nostrils, and scornfully curled lip.

The fulness of the drapery, of which every fold seems to have a meaning, gives a peculiar pleasure to the eye. For years after Canova had opened a new era in his art, the prevalent idea seemed to be that sculpture and nudity were inseparably united; that the chief duty of a sculptor was to model the human form skilfully and gracefully. We are learning something better than this, but still an American going for the first time through the galleries of ancient art in Europe, is apt to be surprised at the number and beauty of the Greek and Roman draped statues. Miss Hosmer has evidently made drapery a subject of unusually careful study and the result is that Zenobia's robes and mantle seem almost faultless. The ornaments of the diadem and fibula, shoulder-brooches and sandals, are kept well subordinated to the whole effect; and though Aurelian's triumph must be heightened by the royal jewels, the majesty of the still unconquered queenly nature makes us forget them. The chain, which is an element in the tragic poetry of the subject, is also no more conspicuous than the accessories of the best ancient statues, as in the scroll of Demosthenes, Minerva's owl, or the thyrsus of Bacchus.

The heroic proportions of the figure lend much nobility to the grandeur of the whole, and we feel

that Miss Hosmer did well in choosing this height and breadth in which to develop her thought, while she has perfectly avoided the danger of making us conscious of unnatural size. And here we see the effect of her great command of anatomy, the result of diligent labor. It bears fruit in the satisfaction we feel in the obvious fitness of every limb and muscle to do, if it were living, what it is represented as doing; and in the confidence unobserved perhaps by ourselves with which the eye passes from one line to another, sure of not being provoked to questionings whether this is in proportion, and that in its true place. Under all the drapery we feel that there is the well-balanced form; while the perfect effect of rest in the midst of motion, and the irresistible sense of proportion could not come to us from anything less than the most faithful anatomical truthfulness.

The unblemished perfection of the large block of marble is extraordinary, for the statue is seven feet high; and the purity and softness of its color is a fortunate element in the beauty of the whole.

Such a work of art cannot but teach as well as delight us. It fills us with a sympathetic sense of strength and quietness; and, while the soft, sweeping lines and moulded loveliness of every part give pleasure to the eye, the grand endurance and determined fortitude—expressed as well in the open, placid right hand, which hangs by her side, as in the clenched and strained left, which lifts the mantle and clutches the insulting chain, suggest only ennobling and elevating thoughts.

In fact, one can hardly look long at this statue (and one should look long, for there is too much enshrined in it to be taken in at a glance), without feeling that it is surrounded by the pure, high atmosphere of real art, and that we know better, after seeing it, what the ideal of the sculptor is and ever should be."

In the *Chicago Evening Journal* of June 14th, 1865, in an account of the Exhibition, occurs another appreciative mention of Zenobia and her author:

“The Queen of the East gives audience, for she has arisen again under the loving hands of a woman. The Queen is Zenobia, and the woman is Harriet Hosmer. It is of the one rather than the other, we write to-day.

And we want to tell you of a delicate little New England girl loved like Byron's Ada, ‘sole daughter of his house and heart.’ Her father, a physician and a wise man withal, put into her slender hand the working oar, swung her up to the saddle, sent her flying upon the ringing skate, taught her ‘Leather Stocking's science of ‘sure death at long range’—all this to save the outside for the inside, that was so richly worth salvation, and both sides for the glory and honor of American art. This girl, the while, was reading anatomy as if it were a romance, and her soul somehow slipped down to the tips of her restless fingers that, guiltless of ink, were working out thoughts in clay.

And this delicate girl became a woman, as rich in buoyant life as in genius; her bright eyes lighted with hope; her hand firm, her step elastic as a fawn's, her laugh as full of music as a summer morning. Before us now, is the counterfeit presentment of that fine, frank face. That head, with plenty of chamber-room for the beautiful, and as nearly like Thorwaldsen's—‘the royal Dane’ of art—as a woman's ought to be, the man who began in wood and ended in marble and immortality. Miss Hosmer, with all her gift of soul, must have something to wreak it on. One baptizes it in ink and is satisfied; another clothes it in rainbow and is glorified; she laid her hands upon the



dumb stone, and her soul flowed out upon it, it lived and had a being.

Thirteen years ago—how time runs on like a gossip—she laid hands upon ‘Hesper’—the evening star to all the world, but the morning star for her. And then she went away to Rome, that city mightier in its death than it had been in its life, and became the pupil of that kind-hearted, genial sculptor, Gibson, who always had a father’s smile and blessing for an art-lover. By and by, she summoned ‘Puck,’ and that ‘merry wanderer of the night’ obeyed her bidding. It gave a promise and prophecy, both fulfilled in the Zenobia that awaits admiring eyes. Miss Hosmer is a Roman now; she has devoted her life to art; but her American heart beats as warmly as ever. Now comes Palmyra’s Queen, that graced Aurelian’s grand display, to march again in this, *our* triumph.

This daughter of New England has proudly vindicated a woman’s right to stand at the pale tombs of Paria, and grandly cry: ‘Bring out your dead!’ And so, they brought out this spotless block of the marble of Carrara—a thing for the lapidary rather than the stone-cutter, and worth eighteen hundred dollars before a being was born out of it. She lays her hands upon it; under her eye the marble shroud is removed fragment by fragment, until the sleeper of sixteen hundred years wakes from her long repose, and stands, calm in her scorn, grand in her grief, proud in her humiliation. Her left hand clutches the chain, indignant, her right hangs in thoughtful repose by her side. This is the woman’s; that, the outraged Queen’s. The same struggle of sorrow that is almost pride, and a gentleness that is almost tenderness, are legible upon her lips.

But the heart warms to the woman rather than to the queen; we regret the fallen state, but we welcome her who has descended. We forget the coronet, and

the royal Armenian robes, and all the bravery of the gilded and jewelled sacrifice, and accept the daughter of the wandering Arab, instead of defiant majesty. And herein, strangely enough, has Miss Hosmer achieved a Republican triumph. She has illustrated for us Burns' line:

‘ The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,  
The MAN’S the gold for a’ that,’

and has shown us Nature in all her warmth and worth, seen through the filmy veil of majesty that can be brushed away like a spider’s web.”

## APPENDIX C.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In designing a monument to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, I have wished to express the idea that the Temple of Fame which we rear to his memory, is based upon the two great acts of his administration, viz. the emancipation of the slave and the preservation of the American Union. I have, therefore, placed at the four outer angles of the lower base, four statues which display the progressive stages of Liberation:

- 1st. The slave appears exposed in chains for sale.
- 2nd. Laboring on a plantation.
- 3rd. Guiding and assisting the loyal troops.
- 4th. Serving as a soldier of the Union.

The four bas-reliefs around the central base illustrate the principal scenes in the life of the President:

- 1st. His birth and early occupations as builder of log cabins, rail splitter, flat-boatman and farmer.

2nd. His career as a Lawyer and his inauguration as President of the United States.

3rd. Four memorable events of the war, and

4th. The assassination of the President: the funeral procession and final interment at Springfield.

Above these bas-reliefs appears an octagonal plinth, surmounted by the national arms and bearing the inscription

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Martyr President of the United States

Emancipator of four millions of men

Preserver of the American Union.

These inscriptions being supplemented by mourning Victories stricken down at the moment of proclaiming their triumph. Upon this octagonal plinth rests a circular base, which forms the immediate base of the Temple, and which contains a bas-relief representing thirty-six female figures, hand in hand, symbolical of the union of the thirty-six states. When executed in full proportions, each would represent the peculiar character of that state whose shield accompanies the medallion above. Upon the circular base rise the eight columns of the Temple, in the centre of which is placed a Sarcophagus bearing a recumbent figure of the President, while upon the architrave of the Temple are inscribed the concluding words of the Proclamation of Emancipation:

“And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.”

## APPENDIX D.

## THE PROCESS OF SCULPTURE.

By HARRIET HOSMER.

I have heard so much lately, about artists who do not do their own work, that I feel disposed to raise the veil upon the mysteries of the studio, and enable those who are interested in the subject to form a just conception of the amount of assistance to which a sculptor is fairly entitled, as well as to correct the false but very general impression, that the artist beginning with the crude block, and guided by his imagination only, hews out his statue with his own hands.

So far from this being the case, the first labor of the sculptor is upon a small clay model, in which he carefully studies the composition of his statue, the proportions, and the general arrangement of the drapery, without regard to very careful finish of parts. This being accomplished, and the small model cast in plaster, he employs some one to enlarge his work to any size which he may require; and this is done by scale, and with almost as much precision as the full-size and perfectly finished model is afterwards copied in marble.

The first step in this process is to form a skeleton of iron, the size and strength of the iron rods corresponding to the size of the figure to be modelled; and here, not only strong hands and arms are requisite, but the blacksmith with his forge, many of the irons requiring to be heated and bent upon the anvil to the desired angle. This solid framework being prepared, and the various irons of which it is composed firmly wired and welded together, the next thing is to hang thereon a series of crosses, often several hun-

dred in number, formed by two bits of wood, two or three inches in length, fastened together by wire, one end of which is attached to the framework. All this is necessary for the support of the clay, which would otherwise fall by its own weight. (I speak here of Roman clay,—the clay obtained in many parts of England and America being more properly potter's clay, and consequently more tenacious.) The clay is then pressed firmly around and upon the irons and crosses with strong hands and a wooden mallet, until, from a clumsy and shapeless mass, it acquires some resemblance to the human form. When the clay is properly prepared, and the work advanced as far as the artist desires, his own work is resumed, and he then laboriously studies every part, corrects his ideal by comparison with living models, copies his drapery from actual drapery arranged upon the lay-figure, and gives to his statue the last refinement of beauty.

It will thus be seen that there is an intermediate stage, even in the clay, when the work passes completely out of the sculptor's hands and is carried forward by his assistant,—the work on which the latter is employed, however, obviously requiring not the least exercise of creative power, which is essentially the attribute of the artist. To perform the part assigned him, it is not necessary that the assistant should be a man of imagination or refined taste,—it is sufficient that he have simply the skill, with the aid of accurate measurements, to construct the framework of iron and to copy the small model before him. But in *originating* that small model, when the artist had nothing to work from but the image existing in his own brain, imagination, refined feeling, and a sense of grace were essential, and were called into constant exercise. So, again, when the clay model returns into the sculptor's hands, and the work ap-



proaches completion, often after the labor of many months, it is he alone who infuses into the clay that refinement and individuality of beauty which constitute his 'style,' and which are the test of the greater or less degree of refinement of his mind, as the force and originality of the conception are the test of his intellectual power.

The clay model having at last been rendered as perfect as possible, the sculptor's work upon the statue is virtually ended; for it is then cast in plaster and given into the hands of the marble-workers, by whom, almost entirely, it is completed, the sculptor merely directing and correcting the work as it proceeds. This disclosure, I am aware, will shock the many, who often ingeniously discover traces of the sculptor's hand where they do not exist. It is true, that in some cases, the finishing touches are introduced by the artist himself; but I suspect that few who have accomplished and competent workmen give much of their time to the mallet or the chisel, preferring to occupy themselves with some new creation, or considering that these implements may be more advantageously wielded by those who devote themselves exclusively to their use. It is also true, that, although the process of transferring the statue from plaster to marble is reduced to a science so perfect that to err is almost impossible, yet much depends upon the workmen to whom this operation is intrusted. Still, their position in the studio is a subordinate one. They translate the original thought of the sculptor, written in clay, into the language of marble. The translator may do his work well or ill,—he may appreciate and preserve the delicacy of sentiment and grace which were stamped upon the clay, or he may render the artist's meaning coarsely and unintelligibly. Then it is that the sculptor himself must reproduce his ideal in the marble, and breathe into it that vitality

which, many contend, only the artist can inspire. But, whether skilful or not, the relation of these workmen to the artist is precisely the same as that of the mere linguist to the author who, in another tongue, has given to the world some striking fancy or original thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Thorwaldsen was called upon to execute his twelve statues of the Apostles, he designed and furnished the small models, and gave them into the hands of his pupils and assistants, by whom, almost exclusively, they were copied in their present colossal dimensions. The great master rarely put his own hand to the clay; yet we never hear them spoken of except as "Thorwaldsen's statues." When Vogelberg accepted the commission to model his colossal equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, physical infirmity prevented the artist from even mounting the scaffolding; but he made the small model, and directed the several workmen employed upon the full-size statue in clay, and we never heard it intimated that Vogelberg was not the sculptor of that great work. Even Crawford, than whom none ever possessed a more rapid or facile hand, could never have accomplished half the immense amount of work which pressed upon him in his later years, had he not had more than one pair of hands to aid him in giving outward form to the images in his fertile brain. Nay, not to refer solely to artists who are no longer among us, I could name many studios, both in Rome and England, belonging to our brothers in Art, in which the assistant-modeller forms as necessary a part of studio-"property" as the living model or the marble-worker. If there are a few instances in which the sculptor himself conducts his clay model through every

stage, it is usually because pecuniary considerations prevent his employing a professional modeller.

I do not wish it to be supposed that Thorwaldsen's general practice was such as I have described in the particular case referred to: probably no artist ever studied or worked more carefully upon the clay model than he did. What I have stated was only with the view of showing to what extent he felt himself justified in employing assistance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor should we forget—to draw for examples upon a kindred art—how largely the painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries relied upon the mechanical skill of their pupils to assist them in producing the great works which bear their names. All the painters of note of that time, had their pupils, to whom was intrusted much of the laborious portion of their work, the master furnishing the design and superintending its execution. Raphael, for instance, could never have left one-half the treasures of Art which adorn the Vatican and enrich other galleries, had he depended solely upon the rapidity of his own hand; and of the many frescoes which exist in the Farnese Palace, and are called “Raphael's frescoes,” there are but two in which is to be traced the master's hand,—the *Galatea*, and one of the compartments in the series representing the story of *Cupid and Psyche*.

It will thus be seen how large a portion of the manual labor which is supposed to devolve entirely upon the artist is, and has always been, really performed by other hands than his own. I do not state this fact in a whisper, as if it were a great disclosure which involved the honor of the artist; it is no secret, and there is no reason why it should be. The disclosure, it is true, will be received by all who regard

sculpture as simply a mechanical art, with a feeling of disappointment. They will brand the artist who cannot lay claim to the entire manipulation of his statue, whether in clay or marble, as an impostor,—nor will they resign the idea that the truly conscientious sculptor will carve every ornament upon his sandals and polish every button upon his drapery. But those who look upon sculpture as an intellectual art, requiring the exercise of taste, imagination, and delicate feeling, will never identify the artist who conceives, composes, and completes the design with the workman who simply relieves him from great physical labor, however delicate some portion of that labor may be. It should be a recognized fact, that the sculptor is as fairly entitled to avail himself of mechanical aid in the execution of his work as the architect to call into requisition the services of the stone-mason in the erection of his edifice, or the poet to employ the printer to give his thoughts to the world. Probably the sturdy mason never thinks much about proportion, nor the type-setter much about harmony; but the master-minds which inspire the strong arm and cunning finger with motion think about and study both. It is time that some distinction should be made between the labor of the hand and the labor of the brain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Hosmer, like all true lovers of art, unceasingly deplored our tariff on all art objects, and several years ago, in a letter to one of our leading journals, wrote deprecatory words, which are, in some degree, applicable perhaps now. She said:

“Despite the efforts of the great minority, all praise be to it! art has been too heavily handicapped.



The causes are not far to seek. The unhealthful restlessness of life, the love of sensation, the lack of serenity, the too frequent seasons of political excitement; life, in short, at highest pressure presents an array of conditions which cannot but tend to render the gentler arts of slow and uncertain growth. Again, we are a practical people, and, so far as I can discover, care very little where sculpture is concerned, for other than portraiture, interesting enough as history, but by reason of the monstrosly inartistic costumes of our time, ungrateful as art, to the cultivated taste.

Does this duty levied upon foreign art gratify our own artists? By no means, as a body they are the first to pronounce it illiberal, ungenerous, and impolitic. Three times within my recollection have the American artists in Rome presented petitions to Congress praying that all tax upon foreign art be removed. In Italy, as elsewhere abroad, art galleries, public and private, are freely opened to us, every aid and courtesy is offered us, and the courtesy we have devised in exchange is a tax to practically exclude all works of foreign artists from our shores.

To music, a sister art, we are far more hospitable. No tax is levied upon the voices of the '*primi assoluti*.' If we cared for art in other forms as we care for operatic art this prohibitive duty upon canvas and marble would not survive a day.

To King Humbert of Italy is due the inauguration of a system which should be adopted by all nations calling themselves civilized. He causes to sit in the Roman Senate a given number of professional artists competent to pronounce upon subjects affecting the interests and decorum of art. When we have a like number of competent artists sitting in our own Senate



we may hope that the official mind will be aroused to the fact that our country, pioneer in many things good and great, of all nations, has placed the most effectual bar upon the true progress of art.

HARRIET G. HOSMER.



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